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THREE MEN *from* AROOSTOOK

The Story of the Hardison Family

BY RENA V. GRANT

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THREE MEN FROM AROOSTOOK

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'Welcome are all earth's lands, each for its kind,
Welcome are lands of pine and oak,
Welcome are lands of the lemon and fig,
Welcome are lands of gold,
Welcome are lands of wheat and maize, welcome those of the grape,
Welcome are lands of sugar and rice.
Welcome are cotton-lands, welcome those of the white potato and sweet potato,
Welcome are mountains, flats, sands, forests, prairies,
Welcome the rich borders of rivers, table-lands, openings,
Welcome the measureless grazing lands, welcome the teeming soil of orchards, flax, honey, hemp . . . . . .
Lumbermen in their winter camp, daybreak in the woods, stripes of snow on the limbs of trees, the occasional snapping,
The glad clear sound of one's own voice, the merry song, the natural life of the woods, the strong day's work."

Song of the Broad Axe WALT WHITMAN

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ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS BY DORATHY VAN PROOYEN

PREFACE

My acquaintance with the Hardison family, which soon blossomed into friendship, began with the appointment of Mr. Allen C. Hardison and six other citizens of California, including me, as members of a special Legislative Commission approved by the Legislature of the State of California in 1921, to investigate the entire problem of agricultural instruction and the plan of operation and organization of the leading colleges of the United States, and to report to the Governor their recommendations upon the reorganization of agricultural instruction as given in the University of California.

The Commission was promptly organized, with Mr. Hardison as Chairman, and held meetings and public hearings throughout the State; then made a trip across the United States and into Canada, with a view to adapting the best educational practices and experience in these broader areas to the needs of California.

The activities of the Commission and the recommendations in its 1923 report to Governor Stephens and the Legislature proved to be significant as a springboard for notable improvements in agricultural instruction, including a unanimous conclusion that "agriculture from being a simple art, has become one of the most complex of modern occupations and modes of life, and agricultural education must consequently comprehend the practice, the science and the business of farming. To meet all these demands with high efficiency, it must be given generous support in money and in the men who can spend this money wisely on research and the findings of research, as well as the teaching of undergraduate students." That these recommendations were accepted by the Commission and later adopted in major ways by the University of California, the Junior Colleges and the farmers of the State, was in no small part due to the scholarly wisdom and practical experience of Mr. Hardison, and his dynamic leadership as Chairman of the Commission, based upon the code by which he has lived and which is undoubtedly the wellspring of his considerable achievements, a code that is well expressed by Amiel: "What I want is work, for it is work that gives flavor to life." This basic characteristic of Mr. Hardison, plus his deep-rooted humanism and wide range of knowledge, has given his career a larger meaning than even his generous spirit and extraordinary abilities might otherwise have achieved, and affected greatly the development of agriculture in California: not because he had seen a vision that no one else had seen, but because so often he had seen clearly what others saw dimly; and had dared to assume leadership, to organize action, and to overcome the inertia of accumulated mediocrity.

His character and capability, rooted in good American stock, grew and developed through steady promotion from one responsibility to another in the healthy atmosphere of Maine's tradition of hard work, the adventure of mining in the Andes, and the challenge of California's agricultural enterprise. And so there was for him steady promotion

from one responsibility to another as he expanded sight into insight, wisely interpreted events, and shrewdly organized results. These qualities, plus honesty and sincerity, sound judgment of the present and clear vision of the future, all recognized who knew him; and thus it was he became the great asset that he has been and still is to the agricultural development of the State of California, United States, and not least, the Limoneira Ranch—the largest lemon orchard in the world.

Numbering now ninety-four years, his whole life from early boyhood to senior citizenship has been notable for its quality and its versatility, its degree of achievement, and the full measure from his associates it has consistently won. He has always been a leader of men: well informed, dynamic, and forceful, yet endowed with broad understanding and deep sympathy. And so it is that those who have been his associates and his friends through all his careers have turned to him for light to show them the ways that they might with confidence travel. During most of these fruitful years he has been concerned especially with the development of California agriculture, and has conceived, planned, and executed projects that contributed significantly to its success. Moreover, he has held to the conviction that the preservation of his State and Nation, if not of the world, depends upon individual participation in good citizenship; and his splendid public spirit reflects clearly his deep sense of responsibility which, coupled with his faith in America and especially in California, has contributed notably to their record of incredible achievements.

For all of these reasons, and for others more personal, I count it a great privilege to play even a small part in this salute to a steadfast friend and a superb servant of the State and Nation.

ROBERT GORDON SPROUL
President of the University of California, Emeritus

August 14, 1963

It is an interesting fact that the first Hardison in America was haled into court and fined for not attending church.

Of the pro's and con's of the matter we remain in total ignorance. Whether he disliked the minister, or just did not take any stock in religion, or whether he thought working seven days a week the way to get ahead, we do not know. We know only that he did not conform. It is remarkable, though, to observe how many of his descendants since have, in one way or another, revealed that same distaste for conforming to a traditional pattern of existence, accepting as final those boundaries laid down by circumstance. They were men of energy, the Hardisons, who, thinking circumstances were made to be changed, went full steam ahead to bring the desired change about, careless of the amount of effort involved. "It runs in the family to get things done," said one of them.

"The extreme fertility of the soil, necessity, and poverty. This it is, sir, which drives people over the hills and far away," wrote St. John de Crevecoeur in 1774. This book is primarily a tale of such pioneers: of Ivory Hardison, his son Jacob, and his grandson Allen Crosby; and their wives, Dorcas Abbott, Elizabeth Adaline Smiley, and Cora Lenore Crane. It is a tale of three men and three women who, feeling the press of circumstance, went forth to challenge the wilderness, undaunted by sickness, loneliness, the prospect of unremitting toil, and danger from the elements; who maintained their courage in adversity; who most of them raised large families, set an example of family industry as well as family unity, and left behind them a record of good neighborliness, wide charity, and outstanding community service.

Crevecoeur's "Letters From An American Farmer" mirror a pioneer existence in which the author finds it gratifying to "contemplate the very beginnings and outlines of human society . . . to admire the ample barn of one of our opulent farmers who himself felled the first tree on his plantation . . . and record the progressive steps of this industrious farmer throughout all the stages of his labors and operations." We of a later generation, born into a quicksand era of complex social problems, shifting values, negations, and threats of atomic destruction, may likewise find brief solace in perusing another record of a simpler day, of sturdy folk who could know the glory of positive achievement, in whose quiet world the eternal verities still reigned supreme, and to whom the atomic bomb and smog were alike unknown. Reader — meet the Hardisons!

CHAPTER ONE

SOME FAMILY HISTORY

The Hardisons were of English stock. Of Stephen Hardison, the first of the family in New England, our knowledge is scanty. The Suffolk County, Massachusetts, Court Records, April term, 1685, had before it the case of "Stephen Hardyson of Hog Island in the Province of Maine vs. Magnis White for 9000 feet of pine timber which he received from Mr. James Goffe." Mr. Goffe was agent for the owners of the lumber mills at Salmon Falls, between Berwick and Dover. Hog Island is one of seven rocky barren islands known as the Isle of Shoals, nearly south of Kittery and about eight miles from the mouth of Portsmouth Harbor. For more than a century these islands supported from 300 to 600 inhabitants. They had a court house on Hales Island and a meeting house, first on Hog Island and afterwards on Star Island. Our knowledge of Stephen is in the main gleaned from legal records. He evidently married Mary, daughter of John and Martha Taylor of Berwick. Records show that on July 20, 1696, Stephen Hardison and his wife appeared in Court at Kittery "to answer for not frequenting public worship of God upon the Lord's Day." One June 18, 1687, Stephen witnessed the will of one William Spencer; on June 1, 1691, he witnessed the will of Richard Stileman of Newcastle; and on May 7, 1687, he witnessed the will of John Taylor, in which a bequest is made to his wife-to-be: "It: 2dly I bequeath to my Daughter Mary Taylor thirtie acres of land to be taken out of my land at the rockie hills to run the whole length of it & to be to her and her heires for ever and also a cow And a calf & an Ewe & a lambe." In 1691 Stephen was sued by George Snell for £ 7 15 s; and December of that year the York Court of Sessions finds for Snell. Stephen's death on January 31, in either 1696 or 1697, is recorded in the diary of the local schoolmaster Tate. Stephen and Mary Taylor Hardison had two children: John (born January 22, 1691); and *Stephen* (born May 8, 1693; died December 25, 1769) who married at Berwick, on September 23, 1724, Alice Abbott, daughter of Joseph and Alice Nason. The names of the sons John and Stephen both appear among the hundred and one names in "A List of Captain John Hills Co. in Berwick, taken this 22nd day of October Annoyn Domini 1740 and Trained the day aforesaid."

Stephen and Alice Abbott Hardison had seven children: John, Stephen, Mary, *Joseph,* Thomas, Nathaniel, and Alice. Joseph

was born September 3, 1732. His death occurred some time between October 28, 1814, at which time he added a codicil to his will, and December 30, 1815, at which time the will was probated. On November 15, 1752, he married Mary Pike, daughter of Thomas and Patience Stone Pike of Berwick.

Joseph and Mary Pike Hardison had eleven children: *Samuel May* (dates of birth and death unknown), Joseph, Thomas, Mary (Molly), Patience, Eunice, Nathaniel, Lydia, Sally, Abigail (Nabby), and Alice. Joseph's will mentions all his children. His estate had consisted of the homestead, a grist mill and saw mill, which were disposed of before his death; and the following "Personal Property":

4 cows	$48.00
2 calves, mare and colt . . .	30.00
3 steers, 10 sheep, 2 swine	
6 silver teaspoons	4.00
1 Brass clock	30.00

Samuel May Hardison (named after his uncle Gideon May, an English soldier who married Mary Stone) on May 12, 1774, married Rebecca Chadbourn. They had three children: *Joseph,* Adoniram, and Nathaniel. On December 29, 1813, Samuel May Hardison for $1000.00 sold to his son Joseph Hardison "yoeman of Berwick" about 70 acres of land, "my homestead farm on which I live." He later bequeathed "also the one half of a Pew in the Northwest corner of the Gallery of Blackberry Hill Meeting House so called in said Berwick, also one Pew on the lower floor of the Baptist Meeting House at Little River Falls so called in Lebanon lying between John Gerrish and Capt. Joseph Pry's Pews in said meeting house."

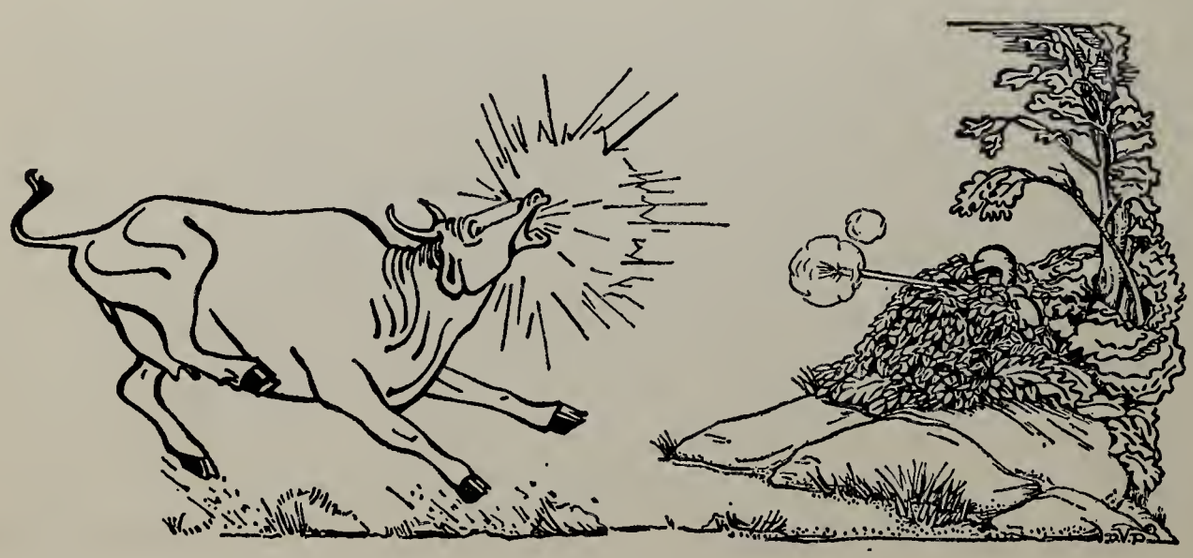
Joseph Hardison of Berwick (whose date of birth is unknown, although he died April 22 or 23, 1858, "at about age 85") on February 28, 1799, married Betsey Hearl, daughter of John and Mary Lord Hearl. His second wife, whom he married on October 6, 1814, was Lucy Libby, daughter of Deacon Benjamin and Polly Hearl Libby. Six children were born to Joseph by his first marriage: *Ivory,* Mary (Polly), Hiram, Alice, Olive, and Joseph. Three children came of the second: Charles, Lucinda, and John. Charles, the second youngest son, was quite a colorful figure. He fought in the Mexican War, after which he came up to Arizona and later married the daughter of a Navajo chief, becoming well

known as an interpreter for the Federal Government when they had business dealings with the Navajos. Joseph Hardison was a tall man of remarkably sturdy build. Years after his death his grandson Jim used to tell the story that on the day of his eightieth birthday his grandfather cut and piled a cord of wood; and that night ran a foot race with Jim and the other children and beat them all. Jim was thirteen then, and "thought he could run some." Joseph Hardison died at the home of his son Ivory in Lyndon, Maine, and was laid to rest in the local cemetery.

Ivory Hardison (born in Berwick or China Village, Maine, in 1799; died in Caribou, Maine, on May 17, 1875) was a wheelwright by trade, and as a young man lived on a farm in Winslow. He married Dorcas, daughter of Jacob and Dorcas Libby Abott, of which union were born eleven children: Rufus (died at age 7) *Jacob,* Dorcas, Oliver, Mary Ann, Martin, Ai, James, Harvey, Ida, and Wallace Libby.

Jacob Hardison (born in Winslow, Kennebec County, Maine, March 11, 1825; died in Caribou, Maine, March 27, 1891) on March 7, 1850, married Elizabeth Adaline Smiley, daughter of Sidney and Deborah Burgess Smiley. The couple had six children: Waldo, Lowell, Haines, George Lincoln (died age 5), Parker Leroy, and *Allen Crosby.*

Allen Crosby Hardison (born April 22, 1869, in Caribou, Maine) on December 14, 1892, married Cora L. Crane, daughter of Jefferson and Janette Briggs Crane of Santa Paula, California. There were nine children: Helen Crane, Warren Emmett, Ernest Crane (Domingo), Ruth Crane, Alice Louise (m. Lafe Browne), Robert Allen, Coralynn (m. Perry Churchill), Wallace, and Janette (m. Blaine Romney).



CHAPTER TWO

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AROOSTOOK WAR

"Welcome are lands of pine and oak"

"The Aroostook's right slick stream
Has nation sights of woodlands
And hang the feller that would lose
His footing on such good lands.
And all along the boundary line
There's pasturing for cattle;
But where that line of boundary is,
We must decide by battle."

"Maine Battle Song"

(published in Maine newspapers, 1838)

Mention "Aroostook" to someone today and he will come back at you with *"What's that?"* Only a State of Maine man would be likely to recognize the Indian term (said to mean "beautiful river") as the name of Maine's most northerly county, nestling comfortably against the Canadian province of New Brunswick. Very different indeed was the case in the 1830's. For Aroostook then was a focus of public interest. Tales of magnificent stands of pine timber in the Aroostook forests, of the fertility of the land and the potential wealth it had to offer to any settler rugged enough to brave the hardships of its northern clime were striking hard at the imagination of the public. And there was considerable public indignation over British "trespassing" in the Aroostook woodlands, and British claims to ownership of the northern territory, although these were, of course, by no means new.

In 1621, James I of England made a grant to Sir William Alexander of the northern territory which he called Nova Scotia. There are easier tasks than to specify at long range the exact boundaries of a virgin forest area half-way across the world. The boundaries of New Scotland were defined as "Beginning at Cape Sable, in forty-three degrees north latitude, or thereabouts, extending thence westwardly along the seashore, to the road commonly called St. Mary's Bay; thence towards the north by a direct line crossing the entrance or mouth of that great ship road, which runs into the eastern tract of land between the territories of the

Souriquois and of the Etchemins (Bay of Fundy), to the river commonly called St. Croix, and *to the most remote spring or source which, from the western part thereof, first mingles itself with the river aforesaid; from thence, by an imaginary line, which may be conceived to stretch through the land, or to run towards the north, to the nearest road, river, or spring emptying itself into the great River de Canada* (River St. Lawrence); and from thence proceeding outwardly along the seashore of the said River de Canada, to the river, road, fort or shore, commonly known and called by the name of Gachepe or Gaspe; and thence southeastwardly to the islands called Baccaleos or Cape Breton, leaving these islands on the right and the gulf of the said River de Canada or of the great ship road and the lands of Newfoundland, with the islands to the same pertaining, on the left; and thence to the head land or promontory of Cape Breton aforesaid, lying near the latitude of forty-five degrees or thereabout; and from the said promontory of Cape Breton towards the south and west, to Cape Sable aforesaid, where the perambulation began . . . all which lands aforesaid, shall at all times hereafter be called and known by the name of Nova Scotia, or New Scotland, in America." The Maine boundary dispute might really be said to date from 1621, the year of this grant.

The Treaty of Paris, which marked the close of the Revolutionary War in 1792, did little to clarify matters. It defined the boundary as *"From the northwest angle of Nova Scotia,* viz., that angle which is *formed by a line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix River to the highlands; along the highlands which divide those rivers which empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean."*

As a result of this ambiguity of definition, both New Brunswick and Massachusetts, (of which until 1820 the District of Maine was a part) felt justified in claiming all the wild lands in north-eastern Maine, including those now comprising Aroostook County. It was then virgin wilderness, a rolling country of low hills and unbroken forests, lined with small streams and dotted with cedar swamps—trackless, uninhabited. In these dense forests of Aroostook, however, in addition to the spruce, cedar, hemlock, poplar, birch, maple, wild cherry, red oak, ash, elm, beech, ironwood, basswood and larch common to the northern woods, was to be found timber superior to any outside the county: stands of giant white pines peculiar to the region. And the discovery of this forest

gold was to spell big trouble for the county, luring thither, as it did, hordes of English lumbermen who scoured the woods for the tall straight pines so greatly needed to make masts for the king's ships. Finding them, the English invaders would mark them with the Royal "R" as a sign for private individuals to keep hands off. And with all possible speed they felled the giants and shipped them to market.

There were two river highways for transporting the timber: the Aroostook River, flowing through the middle county, then crossing the eastern Maine border into Canada, to join the St. John River and on to the Bay of Fundy; and the St. John River itself, which flowed from western Aroostook north to the boundary line, then down through New Brunswick. The British loggers floated the pines down the rivers to Fredericton or St. John, to British markets; usually shipping them as "ton timber"; that is, hewing them square in the woods so they would pack closely on board ship.

In the early 1830's British lumbermen had it pretty well their own way. The country being practically uninhabited, there was no one to interfere with them. However, in 1831, a military road to Aroostook was surveyed by the Federal Government through the unbroken wilderness, and by 1834 various settlements had been made along it. The State offered liberal encouragement to settlers: land was obtainable at a very low price; and settlers were, moreover, allowed to pay for part of their holdings on the installment plan, by labor on the roads. A wild speculation land fever had raged through Maine in 1835-36, in connection with the sale of timber lands; and immigration into the Aroostook area had been greatly stimulated by the prospect of lumbering. Unfortunately, though, when settlers actually came in, in too many instances they found British timber crews already on their land, cutting timber. The settlers were naturally indignant. There were many clashes. "Swamp law" was instituted. British lumberjacks unlucky enough to be caught suffered the lash. Tension grew.

Piracy was widespread. On January 23, 1839, Governor Fairfield submitted to the Legislature a report of Aroostook trespassers: Grand River estimated 40 or 50 men; Green River, 20 to 30 men; Fish River, 50 to 75 men with 16 yoke of oxen and 10 pairs of horses; in "H" Township were 10 men, six oxen, one pair of horses; in Little Madawaska were 75 men, 20 yoke of oxen, 10

horses; in Aroostook Falls, 15 men, and 6 yoke of oxen. "The quantity of timber which these trespassers will cut this winter is estimated in value by the Land Agent at one hundred thousand dollars," reported the Governor.

Having met in secret session to consider Governor Fairfield's report, the State Legislature promptly authorized Sheriff Hastings Strickland to organize a civil posse of two hundred volunteers and drive off the invaders, destroy their camps, and seize their teams. Captain Stover Rines was to be in command of the expedition. Land Agent McIntire, Major Strickland, Captain Rines, Ebenezer Webster of Orono, and Gustavus G. Cushman of Bangor, with the posse of two hundred left Bangor on February 5, 1839, reaching Masardis on the eighth. British lumberjack crews in the neighborhood and their teams were easily captured; whereupon the force moved on to the mouth of Little Madawaska River. Near Fort Fairfield the posse encountered regular soldiers from New Brunswick. During the night the camp where McIntire slept was surrounded by some forty men, and the Land Agent and a companion were seized, and after certain legal preliminaries were marched to Fredericton and lodged in jail. Sheriff Strickland had been sufficiently alert to escape capture, and had perceived that if Maine's rights were to be protected, prompt action must be taken. He traveled from Madawaska to Augusta as fast as his horses would carry him, to persuade the State Government to send troops to the frontier without delay. Political opponents, seeking to belittle both Strickland and Governor Fairfield, insisted that the former ran away, and celebrated his retreat in doggerel parody:

"Run, Strickland, Run!
Fire, Stover, Fire!
Were the last words of McIntire."

Incidentally, while Land Agent McIntire and his companion were languishing in the jail of Fredericton, the people of Bangor were being edified by the spectacle of Mr. McLaughlin, warden of the public lands in New Brunswick, and a companion, being led through the streets in custody, having been captured by Maine soldiers a few days previous.

Affairs at this stage began to assume a more serious aspect. Governor Harvey of New Brunswick issued a proclamation declaring that British territory has been invaded, and ordering out a thousand of the militia. Rumors spread in Bangor that a regiment of eight hundred Irish Fusiliers had arrived in St. John and were on the point of proceeding to the disputed territory; that five

hundred British regulars had been dispatched from Quebec to Madawaska; and that eight cannon had been transported up the St. John River from Fredericton. How high feeling ran might be indicated by the tactics of that enterprising journal the Bangor "Whig", which kept a "war correspondent" at Houlton and for weeks published a series of inflammatory letters purporting to describe the scenes of war, etc. . . . "Let us," it proclaimed, "give every hireling and subject of a monarchy that grant to territory which King Harold of yore was willing to give the Norwegian king—seven feet by two!"

The Governor of Maine asked for a volunteer army of 10,000 men. And the State of Maine appropriated $800,000 to defend its boundary (indefinite though that still was!) Troops were raised, and garrisons established at Houlton, Fort Fairfield, and Fort Kent. A "military road" was built to Houlton, and along it during the winter of 1839-40 horse-drawn sleds made their way, carrying soldiers, munitions of war, and provisions. There was fear that actual warfare might erupt at any moment. British soldiers were on the move, and there was everywhere alarm and confusion among the settlers.

At this point, however, the Federal Government took a hand. Conflict between the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick would constitute an international affair, such a matter as was rightfully the concern of the Federal Government. Congress passed a bill authorizing the President of the United States to raise fifty thousand troops for the support of Maine, and appropriating $10,000,000 to meet the expenses if war should become inevitable. And General Scott was ordered to the scene of action, clothed with full power to act as mediator between the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick, and to enter upon negotiations which would, if possible, end further hostilities.

On March 23, 1839, Governor Harvey of New Brunswick agreed to the terms negotiated by General Scott; and on March 25 the same were ratified by Governor Fairfield, who immediately issued orders to recall the troops from the Aroostook. Fears of a bloody war had proved groundless. It remained bloodless; continued only, as Henry David Thoreau phrased it, "a war against the pines." And the Webster-Ashburton treaty of 1842 settled the question of the Maine Boundary once and for all. Actual casualties of the war are said to have numbered two: a cow which was accidentally shot by a guard; and a soldier who caught pneumonia on the march north.

CHAPTER THREE

"Welcome the rich borders of rivers, table-lands, openings"

IVORY HARDISON

During the winter of 1839-40 there travelled over the newly built military road from Bangor to Houlton a stream of wagons, horse-drawn, carrying soldiers, supplies and munitions. And among these, driver of a four-horse team transporting a large wagon-load of soldiers, from Patten to Masardis, and then on the Aroostook River on the ice to Fort Fairfield, came Ivory Hardison.

At the Fort, Ivory met soldiers who had come down the Aroostook River the summer before. The tales they had to tell of the fine clearings and the wonderful crops they had seen whetted his curiosity to a point where he felt he had to see more. Following the suggestion of one John Thompson, he pastured his horses with a family named Doyle (English settlers who had come in some years before to clear a farm on the fertile river bank). Having borrowed from them a light bateau, Ivory and Thompson equipped themselves with a small camp outfit and began poling up the river. They did not stop until they came, on the west side, to the Alexander Cochran farm, where Cochran (another settler from New Brunswick) made them welcome and showed them the grist mill he had built on the stream in 1829, entirely constructed of such material as he found to hand, the mill-stones being roughly made from two boulders which he picked up on the shore of the river; and showed them also the grain which he had raised on the clearing running down from his mill to the river. Continuing up the river, the travellers passed a number of clearings and log buildings on the east side of the river, and finally arrived at a level space on the river banks occupied by the farm of Mr. Justus Gray. As Ivory and his companion came to shore they could see the whole Gray family, including the women, out reaping and binding oats from a field of new land cleared that Spring, oats well plumped out, as high as Ivory's shoulder, and with heads a foot long. Ivory was shown potatoes as long as a man's foot, onions as large as saucers, rutabagas double the size of any he had ever seen in his life before. Amazed and enthusiastic, Ivory collected samples of the various kinds of produce raised on this virgin soil, to take along with him when he went back home. The fertility of the new land, its splendid stands of timber, its lakes and river highways, struck hard at his imagination.

We do not know just what month Ivory returned home from that first trip. Actually, he may very well have remained until 1840. Apparently he decided on a piece of land to take up, near the river, and close to what is now the town of Caribou; and apparently he made there a small "chopping" or clearing. We find reference to this in Edward Wiggin's "History of Aroostook County". Wiggin recounts the travels of Elias and Samuel Hayden, who in September, 1839, journeyed from Somerset County to Aroostook to investigate conditions, with a view to settling. The two men followed the road from Patten to Masardis, from which point they went by boat down the Aroostook River to Presque Isle, where they found Fairbanks' mill on the Presque Isle stream. A road from the Aroostook River up to Caribou having been spotted, they followed this, finding no break in the forest after they left the river at the point where the bridge now crosses in Presque Isle until they reached the chopping of Ivory Hardison. Being for some reason dissatisfied with the possibilities offered to the settler in this region, the two men went back to Presque Isle and took their boat up the stream to Oxbow, where they encountered Surveyor Henry Cunningham, who was lotting the town, and where they decided to settle.

Whatever the month of Ivory's return, he certainly came back with a head full of plans, any thoughts which he may have previously entertained of emigration to Kansas quite forgotten. We can imagine the excitement in the Hardison household when he finally returned—unannounced! Wife and children alike plied him with eager questions, and marvelled at the spoils of travel he had to show them. Mrs. Hardison had for some time been advocating a move into a new environment where the children would have a better chance in life, and where, incidentally, Ivory would be removed from the influence of his rum-drinking cronies at the Inn. (Mrs. Hardison was a strong temperance woman!) She had vigorously urged the claims of Kansas, and had even persuaded her husband to take a trip out there to look it over. Finding him now so enthusiastic over the possibilities of life in Aroostook County, she gave him her whole-hearted support; and apparently without a single qualm began making plans to move with her household goods and her six children into an unpopulated virgin wilderness.

In the Spring of 1841, then, Ivory Hardison and his fifteen-year old son Jacob, in the company of several other men left their home in Winslow, Kennebec County, purposing to found a new

home in the wilderness of northern Aroostook. With a team of horses to haul their supplies, Ivory and his son made the difficult journey over exceedingly poor and roundabout roads to Masardis, where all semblance of a road ended. So rough had been the going that it had taken them five days to travel from Patten to Masardis, a distance of only thirty-five miles. At Masardis they stopped to spend a few days with some settlers on the bank of the river.

Making up their minds to go farther down the river, they sent their team back to Patten, built a raft, loaded their scanty supplies on it, and borne along by the swift current of a spring freshet, reached the mouth of Presque Isle Stream in one day. Here they met the surveyor Mr. H. W. Cunningham, who suggested that they accompany him some dozen miles down the river. This they did, floating down to that point afterwards known as Hiram Hall Landing, the site of an old lumber camp which had been hastily vacated by English lumbermen, the winter previous, on the approach of the State militia. A large quantity of timber had been left cut in the woods, logs had been thrown off the sleds, and tons of fine timber had been left piled at the landing.

Following a logging path up on to the ridge, the Hardisons there made camp, then busying themselves with the all-important decision of where to locate. The discovery of a spring in a swamp about a mile and a half from their camp solved that problem. They put up a small, rough bark shelter, and began clearing land some distance down the hillside, where the land was level, making in all a chopping of about ten acres. After this they gave Mr. Cunningham some help with his survey. Jacob said afterward that the most memorable detail of this trip was their running out of food and having to subsist for a week on fiddle greens. In the Fall they returned to Winslow, where they spent the winter. Ivory Hardison was, according to various authorities, the first American to clear land for a farm in Letter "H" Township.

As a preliminary to his next trip into the northern wilds, Ivory sold his farm, paid all his debts, and moved his family to the village of China, Maine. Then, in the Spring of 1842, he and his son returned to Aroostook County. Learning that in their absence a road had been partially opened between Houlton and Presque Isle, they undertook to bring in their team and wagon by that route. However, some three miles short of Presque Isle the road proved so rough as to necessitate their abandoning the wagon and packing all of the supplies on the horses' backs (and their own!) A scanty

supply of food, a few farm tools, two bushels of wheat and a little corn brought for seed, and sundry vegetable seeds were among their belongings, in addition to a small grindstone which Jacob had insisted on bringing along, remembering their difficultes wth dull tools the year before. The grindstone, unfortunately, slipped from Jacob's hands as he sought to fasten it on the back of one of the horses, and smashed to bits against a rock.

Reaching the Aroostook River in Maysville (Letter "G" Township) they followed it as far as the mouth of Hardwood Creek, then traveling over a logging road to their camp of the year before. Here they burned and cleared the chopping they had made on their first visit, and on this cleared space sowed their wheat and corn. On the way in, Jacob had forded the river on horseback at the Rips above Thompson's clearing, to get some oats and some more wheat and about a pound of herdsgrass seed to sow about the buildings. Thompson told him he could get these at Doyle's, and to follow the old tote road there. This he did, and on the way back got some seed potatoes of Thompson. Ivory had brought along a set of harrow teeth, and while Jacob was harrowing, his father was busy hacking in his corn and vegetables around the stumps. Incidentally, though early frost that year stunted the growth of the corn and wheat, the turnips and potatoes did fine! Ivory Hardison was not only the first American to clear land for a farm and raise a crop in Letter "H" Township, but was also one of the first to prove that the vast Aroostook wilderness was an ideal place to grow potatoes. Just two miles west from the spot where he planted the first potatoes is the town of Caribou, one of the great shipping centres for potatoes in the world.

Their crop in, the Hardisons then made another chopping of ten acres; after which they set to work to make a root cellar: Jacob digging a hole three feet deep and measuring about eight feet by fifteen feet; his father meanwhile making a big "scoot" with a high bunk that would run over the small stumps when Jacob began cruising to find small straight trees eight to ten inches through. They logged the cellar up six feet high, and put on a roof of split cedars, covered with boughs and two feet of dirt. In the back end Ivory made a potato bin with a spout, so they could run the potatoes in from the wagon.

Then Jacob hauled the same kind of logs for a twenty by thirty foot barn with a sixteen by thirty foot lean-to to serve as a stable. When they had built these, Ivory picked out large logs to hew for

the house. It was while they were working at these that Colonel Harvey Ormsby and his brother-in-law John T. Pike (a carpenter) made a sudden and expected appearance. They, too, were seeking homes, but they stayed with the Hardisons for several months and helped them to build their log house. For this Ivory was able to utilize a pile of squared timber which the fleeing British lumbermen had left behind them.

IVORY'S HOUSE

The Hardison home was not unlike the homes of other wanderers into the wilderness. They had to use such material as was to hand; and although lumber was plentiful there was no sawmill to cut it into building material. The house was built without a single nail. They notched the timbers and used wooden pegs for nails. At one end of the house was a huge stone fireplace that would burn logs six feet long. The chimney was built on the outside of the house, of stone hauled from the river—the last three feet being made of sticks plastered with clay. Pike whipsawed out of pine timber the lumber used for the finish, doors and furniture. The furniture was almost all homemade. The front door of the house was made of a huge handhewn plank, a slab of pine two inches in thickness and three and a half feet in width.

Incidentally, on this second trip Jacob had brought along an old smooth bore rifle, something he had wanted the year before. He carried it over his shoulder, and slung from it a box about a foot square with a few small air holes, filled with rich moist earth inhabited by a pint or so of angleworms which Jacob had poured in just before they started on the trip. The summer before, Jacob had tried his hand at trout fishing near the clearing, at Hardison's Eddy, and White Brook. While up the brook he had come on a

clump of hackmatack poles and cut one which was eighteen feet long to the first limb, where he cut it off. He took it home, peeled it, greased it with pork fat, and put it aside to season. When dry, it made a fine fishing rod, about an inch and a quarter at the butt and approximately half an inch at the top. To be sure that he would not lose his line if a salmon should chance to seize it and the tip should break, Jacob made a loop at the tip and ran his line down through that, and tied it to the pole about half-way down. He was then well equipped for fishing—except for the necessary bait. Live bait was almost impossible to find; and that, it appeared, was what the trout wanted. Jacob therefore made up his mind to remedy this state of affairs. And immediately on his return he went down to the landing and planted the worms where he had been digging under some rotten pine. The worms speedily multiplied, and in but a short time no fisherman round about could justly complain of lack of bait. All he had to do was go down to Hardison's Landing and dig! And for that happy state of affairs Jacob was the one he had to thank.

With Ormsby and Pike helping, it did not take Ivory and Jacob too long to erect the frame of their house. They then began harvesting their crop. They had to reap and bind the grain, and as fast as it dried put it in the barn. The barn was full before they were finished, and they made two stacks of oats outside. They shucked the corn and put it inside, and stored their turnips and potatoes in the root cellar. Then, having hauled a large supply of wood to the door, Ivory and his son with their two horses started back again to China Village, where the family eagerly awaited their return. Ormsby went back home at the same time, leaving Pike to complete the inside of the Hardison house.

Left alone, Pike got to work at once. First of all he dug in front of the root cellar space enough for some steps and an outside door. These he made and put in place. Ivory had made an inside door before he left.

Next Pike chinked the barn and stable and made doors for them, and cribs for the horses. Making cribs for the stable he cut an opening for a door into the barn. Jacob had left his gun and ammunition, and early one morning when going for water Pike saw a large flock of partridges feeding on the buckwheat stubble. He took Jacob's gun and shot four of them. Later, during a snowstorm, he saw a lot more of them around the barn, feeding on grain that had fallen during the unloading. He left the stable door wide

open, and when he came back an hour or two later, found all the birds inside. He shut the door that night, but did not molest the birds, and opened the door again in the morning. The birds soon got into the habit of coming into the barn, and became very tame, so that when Pike was in want of meat he could easily snare one or more of them.

He chopped a lot of wood and corded it up, a wise precaution; and when a big storm came, with a wild wind and snow, he lit a big fire and expected to be comfortable. But things didn't turn out that way. Such clouds of smoke poured from the fireplace that he had to open the door to breathe. And the shake roof let a lot of snow fall through. Directly the storm was over, then, he split slabs of wood and made the chimney six feet higher, and daubed it with mud inside and out, until it stopped smoking. Then he plastered a coat of mud on the roof and made it snow-proof.

During the storm he had busied himself making a toboggan; and after the river froze he went across with his tools and ground them, and hired John Thompson to come and help him put up the walls of the woodshed. Before he went across the river he had run short of food, and had lived for several days on stews made of potatoes, beets, turnips and partridge meat, thickened with corn ground in the coffee mill. So when he was on the other side of the river he went down to the Bubar place and bought twenty pounds of buckwheat flour, a round of pork, a peck of beans, a few onions, and a six pound hunk of maple sugar.

When the men were hauling up the wood, Pike had gathered a big load of pitch pine knots, which he hauled up to the house on his sled. By their light, in the evenings, he did his work and read the books which he had brought along with him. Most of these books, incidentally, were medical works. Pike read them from cover to cover and absorbed their contents. There being no doctor in the countryside, this medical lore later stood him in good stead, and earned for him the nickname "Dr. Pike".

Jacob had hauled up the logs for the woodshed after he made his woodpile. Pike had everything ready when Thompson came over, and it took the two men just one day to put up the walls for a shed measuring twenty by thirty feet. Pike put on a shake and mud roof, cut a door into the house, and put his wood under cover, so that he didn't have to dig it out of the snow. Then he made a work bench and hewed enough hardwood to make four bedsteads, and made a small table. His tools were by this time again in need

of grinding, so on the next day, February 28, in the early morning, he made another trip across the river. Before leaving he cleaned the coals and ashes out of the fireplace, and put in shavings and kindlings, ready to start another fire. It was lucky he did so, for while he was sitting eating dinner at the McNamara place, the McNamara boys came in with the news that two teams were going by on the ice. "I reckon that's the Hardisons!" Pike shouted; and seizing his toboggan he pelted after them, reaching the house not long after they did, and in time to take the horses and put them in the barn and feed them, while the others were looking the place over.

What a homecoming that was! Tears of joy stood in Mrs. Hardison's eyes, as followed by sixteen year old Dorcas and Mary Ann (almost nine) she explored her new domain. Ivory lit a roaring fire in the great fireplace. The children, shouting with excitement, ran in, warmed their half-frozen toes and noses before the fire, ran through the house, and then let it be known that they were as hungry as bears. One of them, foraging about, discovered the remnant of Pike's hunk of maple sugar, and soon there was not a crumb left.

A scene of great activity ensued. Pike went down into the root cellar and brought up some potatoes and vegetables. Jacob went out to the wagon and brought in a firkin of butter and a ham. Sixteen-year old Dorcas mixed up some buckwheat batter and soon had pancakes going. Mrs. Hardison had brought along a jug of milk from Presque Isle, where they had spent the previous night. As soon as the meal was ready she began to feed the younger children. Pike dragged the little table he had made over before the fire, Jacob brought in some chairs and boxes, and soon everyone fell to with a will, whether there was a seat for him or not. Everyone was laughing and happy — and why not? After two weeks of traveling through a wintry wilderness they were safe and warm at last, in an exciting new home that gave every promise for the future. Pike, by the way, said afterward that his meal consisted for the most part of fritters and butter, the first butter he had had for a year!

After their meal Ivory and Jacob began the job of unloading. And while they were at this Pike began putting his bedsteads together and cording them up. Mrs. Hardison had brought four feather beds. She had two of the bedsteads put up in the farther corners of the big room, and put a feather bed on each; one bed

for herself and Ivory, the other for Dorcas and Mary Ann. The two little children had the crib they had used on the road. Pike and Jacob took two blankets and went down across the road to the soft wood growth and picked spruce and cedar tips enough to made a camp bed in the shed large enough for all. And finally everything was in order for the night.

Last thing of all, Jacob and Pike went down to feed the horses. And to Jacob's great surprise, he found a flock of partridges in the stable! So Pike told all about his letting them stay there. When the family heard about them, everyone, of course, had to go down at once to see them. And Ivory said to let them stay in the barn, and not to harm any of them.

Before they had started on their journey from China Village, Ivory had put bows and a cover on his sled, and loaded four barrels of crockery and dishes in the back end, with piles of bedding on top. Mrs. Hardison had packed everything breakable in barrels, packed with woollen yarn and cotton balls, and pillows. She and the girls had not only spun the yarn but had woven nearly two dozen blankets, and made a lot of quilts, so that they had plenty of bedding. On one side of the wagon was put the crib, and on the other side feather beds folded to make a bed for the youngsters that could be used when it was cold and stormy. Three chairs and two rockers took up the rest of the space. One of the girls had ridden on the seat with Ivory.

Jacob was loaded with provisions: among them bags of dried apples that the girls had dried that Fall, dried codfish, firkins of butter and cheese; also with Ivory's hardwood desk and Mrs. Hardison's old mahogany bureau. He had farming tools, scythes, a cradle for grain, two ploughs, a cultivator, and a large brass clock carefully packed. There was also a chest of carpenter's tools, a small blacksmithing outfit and, last but by no means least, a large grindstone. As he passed that out to Pike, Jacob commented that would put a stop to their going down the river every Sunday to Cochran's to grind their tools.

With what Pike had left, the family had food enough to last for several days, so Ivory suggested that Jacob and Pike go at once to Presque Isle while the ice was good, and get what lumber they needed. So next day the two set off. Ivory had on the list twelve two-inch planks sixteen feet long, to make a threshing floor. He was greatly pleased when they came back that night with

boards that had been piled the Fall before and were well seasoned. While they were away he had cleared off the snow and levelled a place for the floor, back of the barn.

The next morning, then, Ivory and Jacob made a threshing floor; after which Jacob, having made a flail, began to thresh the buckwheat. That evening Pike made a fan out of a big packing box they had brought, and Ivory showed Jacob how to use it. While Jacob was doing this, Ivory made a bin in the stable with a cover to it, so that if the horses should get loose they could not get at the grain. When Jacob had threshed the buckwheat and also quite a lot of grain, Ivory then said they ought to get a lot more wood, in case of a storm; so they went to the chopping and cut several sled-loads of partly dried large limbs and also a pile of logs.

That morning Pike had begun laying floors in both the house and the shed. As soon as the floors were laid the three men put up the partitions, and Pike put together the other two bedsteads and nailed boards on the ends and sides. And that night Jacob moved his camp beds into them.

Ivory had brought two iron swinging cranes, and they put one on each side, after narrowing up the fireplace from six feet to about four feet, as Pike advised, saying it would not take nearly so much wood. And they put in a pair of big andirons Ivory had brought; set the long tin reflector oven in front of the fireplace ready for business; and hung kettles from the cranes.

For several evenings the men busied themselves planing boards to make a large chair-table, the top of which would turn against the wall and make a big chair that the youngsters all wanted to roost in. Then they made a good-sized cupboard for dishes and one for food. Pike overheard Mary Ann tell Dorcas that she wished the men would hurry up and make a sink so that she could wash dishes. So Pike got to work and made the sink, and Ivory bored and chiseled a hole for the spout;and the two girls were greatly pleased.

The second evening, Ivory took a washtub and putting a shovel across it with the blade as a cornsheller shelled a sack of corn. The next morning Jacob, Oliver, and the two girls went down the river to Cochran's mill with three sacks of buckwheat, and the corn. Unfortunately, the mill was under repair and would not be running for several days. However, Cochran let them have a bag of meal and a bag of buckwheat flour to tide them over. In the farm-

yard the girls could see Mrs. Cochran feeding a large flock of hens. Dorcas went over and asked her if she would sell them a dozen hens and a rooster, to start a flock. She agreed, and Jacob paid her for them then and there, as well as for a ten pound boat of maple sugar.

Mrs. Hardison was as delighted with the hens as the girls had expected; and promptly told them (they had probably expected this, too) that they would have the job of feeding and caring for them. The practical Jacob had disappeared while the hens were being welcomed, soon to reappear with a long pole from which he made a hen-roost at the far end of the barn. Incidentally, what with scraps from the table and pickings from under the horse cribs, the hens laid all winter long, making a notable contribution to the family larder.

One afternoon, suddenly, snow began to fall; and by nightfall it was coming down thick and fast. The men, however, had brought in a big supply of wood, had cared for the horses, and were ready for the storm. Ivory, always a great one for keeping track of events, had brought along a year's file of one of the Portland papers and a bundle of Bangor papers, also a box of his books, into which the girls had put a lot of school books. So there was no lack of reading material. And the family settled down contentedly that first evening to read, or knit, or sew, the big snow worrying them not at all.

"All night long the storm roared on" and for several days following, until there was more than three feet of snow on the level ground. And the men had plenty of shoveling to do to dig themselves out around the house and barn. They found their workshop (they had not boarded up the sides) full of snow, with its roof sagging from the weight of snow. The men did not attempt to do much work away from the house, though Ivory and Pike hewed and sawed out the lumber for bob sleds, and got most of the logs hewn for the house. Jacob made a toboggan, and then a sled for the little ones. Indoors, the women found plenty to do with preparing meals and cleaning up; and all three knitted every spare minute or were at work making summer clothes for the children.

They soon ran out of cornmeal and buckwheat flour. Undaunted, Mrs. Hardison ground corn in the coffee mill, and fed her family savory stews of beans and vegetables thickened with this cornmeal, or potatoes with ham and eggs. (How she blessed

those faithful hens!) It was several weeks before there came a rain followed by a freeze with a thick crust that enabled Jacob and Oliver to go down the river on the big toboggan to Cochran's mill with corn and pick up the two sacks of buckwheat flour that were coming to them. Pike seized the opportunity to go across the river, and found that the men there had just the day before killed three moose. So he came back in triumph to Mrs. Hardison with a moose quarter. And she had a big roast and baked potatoes on the fire and her reflector oven full of buckwheat bread that night. It can be imagined how the family enjoyed that dinner.

Ivory was interested to hear from Pike that the men across the river were shaving shingles and hauling them to Tobique for groceries. He said he would hire a man to shave and they would work up the pine logs he had saved in their clearing, and make shingles enough for the house and shed. The shanty they had built the first year was still standing down beyond the barn. They had logged it up on three sides with small logs, and covered it with brush. They now cleaned it out and put on a new roof, then shoveled and broke a road about twenty rods to the first pine; sawed it into four foot cuts and bolted them; and hauled them up to the shanty. Jacob then went across the river to get a man to shave.

Mrs. Hardison had been complaining that the children were suffering from lack of milk. So Ivory told Jacob before he left to see if he could get anyone to sell him a cow. Jacob hired one of the Kellys to come over to shave for them, and was told he could probably buy a cow from one of the Bubars: so he walked down to their place to see. No one was at first willing to part with a cow. However, when Jacob told John Bubar that his mother had said the babies were suffering for want of milk, Mrs. Bubar told her husband to let them have a cow which had come in only a short time before. She said she would get along without milk until another cow came in, rather than have her neighbor's children suffer. The snow was too deep then to go after the cow, but she gave Jacob a jug of that morning's milk to take back with him; and two days later she and her husband came over the river on snowshoes, bringing two more jugs of milk. She and Mrs. Hardison had a good gossip together, as can be imagined; and ever afterward the two of them remained good friends; and as long as Mrs. Ivory remained on the old farm, never a Bubar went home hungry. In about ten days Jacob and Oliver were able to cross with their

team and bring the cow home. Jacob got the promise then, too, of some herdsgrass seed when John Bubar should have finished his threshing.

When Kelly came over to make the shingles, he showed Oliver how to rive them out. He had a gauge that would mark the thickness of six shingles at one time, and Jacob helped Oliver, to keep a pile ahead.

When the weather grew warm, Pike and Ivory took the roof off the house, put on floor timbers, laid the floors, and then put on the three rounds of timbers and began on the roof. Ivory and Jacob finished this, while Pike put in the windows and partitions. Once that was done, they moved the beds upstairs, all except Ivory's. Then the men began their task of roofing the shed. They were just putting up the rafters when Ormsby and his wife put in an appearance, having walked all the way from their place, as there was no road. They stayed all night, and returned the next day, taking Pike with them. Before they left Ivory thanked Pike heartily for all the good work he had done for him, and asked how much he should pay him. Pike, however, refused any payment, saying that he had no use for money at the moment, and did not want the trouble of carrying it around. He said, though, that he might ask for some when he needed it.

Pike helped Ormsby build his stable and cut a road out to the main road that had been laid out; then he filed on the lot across the road, made a small clearing and put up a small log house and barn. At odd jobs he hewed out the timbers and made a wagon. Justus Gray had moved from the Reach and built a blacksmith shop on the west side of the road near the creek. Pike had him put some tires on the wheels. That was all the iron there was on the wagon. After the road was grubbed out so that he could use it, Pike had some boxes put in the hubs, and linch-pins put on. He had been using pork rinds for boxes before. After he had made a clearing of about twenty acres, and Vaughn and Collins had their sawmill running, Pike made up his mind to build a small frame house. He went up to see Ivory, to get Jacob to haul the lumber for him. Taking his own team to get hardware and glass, Pike accompanied Jacob to the mill. When the lumber was all loaded, Pike asked Sam Collins what the bill was. At that Collins smiled and told him that it was paid. "Paid for by who?" asked Pike in surprise. Collins smiled again and told him that was something he would have to find out for himself. Pike remembered then that just

before they started he had seen Ivory hand Jacob a piece of paper; and he did not have to guess but once to know who had paid the bill. Ivory was never slow to pay his debts.

After the wheat was threshed, and the snow was packed down to where it was not too deep to go on the ice, Ivory sent Jacob to Presque Isle with a load of wheat and corn and buckwheat to be ground at Fairbanks' mill; and to bring back about five hundred feet of boards. Jacob had to stay overnight, which gave him the welcome opportunity to read some papers. He was also able to bring some home. Soon after this the weather grew quite warm, the ice broke up, and the family was shut in again; and Ivory had a fine bout of reading.

The night the young Hardisons came home from Cochran's with maple sugar, there were fritters and maple syrup for supper. Hearing the children's enthusiasm, Ivory reminded them that they were surrounded by sugar maples, and could get ready and make all the sugar they wanted. Nothing loath, at the first opportunity Jacob and Oliver went down to the soft wood; and had just started to make troughs when the snow came and forced them to give over for the time. Weeks later, when Jacob was across the river, he borrowed from Mr. Bubar a great iron kettle in which to boil sap. Previously, when he came home with the lumber, he had brought with him a molasses barrel with a wooden faucet in it. This he had cleaned and blocked up just inside the door of the root cellar. He and Oliver went to work finishing the troughs, then Oliver carried them over to the trees Jacob had "spotted" for him. The boys brushed out a main road through the middle of the tract, and side roads into it for their toboggans, on which they would haul the sap in washtubs. They collected rocks enough to set up the big kettle, and were then all ready for the sap to start.

When the time came, Jacob showed Oliver how to tap the trees; and when the sap began to run he helped him bring it on their toboggans, and started boiling. Pretty soon the young Hardisons had developed a satisfactory routine. The boys would start a fire under the boiler with the first load of sap while the girls were getting breakfast; and then the girls would tend the boiler until the boys were through gathering. The morning flow was made into syrup; and the afternoon flow into sugar, run into milk pans, Mrs. Hardison finishing the operation in the house. They filled Jacob's barrel with syrup, and made three hundred pounds of sugar, which was packed in newspapers and stored in the cellar, where it was

cool. Dorcas and Mary Ann had a memorable time. Mary Ann said that for three weeks they were the two sweetest girls in Aroostook County, they had to taste the sap so often!

Once the snow had gone, Ivory and Jacob grubbed and pulled the stumps on a piece of land back of the house for a large garden. Jacob ploughed and cross-ploughed it, as he did a small piece in front of the house for flower beds for the girls. Some time before that he had made boxes, and the women folk had planted in these the seeds they had which could be transplanted. They kept the boxes out in the sun daytimes, and brought them indoors at night; and by the time Jacob got round to ploughing the seeds were all up and nearly ready to set out. Oliver harrowed the ground after Jacob had ploughed it. Jacob then went to work to clear a six acre piece of stumps, pulling out all he could with the horses, and ploughing out the small stumps. He had worked over just about a third of it, when John Bubar came over with the promised herdsgrass seed. Next morning Ivory sowed his oats, and then the grass seed, and set Oliver to harrowing again. As Jacob was ploughing deep and it was heavy work for his horses, Ivory had him change horses with Oliver at noon, and plough only half a day with either team. When the ground was ready, Ivory and his wife and girls set to planting potatoes and peas and other vegetables, and setting out their plants.

Sunday was the rest-day for the family. Jacob and Oliver went down to the river, found plenty of angleworms where Jacob had planted them, and caught a good string of trout. Seeing a man across the river come down to his boat, Jacob made motions for him to come over. It was the brother of the Kelly who had shaved shingles for Ivory; and Jacob was glad of the opportunity to tell hm that Ivory wanted his brother to come over and shave more shingles, as they were going to put up another building. Kelly came over the next day with his tools, and he and Oliver began making shingles, while Ivory and Jacob took down the temporary workshop and leveled off the ground for a building 16 by 24 feet next to the shed for a storehouse and workshop—a building much needed, as heretofore all the supples—a barrel of fat pork backs, half a barrel of corned beef, a bale of codfish, a large box of smoked herring, bags of peas and beans, and a host of other packages—a barrel of packages—were piled up in the kitchen and root cellar. By working hard, long hours, they managed to finish the building by Saturday night. They divided it: making the store-

room 16 by 16 feet, and the workshop 8 by 16 feet. Ivory made a low platform to pile the flour and meal on; and put the workbench and his tools in the shop.

For some days now the weather had been clear and warm, and from the smoke which they saw by day and the glow of fires by night, they knew the settlers across the river were clearing land. On the Thursday they noted big smokes from burning choppings. Their own ten-acre chopping was north of their clearing, and they had been waiting for a south wind so they could burn it off. Saturday morning the wind veered to the southeast; and Ivory decided that was a good time. After dinner Ivory and Oliver took the south side, and Jacob the east side, and they lit fires about a rod apart and in no time had a roaring furnace between them. In no time at all, too, they had attracted a fascinated audience, the other members of the family standing round gazing wide-eyed at the first "burn' they had ever seen. Next morning, while the women folk were preparing breakfast, Jacob and Ivory went over the burn. There were a lot of logs and stumps still smouldering, but they found it a good burn, with lots of big open spaces that were clean.

The same summer that Ivory made his location, John Thompson had taken up a lot adjoining the upper Kelly clearing; had cleared land and put up a log house. And the next year his brother Pierce located on the next lot above him, and started a clearing. On Sunday, then, these two came over, saying that they had seen the smoke and were wondering if Ivory needed any help, as they wanted to work a spell, so that they could buy seed. They also asked if Ivory had any potatoes and oats to spare. Ivory said he could let them have both, and would be glad to have them come to work for him, as it was by then the middle of May, and he was anxious to get his land in crop. Thompson said they would go home and grind their axes and be back in the morning. So each taking a bag of potatoes on his shoulder they started for home, both being back in time the next morning to eat a big breakfast of fried ham and fritters and maple syrup.

Both were good axe men, though John was such a big powerful fellow he could cut twice as much as an ordinary man. They started on the east and cut along the whole front, and by Saturday night had the piece "junked" (that is, trees felled and cut up into lengths ready to burn). Starting Monday morning, they worked for two days with both teams, piling. Then Ivory shoveled the ashes from the heaps on the burn, scattered them, and started Oliver harrowing to tear up the ground for sowing.

The middle of the week, the Thompsons went home for the night. On their return they informed Ivory that the folks across the river—the Bubars, Kellys, McNamaras, and a lot of others—were talking of having a "piling bee"; and would be glad to come over and help him, if he wanted them. Ivory went in to ask his wife if she could cook for the crowd. Thompson had said there would probably be about eighteen men and half as many women. Mrs. Hardison said that she would manage somehow; but not to have them come before the Wednesday of the next week, as there would be such a lot of cooking to do. When the Thompsons went back home they caried the news, and by next day it was known all over the settlement. The Thompsons came back Monday with the news that there would be enough men and teams to clear up the chopping.

Monday morning Ivory sowed what ground was cleared and harrowed; then set Oliver to harrowing again, while he himself rounded up some boards and built a long table. That evening he had the boys saw blocks of wood for seats. Mrs. Hardison and the girls, meanwhile, were working like beavers. They already had a firkin of butter. Monday and Tuesday Mrs. Hardison spent making brown bread in the two big Dutch ovens; and on Tuesday she also made a big batch of dried apple pies. The family had been using maple sugar ever since their arrival, so she still had the firkin of brown sugar which had been brought from Winslow, to use for her pies. Apple pies and cheese and gingerbread were to be the dessert. The girls were busy all the Wednesday morning making gingerbread in the large reflector oven. Ivory had made a "bean hole" at the time of the family's arrival. Tuesday evening Mrs. Hardison built a fire on top of the stones and heated them red hot, then set in a huge kettle of beans mixed with plenty of pork and molasses, covered the kettle, and left the beans to cook overnight.

Early Wednesday morning people began arriving: first the men with their teams, then the women, and several girls and boys about Oliver's age. Jacob went into the clearing with the men. Ivory sent Oliver and the other boys after water to fill the big sap boiler, and told them to keep it full of hot water. After the women and girls had been introduced and had talked a little together, they all began to help get dinner ready.

There were twenty-one men and three span of horses; for big Pat Kelly who lived down at the Point had brought two of his

boys, men grown, and said to give him one good man and then watch his crew! There were in all five crews, each trying to keep ahead; so that by noon over half of the piece was in piles. Dinner was a huge success. Enormous quantities of baked beans, brown bread, apple pie, cheese, coffee and milk disappeared; and one and all declared it was the best meal they ever ate.

After dinner, Ivory and the boys began setting the piles, leaving two rows next to where the men were piling; and by the middle of the afternoon the last pile had been made and all of them fired. When the men came back to the house Mrs. Hardison gave them hot gingerbread and coffee. Ivory thanked his neighbors very heartily, telling them he and his folks would never forget their kindness, and that he hoped they would come over to visit them often. Most of the crowd then went home; but the Thompsons, Shugrues, Kellys and McNamaras stayed until the last pile was burned clean, and did not go home until after supper.

Promptly the next day Jacob and Oliver began harrowing a strip for potatoes and corn. Ivory had them harrow lengthwise, then crosswise and cornerwise both ways, and then lengthwise again, so that every stump was harrowed around closely. Ivory was cutting potatoes for seed, meanwhile. They could not begin sowing grain until the next Monday, as the ground was too hot; but they planted potatoes and corn, and every few hills put in pumpkin seeds. By the first of June they had their crop all in.

There was so much to do it was several weeks before Jacob and Oliver again had a chance to go fishing. When finally they did get an afternoon off, they went down to the landing and dug worms, as before, and once again tried the Eddy. This time the water was too warm for trout, so they walked along the shore to the mouth of White Brook. Jacob began fishing there, but Oliver said the fishing was bound to be better up the brook. He went up and fished the pools, and beat Jacob with a larger string. When they had enough fish to satisfy them, they started back home by the logging road. Near the little swamp, coming in from the west, they saw a road which they had never noticed before. Following it, they came to a swamp, a mass of windfalls so thick one could not see through it. Pushing in, to their surprise they found a small clearing with a deserted cabin and barn, both quite empty, except for a large three-legged iron kettle with a heavy iron cover, lying on its side in a corner of the cabin. One of the legs was broken. The boys poked around the clearing to see if any other relics re-

mained, but found nothing, not even a stick of firewood. Finally their stomachs giving them warning of the time, they washed out the iron kettle in the spring, put their trout in it, and headed for home and a big trout supper. In the evening, Jacob occupied himself with filing the remaining two legs off the kettle, and was then the proud possessor of a fine Dutch oven.

When time came to begin on another chopping, Ivory decided they had better go across the road and cut ten acres down to the spring, as this would be useful as a pasture. They finished this cut, and were just about to start on a chopping along the south side of the clearing when Hiram Hall appeared suddenly in their midst, saying that he and his brother Winslow had just come down the river on a raft, and his brother was now waiting at the landing while he scoured about looking for a place to camp. Ivory greeted the newcomer warmly, and told Jacob to take him up and show him the land next to theirs, while he and Oliver took the horses down to the landing to pick up the stuff on the raft.

To show the visitor their line, Jacob went west a short distance beyond the logging road, and then directly south. They kept on for nearly a mile on top of the ridge, through country all covered with the same rock maple growth as the Hardisons'. Mr. Hall said that if he could find water, this was just what he was looking for. Jacob turned east till they came to the spotted line of the road, then north to the road he and Oliver had found leading down to the spring and the empty cabin and barn; telling Mr. Hall that if he and his father had known of this spring earlier they would have settled there themselves. Mr. Hall was highly pleased with the location. He said he would buy these two lots, and Winslow would take the next two.

When Jacob and Mr. Hall got back to the house, they found Ivory, Oliver, and Winslow had been up with one load of goods, and Oliver and Winslow had gone back for the rest. By then it was dinner time, and all sat down to a bounteous meal, the Hardisons listening entranced to news from "outside". After dinner, Ivory proclaimed an afternoon's holiday so that everyone could hear last year's news; and overrode the Halls' protestations that they ought to start moving right away. The whole family backed him up, saying everyone would pitch in and help them move the next morning. So the Halls gratefully gave in, and settled down to a pleasant gossip by the fireside. That evening, after supper, Jacob took Winslow up along the ridge to see the camp.

Next morning Ivory announced to the boys that they would have to help the Halls move, as he was going to take a day off and read the papers. The Halls had brought a year's files of Portland, Augusta, and Bangor papers; and Ivory was certainly not going to pass up this opportunity of reading them. It took all forenoon to get the Halls moved. After dinner the boys went to work again in the chopping. 1622208

That evening, Hiram Hall came over to ask if it would be possible to get men from across the river to help him clear land; and if, when he was ready to build, he would be able to get a local carpenter. Ivory assured him he could get all the men he wanted; told him just to go down to the river and call until someone answered and came over for him. He also told him where to find Pike, whom he recommended as a good carpenter and a good worker. Next Sunday Hiram Hall came up again, this time to say that he had hired four men for himself and four to work for Winslow; that he was clearing a place to build at the corner of the road running west and the main road the State was cutting through; and that he had seen and engaged Pike. He wanted to know whether Ivory would let him have one of the boys and a team for a few days, to clear about half an acre. Ivory agreed, and next morning sent Jacob down. Jacob came home with the news that Hiram had hired Thompson, Sughrue, and McNamara to take him in a canoe to Presque Isle, where he intended to buy enough lumber for a house twenty by thirty feet for himself and one the same size for Winslow, and raft it down. He had said he would need Jacob to haul it up from the landing.

When the raft arrived, Jacob took his big "scoot" and four horses, and hauled lumber up to each place as directed; and Pike began work on Hiram's house. Winslow meanwhile was at work putting up a log house, and a log barn twenty by forty feet, with a shed between. Hiram had the men clearing about fifteen acres, starting from the sugar maples about fifteen rods north of his house; and Winslow had about fifteen acres to be cleared back of his building. As practically all of this work was to be done by the men across the river, they were looking forward to a prosperous winter!

Both Halls stayed until the clearings were ready for a crop and the buildings finished. Then, in the Fall, they went back home. In January they returned, bringing their families. They had four ox teams and were thirty days on the road. Their drivers, Abram

Parsons, Cephas and George Sampson, and Watson Starbird, all later settled in Letter "H". They spent a few days looking around, then Abram Parsons located on a lot next to Winslow Hall's south lot; and the Sampsons took up lots north of Ivory Hardison's north lot; and Starbird filed on a lot east of Cephas Sampson's. The men spent the winter there in camp, and in the spring worked for Collins and Vaughn, helping them to build their mills.

The Halls had left the ox teams at Bridgewater, while they came on ahead, each with a two horse team, with his family. Arriving at the Hardisons' about mid afternoon, they were warmly welcomed and made comfortable over night. Mrs. Hardison said later that Ivory stayed up nearly all night reading the papers they had brought and consumed two candles during the process.

Next morning early the Halls went down with their loads to their houses, Jacob and Oliver hitching up a team and following with the children. When the Halls had unloaded and were each of them busy hauling hay, they got the boys to chop them some wood. Jacob had already made a big wood pile when he was clearing a place for Hiram to build, and only needed to make some kindlings. He and Oliver each went down to the spring, and each cut a load of dry cedar. About three o'clock the ox teams came in. Then, while the women were busy cooking, the men set up the beds and made things ready for night.

Once they had finished with their chopping, the Hardisons set to work hilling up their potatoes and corn. Then they had a big crop of herdsgrass and oats to store. After the barn was full to bursting there were still ten tons to be stacked outside. Twenty tons were eventually sold to the Halls.

Jacob crossed the river to hire reapers, and at Sughrue's saw a sow with eight pigs. He promptly made an offer of ten dollars for the lot, if Sughrue would deliver them. Sughrue packed them over the next day, to Ivory's great satisfaction. He had been saying for some time that they ought to get some hogs to eat up the cull potatoes and scraps from the house. He got to work on the spot and built them a log house; telling the girls it would be their job to feed them until the piglets were weaned, after which he would take care of them.

There were twelve stacks round the threshing floor when the reapers had done. Reaping over, Ivory and Jacob then dug a

large cellar under the house and kitchen, walled it up, and put a bulkhead on the back side of the house. Then, the latter part of September, when it was hot and dry, they followed the example of the men who had been clearing for the Halls, and set fire to their chopping, once again getting a good clean burn. Then they dug potatoes, putting the sorted ones in the cellar, and using the root cellar for the culls; and they did the same with their vegetables.

The Hardison garden that year produced a wonderful crop, and Mrs. Hardison and the girls, who had done most of the work, were immensely pleased. It was a large garden, about half an acre. There were solid heads of cabbage as large as a peck measure, and outsize carrots, beets, onions, squash, and pumpkins, with plump pods of peas and beans, and fine rhubarb. There was much more than the family could use—a very lucky thing, as they would have a good market with the Halls. Until the next Fall the Halls would be needing garden produce, hay and grain.

The corn was next cut, stacked and husked in the field, then stored. After that threshing was the order of the day. By now the road had been cut and grubbed from Presque Isle to the top of Prestile Hill, and cut through from there to the Caribou Stream. As soon as the first snow came, Ivory had the boys hauling up their winter supply of wood, while he began hewing out the wood to build a farm wagon. When he had it made, Jacob went to Tobique to get the iron to iron it off. Justus Gray, the local smith, ironed it.

Justus Gray had a blacksmith shop on Gray Brook, about two miles from the Hardison place. He was a very ardent Baptist who had implicit faith in the efficacy of prayer, but who was a rather poor provider. During the winter months in that country they used to have from four to six feet of snow on the level. Wind storms would pile it up into drifts on the roads, making them impassable for many days at a stretch: while the wind continued it was impossible to open them for travel. Some weeks before one of these big storms Ivory had stopped at Gray's to have his mare shod, and had happened to ask how they were getting along. Justus said, poorly, very poorly; that they raised only a few vegetables and potatoes, and depended in the main on the blacksmith shop for their living; but that for days at a time no one came; that his two sons were at work in the woods up the river, but would not get any pay until Spring; that his son-in-law and one of his

girls were on the place on the Reach and had a cow giving milk and plenty of feed for the stock, and had raised plenty of potatoes and root vegetables, and corn and buckwheat, so that they were all right and brought him some meal every time they went to mill; but that they had not been over for some time, as the snow was too deep for a team. Ivory listened to the tale, shook his head sympathetically, paid his bill and departed.

A short while after that, there came a cold spell so severe that for three days all work was at a standstill. The men from across the river did not come over, and there was no travel at all on the roads. Everyone had all he could do to keep warm at home. As soon as the cold abated somewhat, Ivory loaded into his pung a round of fat pork, a big chunk of corned beef, half a bag each of meal and buckwheat flour, a jug of molasses and some coffee and tea, and started with this for the Gray place. He found the family on their knees before the fire, praying. They had been living for several days on scanty rations of potatoes and boiled corn, and now had no food left. Justus told him he had prayed and prayed for help, and now his prayers were answered. This was nothing new to Ivory; for he was always the first to help those in need, as long as he lived. Years after his death, one of the Walton boys, who lived on the Madawaska, five miles distant, told a friend that if it hadn't been for "Uncle Ivory" and "Jake Hardison" his family would have starved. The Hardisons were neighbors worth having.

There was always constant visiting between the Hall and Hardison families. Mrs. Hardison's buckwheat fritters and maple syrup were very popular with the Halls. And when told how much sugar and syrup the Hardisons had made that Spring, the Halls concluded that they would make some, too. Hiram went up to Presque Isle and bought lumber to make a sugar house up in his grove, and fitted it with an arch kettle. Winslow decided to let his boys and girls make theirs at home. When they had hauled up enough wood to last the year, Jacob and Oliver turned their attention, too, to sugar making. They decided they would make not more than half as much as they had done the previous spring, as they still had about half their sugar on hand.

Jacob made two trips to the Presque Isle mill, that winter, but took only enough wheat to make two barrels of flour. Ivory saved the rest for seed for himself and their new neighbors. He intended to sow two acres or more on his new land. With these

two barrels of flour and the meal still in the storeroom, together with the beans and other vegetables, the Hardisons had enough food to last them until the next summer. At Christmas time Ivory killed a sixty-pound pig. Mrs. Hardison roasted it for dinner and invited the Hall families to help eat it. They arrived with jam and preserves and cake to round out the meal. And a very Merry Christmas was had by all. Mrs. Hardison hadn't been too busy to make mince pies, and a gingerbread man for each of the children. And the family had not been forgotten by their friends in the big "outside".

During the winter Ivory made a pair of bob sleds, so that they could have two teams on occasion. Both Ivory and the Halls needed barns, and Ivory and Hiram did a lot of talking of hauling logs to Presque Isle and having them sawed into lumber to build. The Halls, however, finally decided to cut the logs on their river lots and brow them at the mouth of White Brook and sell them to some lumberman.

When the snow at last was gone, and the ground dry enough to work, Jacob and Oliver began plowing and harrowing their last year's ten-acre piece, fit to sow to herdsgrass and oats. In the meantime Ivory hired four men to do the "junking" on the piece south of the opening; and by the time the boys had their piece cleaned of roots and stumps, and sowed, the men were ready to begin piling the logs for burning. Ivory sowed two acres in wheat and the rest in oats. Then they began on the piece of land across the road; and by the first of June had everything sowed and planted for that year. During the Spring the State had finished grubbing out the rest of the road, and had leveled it from the Prestile to the Caribou Stream; and S. W. Collins and his partner W. A. Vaughan had started to build a grist mill; and later that Fall had a sawmill ready to begin sawing lumber.

Once again the Hardisons had good crops. And when harvesting was done, they had Thompson come over to hew a barn frame forty by fifty feet; and, Ivory and the boys cutting and getting the trees ready for him to hew, they put in the foundations and laid the sills and floor timbers, and moved their threshing floor to a permanent place.

As soon as there was enough snow to make sledding at all possible, Ivory and Jacob each loaded a big pine log and started for the sawmill. When they came to the last steep pitch on Prestile

Hill, they put rough lock chains on the rear sleds to check them and keep them from crowding the horses. Then they had to double up the hill on the other side. It was a long day's work to make two trips and load back with lumber. The third morning Ivory said that one trip a day would do for him. And that day, as it happened, they narrowly missed a bad accident.

Jacob, who was ahead and had reached the foot of the hill, looked back to see how his father was doing. Just at that moment the skid chains lost their grip and the sleds jumped ahead, so that the pole went up in the air and took the horses off their feet. In about fifteen feet the chains gripped again and stopped the sleds with a violent jerk that almost sent Ivory down among the horses. When Jacob ran back he found his father shaking so that he could hardly stand. Jacob helped him off the sled and held him by the arm so that he did not fall. When Ivory could speak,—which wasn't for some time—he said only, "This is our last load here until the snow gets deeper. This is too dangerous." The Halls, by the way, had made just one trip before deciding to wait until more snow came!

Jacob had done a good bit of cruising among the hills. He now told his father that he was sure he could swamp a road around the hill which would save time and be much easier on the horses. He started near the spring, and followed the easy slope down to where a point jutted out toward the creek with an easy grade. Across the creek there was only a small rise with a cut bank about ten feet high. By felling the trees at the cut and using them to fill in the bottom, they would not have to make a cut over twenty feet long, and the dirt would fill it to an easy grade. Ivory went over the spotted line with Jacob, and from the fill kept on a slight rise to the right, and came out about forty rods from the top of the hill on the main road. It took the two of them about a week to cut the road and make the grade, and during that time about a foot of snow had fallen, enough to make good going and quicker time. Ivory went along with the boys when they took the first load over the new road; and found the grade easy for the horses to hold going down, and the cut only a short pull, so that there was now no need of their doubling up as they had done before. This saved them an hour each trip, so that now they could easily make two trips a day.

That evening Ivory sent one of the boys to get Pike to come and help frame the barn. He and Pike went to work on that while

the boys kept on hauling logs. The next Sunday Sam Collins walked down to get acquainted with his new neighbors. During Jacob's cruising he had found two big pine trees felled by former lumbermen, trees four feet at the butt. He and Oliver had sawed them into logs twenty feet long. They had left them until the road should be trodden down smooth. When Collins saw these logs, he told Ivory of a man who was coming in to open a sash and door shop, if he could obtain seasoned pine. He offered Ivory two thousand feet of good spruce boards for each thousand feet of the pine logs, and no saw bill to pay. Ivory accepted the offer, and the boys began to haul big loads of spruce boards and scantling back, stacking it up to season. Before Collins left he told Ivory to have his barn raising on a Saturday and he would be glad to come along with his crews and help him.

Meanwhile, Hiram Hall had made Ivory an offer. He said that if the boys would haul pine logs from the hill lot to the mill and haul the lumber back, at a given price both ways, he would cut and yard the logs on skidways and do the swamping. Hiram did not know yet about the new road Jacob had made, so Ivory made a good trade! Hall had the boys haul enough to put up all of his buildings, before they were done. When they came to settle, he sold Ivory a large mare heavy with foal as part payment, saying he would not be able to use her for several months, and did not have the feed to keep her idle. Ivory gave the mare to Jacob.

It was about this time that D. F. Adams came and took the two lots north of Starbird and Cephas Sampson, and Haskell Farnum took the west lot north of the Adams west lot, and went to work for Collins and Vaughan as a sawyer at the mill. He made a chopping of about five acres, and that Fall sold the lot to Jacob Hardison.

For several days before the barn raising Mrs. Hardison and the girls were busy baking beans, brown bread, doughnuts, and dried apple pies. When Saturday arrived, people began arriving from north and south until there was a good raising crew. When ready to begin they called on Sam Collins to boss the job, as he had had more experience than any other man there; and they were but a few hours in raising what was the first frame barn in the Township. Supper was heartily enjoyed by all. It is not on record that Dorcas served Sam Collins the largest piece of pie at dinner, but she probably did. Nor is it on record that Sam Collins had a long talk or walk with her that afternoon, but he probably did.

It is on record, though, that whereas all the other settlers, after a pleasant afternoon of gossip and visiting, went home about sunset, he did not. He stayed all night, and did not go home until Sunday evening. Ivory was pleased with his guest, but surprised. It was not until some weeks later that he learned why he had been honored with Sam's presence.

Once his barn was covered in, Ivory was busier than ever. He finished his threshing floor, boarded the sides up six feet and fitted one bent next to the big doors as a granary; laying a tight floor and boarding it up and dividing it into bins, using wide pine boards. Then he began threshing, which was quite a job that year, as he had a big crop. Pike had made him a fanning mill that had fishlines for sieves, stretching them wet so that when dried they were taut. By that time Ivory had all the grain in the bins, and the boys had done hauling. Incidentally, just before he quit hauling for Hiram Hall, Jacob told Winslow about the new road, on which he could use his ox teams as well as his horses. And before the snow had disappeared, Winslow had hauled enough lumber to build a barn, a house, and a store building. Hiram had arranged with Thompson to hew out his barn frame; and he had Pike at work on his house as soon as he was done working for Ivory. And as soon as Thompson had finished hewing for Hiram he began hewing for Winslow.

When the snow was nearly gone, Jacob and Oliver hauled enough wood out of the south chopping to last for the season; and as soon as they could get on to the land began putting in their crop. The Sampsons, and Starbird, and Adams also had choppings that year; and when it was dry enough began burning off, as did Ivory and the Halls. Jacob went down and got a good burn on the piece Farnum had felled. Then the Hardisons began piling on the south eight-acre piece; and as John Thompson was busy hewing, Ivory let the job to clear the piece across the road to Sughrue. Once they had their piece cleared and into crop, all hands went down to clear Jacob's piece, taking their dinners along and coming home nights. That done, they came back to put in the crop across the road. Ivory sowed an acre in barley that year, as he had found out that boiled barley with his boiled potatoes and a little cornmeal was as good for fattening hogs as was corn or buckwheat; and he was raising another litter or two, some of which would be large enough to fatten for the Fall killing.

Once the crops were all in, Jacob and Oliver went down to Jacob's place to build a log barn. Jacob had bought the lot across

the road from Vaughan, having it in mind to build there, close to a little brook that came from a spring on the Adams place and cut across the southeast corner of his west lot. The two boys cut and grubbed a place for the barn, and found plenty of straight cedars to build a hay barn and a stable behind it.

That summer Dorcas Hardison announced her engagement to Sam Collins, and her promise to marry him as soon as she returned from a year's visit "outside". Promptly then Ivory set to work making a one-horse pung with a high back seat, Dorcas making cushions for both seat and back from part of a heavy duck wagon cover, stuffing them with fine oat hay. There was room back of the seat for a couple of trunks. When winter had set in, Jacob hitched his mare to the pung and drove off with Dorcas, who was intending to go with her cousin Abigail to Great Falls for a year, to work in a cotton mill there and earn her wedding clothes. Jacob himself went on to China Village, to visit a girl who had been an old schoolmate of his.

Just before Jacob and Dorcas set off, Ivory handed Jacob seventy-five dollars to pay his expenses; and showed him an ad in a Bangor paper, by a foundry there which had just begun to make a new line of stoves with the oven underneath that was said to work well. The stoves had two, four, or six holes on top, according to size. Ivory told Jacob when he got to Bangor to see what the largest cost and if it really worked well; and if it did, to buy one, together with a stove pipe and two elbows, but to be sure not to say anything to his mother about it, as Ivory wanted to surprise her. When Jacob returned, three weeks later, it was with the stove. He and Ivory built a small chimney in the kitchen and there set the stove up, the first one of its kind in Letter "H". Mrs. Hardison, needless to say, was delighted.

The following winter, Jacob went out to get his sister, visiting his friend in China Village both coming and going. Soon after her return Dorcas married Sam Collins, the wedding coinciding with the Christmas festivities. The marriage turned out well: Dorcas and Sam Collins had a good life together. A far-sighted and progressive business man, Sam Collins contributed immeasurably to the development and prosperity of Aroostook. He advocated the building of the railway, of which he became one of the Directors; he was elected a member of the Maine House of Representatives in 1856 and again in 1860; and in 1870 was elected State Senator (this political success a remarkable proof of his personal popular-

ity and reputation for integrity, as he was a staunch Democrat in a stronghold of Republicans!) Many a settler in Aroostook owed his start in life to Sam Collins. He gave credit freely and was ever backward in collecting debts.

Yes, Sam Collins was a fine man, one of the best; but his wife was worthy of him. Gentle, patient, and cheerful by nature, she had none the less inherited her mother's indomitable will and strength of soul to face tragedy. For tragedy struck her household. Thirteen children were born to her, only five of whom survived. Five of the children were taken by diphtheria, three of them dying within one week. She had inherited her mother's love of reading, which always proved a solace to her; but she was outstandingly industrious and hard-working, believing firmly in work as a cure for most human ills. Her life was never easy. On her shoulders was the responsibility of managing the household and caring for a large family of children. For many years there lived in the Collins household an invalid brother of her husband's, never easy to care for, and an elderly aunt of her own who needed much attention. Her husband had a long and painful illness, which terminated with his death in 1898. In the years following she herself was for many years confined to a wheelchair, and was troubled by increasing deafness. She lived to be a very old woman: she was ninety-two when she died. But she retained her faculties and her optimism to the day of her death.

Ivory and Jacob both had big crops in 1845, and as Jacob would be cutting his for hay, Ivory and Oliver went down with him and cut his oats while in the dough, so that the hay would be green. After filling his barn, they stacked twenty tons, which he sold to Collins and Vaughan. Harvey Collins came to Aroostook that summer, and as the road had been cut through to Van Buren, he took a lot on the west side, a short distance beyond the Mark Ellis place.

Ivory cradled and bound his herdsgrass for seed, and cut the eight acre piece for oat hay. When he had done harvesting, his barn was full. Before hog killing time in November, he built a smoke house to smoke his hams and bacon. He filled two barrels with rounds of fat pork, gave generous lots of spare ribs to the neighbors, and still had left all the fresh pork he dared keep, to work up into sausage and mincemeat. Ivory also had a runt steer which he fattened, then killing it and salting most of the meat down, so that the family would have corned beef to go with their

cabbages. Mrs. Hardison and the girls also made several butter firkins full of mince meat, sealing the top with melted fat so that it would keep for months.

The winter that Dorcas was away, Sam Collins, who had taken to spending Sundays with the Hardisons, told Ivory that if he would log off the river lots he could get him a good price for his timber; so as soon as Jacob could get ready he hired some men from across the river and cut as long as the sledding lasted, making two big piles along the river bank. Collins and Vaughan, meanwhile, were lumbering off both sides of the mill pond of spruce and pine, Harvey having charge. They had hired Thomas Vance and Abram Parsons, both of whom had good ox teams. While the settlers would supply the mill in the winter, the owners had to bank enough at the pond to last until the sledding began again. They were putting in a shingle mill, and later would cut a supply of cedar rift along the banks of the pond. While the boys were lumbering, Ivory kept on with the threshing, and the boys winnowed, evenings. Jacob and Oliver logged off the Prestile river lot that winter, and then hauled up enough logs to the barn to build a barn for Jacob. Jacob's chopping that spring was a small one, across the road, which he planned in the future to use as a pasture.

The next spring, with Oliver's help he got his chopping cleared and seeded early. Collins had sent for him to boss the job of clearing the banks of the Caribou Stream from the pond up to the lake, giving him a crew of six men and a cook who was to bring their grub by boat. Telling of this job, years afterward, Jacob said it was the worst he ever undertook, as it was a solid cedar windfall on both sides, with many of the trees in the water, and many others hanging over so low that they had to be cut and then hauled out of the water. Nearly all the time the men were working they were in the water up to their hips.

By the middle of August Jacob had finished his job. Then, taking two of the best choppers with him, he set to hewing logs for his barn frame, while Oliver hauled the lumber from the mill. Ivory and Oliver had cut Jacob's hay and cocked it, leaving his grain for him to harvest himself. Two weeks later there was a raising bee, and all Caribou turned out to help. Jacob was highly popular. By the time the roof was on and the floor laid it had begun to look rainy, so Jacob and Oliver began hauling in the hay. Ivory was working hard to get everything boarded in before the storm. Jacob hired two men to help him in reaping, and Oliver hauled in

the grain so that Jacob could go to threshing, any spare days he had. Jacob had made no chopping that spring, so had no piling to do in the Fall.

That year, for the first time, Ivory had hired his chopping cleared, and had another made on the river lot. And from then on he hired men to do this work for him. He said he was getting on in years, and had done enough of that kind of work. He had a pair of yearling steers that summer, and made a yoke and a wagon so that Martin and Ai could drive them. Oliver taught the boys how to handle their team, and they had great fun hauling each other about. That Fall Ivory cut some birch and sent it to the mill. He wanted lumber for the ox cart which he planned to make the next winter. From then on, there was hardly a year in which he did not raise one or two yokes of steers, and have a well broken yoke of oxen to sell.

The next winter Jacob and Oliver again lumbered for Collins, having a camp on the south side of the brook, about two miles above the mill pond. For several years, in fact, they cut the bulk of the logs for the mill; though after Jacob was married they worked separately, Jacob cutting more on what was afterwards Woodland, and Oliver cutting farther upstream. During the winter, when Ivory did his threshing, Martin was big enough to use the scoop shovel and help with the fanning mill. Ivory found time that winter to make a pair of big cart wheels (good ones they were, too) which he stored away until the next winter when he would be building the ox cart.

As soon as the lumbering was over, Jacob set to work threshing down on his place. He told his father the first Sunday that it was taking too long for him to come and go, and that he must have a small house on his lot which he could live in and later perhaps use as a woodshed. The very next day, then, Ivory and Jacob and Oliver took a team and food enough to last them two or three days, and went down to Jacob's place, a mile and a half away, and began building. The third day, Jacob moved in. After that Martin used to ride down on Jacob's mare every other day and carry him food, and help winnow what he had threshed.

As soon as the ice was out of the pond Collins sent for Jacob to drive their logs down to the pond; and he was away for several days, during which time Ivory and Oliver were putting in their grain. Directly they had finished, they went down to Jacob's and put his in, giving him the opportunity to finish his threshing.

Winslow Hall built his house and barn that winter, and in the Spring moved into a new house, and let the district have the old house for a schoolhouse; and that summer Mary Ann Hardison taught the first school in the Township; and taught several summers following.

In the Spring, Winslow built a store; and Joseph Hall and Joseph Hines also opened a store, mostly for lumbering supplies, as they were lumbering off their lots as well as Winslow's. Winslow bought six lots, four on the west side of the road, from the Abram Parsons line to the old John Hall road, and two east of them. Michael Hall did not come with them, as he was teaching; but he came early in the Spring, and took up the lots on the west side of the road, south of the Ormsby Road; and Joseph Hines took the one south of Pike's on the east side, while Joseph Hall took up the two lots south of theirs. Shortly afterward, Elder Todd moved in, buying Joseph Hall's east lot, and also a lot from Hines.

In 1849 or early in 1850, Hines and Hall bought out Hiram Hall, and that Fall sold out to Washington Long. In the meantime John Hall and his family had come, and located back of the Hiram Hall west lot; and Thomas Vance had come, locating opposite Abram Parsons, on the east side of the road. The same Spring that Winslow built, Hiram built his hotel, and a barn forty by one hundred feet with a big basement, at that time the largest in the county. Michael, Joseph and Hines all made choppings, as

well as Vance, but Michael then went back to teaching. Ansel Taylor and Mark Ellis came that summer, and both worked for Collins and Vaughan, and Ellis located on the west side of the road at the top of the hill north of Caribou. Taylor located on the second lot back of the Winslow Hall lot on the John Hall road, and married John Hall's daughter Harriet. Both men made choppings that summer and put up small buildings.

That Spring Ivory was appointed Local Land Agent, to collect the State stumpage on lumber cut on the State lands. (The settlers had to pay for the privilege of cutting trees. Their tax depended on the amount of timber they cut.) Also, that Spring Ivory gave Oliver the lot north of his home place. And when he hired men to make his chopping on the river lot, he told Oliver to boss the job; and when it was done, to take the men over to his place and have them cut ten acres. Ivory always had an eye to his sons' welfare. When they were younger he had allowed each of them a bit of land in each new chopping to plant as he pleased, so he could make a bit of money of his own by selling his potatoes and beans to the lumbermen.

Nearly all that season Jacob worked for Collins at the mill, only stopping to cut his hay and, later, his grain. Ivory did his threshing and finished his ox cart, and after that made a point of using oxen on his farm. He had men clearing his place again the following Spring, and when he and Oliver had put in their crops, they then went down and put in Jacob's; and when the men finished their clearing on his place, he set them to work clearing Oliver's; while he and Oliver seeded Ivory's place and then sowed Oliver's.

When Jacob drove their logs down to the pond, Sam Collins had told him that he wanted him to go with Harvey and David and cruise both sides of the Madawaska Stream from "K" Township up to the lakes, as Jacob was accounted the best woodsman in his employ when it came to following lines and being able to keep on a straight course without the aid of a compass. Collins said the Exporters in St. John had written asking him to get a lot of ton timber for them, at a good advance in prices. He wanted a survey made, and a sketch map with estimates of how much timber there was to cut. He said he was making two bateaux to carry their camping equipment and provisions for two months.

As the Doyles had made ton timber up stream as far as "K" Township, Jacob and the Collinses planned to begin where the

Van Buren Road crossed the stream, and work up both sides. The two boats, one inside the other, were loaded on to the running gear of a wagon; and with another team hauling their camp supplies, they went up to the crossing and began their work. Jacob's natural sense of direction proved invaluable right from the start. Harvey Collins afterward told of several occasions on which he and David were completely turned around, on which Jacob had quietly climbed a spruce tree, looked around, and then brought them back to within forty rods of camp. Making the survey took exactly two months.

Going over the sketch map and estimates after their return, Collins decided he would take a trip to St. John and buy his supplies as he had been doing for the past two years; and also visit his prospective customers. First of all, though, he went down to Township "K" to see the Doyles, who were cutting timber there, to suggest that they come in with him, both as to selling the timber and buying supplies. James Doyle gladly agreed. A tow boat had been built at Fort Fairfield, and a contract was made with the owners to bring up their goods, unloading what the Doyles wanted at their landing. Collins also made an agreement with the Doyles to drive together, breaking in his brows first and taking theirs when they came to them; and both crews to drive to Fredericton.

Getting home from his trip, Collins sent for Harvey and David and Jacob, and went over the map with them, to decide where they should begin cutting. Jacob suggested they start at the head of "Deadwater", where they could get the largest cut at the least expense. When they were cruising there he had noted many clumps of pine trees that would square from thirty-six to forty inches.

Collins then set Jacob to work swamping a tote road from the main road up to the head of the "Deadwater". And he hired a crew to build a camp for forty men, and got about three crews to work hewing. When Jacob had completed the first tote road to the stream above the "Deadwater" he then laid out the three main roads needed back to the big pine clump, and swamped them with his crew, taking a cook along and making camp close to his work. By the middle of September the crews were all at work hewing—Thompson and Vance and Parsons with their own teams—and Jacob had by then nearly finished his job.

Coming home the first of October, he found that Ivory and Oliver had cut his hay and harvested his grain and stored it all

in the barn. So he and Oliver then went back to the woods, moved their camp upstream nearly three miles, and swamped their main roads for the coming winter. None of the Hardisons made choppings that season; but the winter of 1849 was a busy one for all of them: Jacob and Oliver nearly doubling their previous cut, and Ivory being busy with his threshing and collecting the stumpage tax for the State. The Collins crews, incidentally, exceeded their estimates of the amount they could cut, and made big money for their winter's work.

When Jacob told Collins he would not be lumbering the coming winter, Collins complained they would be short of logs unless he could get someone; so Jacob suggested Oliver might help him. He and Oliver then took the small boat and went up to the camp and Jacob cruised as far back as they had cut the winter before, found a heavy growth of timber, and advised Oliver to get a crew and begin cutting there at the back.

During 1850 there were but few settlers came in from "outside". A man by the name of Powers bought the lot back of John Hall's from Winslow, and built a frame house and log barn, and made a chopping. The Mullin, Hart, and Howell families came from Nova Scotia and settled on the Van Buren road. J. W. Hines and Joseph Hall having bought the Hiram Hall place and store were keeping the hotel, Hiram boarding with them until he sold off his cattle and horses and collected what was owing to him. It was about New Year's when he left for his old home. Presque Isle at this time was growing fast; and as Hines and Hall had not been doing too well with their store they decided to go there. That was why they sold out to Washington Long.

Early in the Spring of 1850, Jacob Hardison again made a trip "outside", this time directly to China Village, to the home of his friend Adaline Smiley. After their marriage, the two returned at once to Caribou, to the home Jacob had ready.

Washington Long, the new storekeeper, was a bachelor, and had a man and wife from across the river keeping house for him, while he went back to Bangor to lay in a stock of goods. D. F. Adams, who was going out to Rumford to buy a load of dried apples, went along with his team to Bangor, and Long told him if he could find a responsible man with a family whose wife was a good cook, to get them to come down to Letter "H" and he would rent the farm and the hotel to them. Adams happened to meet Amos Dwinell, who had just returned from California and

had an idea of going to Aroostook. Both Dwinell and Cyrus Small had been officers in a company of militia during the "Aroostook War" but had not got farther than Augusta, where they had heard from returning soldiers of the wonderful crops raised in Aroostook, where fine land could be had for from a dollar to a dollar and a half an acre: one-third of the price to be paid in cash, the rest in road work. When Adams told Dwinell what Long had said, Dwinell decided to go back with Adams. After looking about a little, he took a lease from Long for three years of the farm and hotel, agreeing that Long should live with them. He also bought of Winslow Hall the Michael lot, opposite to Todd's, and then went back for his family. He returned the first of May, in time to put in a crop. In 1851 he made a fifteen acre chopping on his lot opposite Todd's. The Doyles about that time bought Harvey Ormsby's four lots, after cruising them twice for an estimate of the amount of lumber they could cut; had the deed made out at Fort Fairfield, and paid Ormsby in English pound bills that they got from the Fredericton exporters who bought their ton timber. What happened to Ormsby after that was never known. He was never heard of again; though a mysterious thousand dollars placed to his wife's credit at the bank in Houlton was supposed to have come from him. Some time later his wife married Henry Rolfe.

The summer of 1851, after putting up a house and stable and big shed on his property, Oliver Hardison followed the example of his elder brother and himself got married. His wife was a buxom Irish girl, Mary O'Leary, who enjoyed nothing better than to don old boots and overalls of her husband's and go out and do a man's work on the farm. She was as strong as most men. She made Oliver a good wife. She was very fond of telling how they did things in "the ould country"; and at the time Oliver's barn was built and there was a raising, she covered herself with glory by roasting a good-sized pig whole, and serving it with baked potatoes and warm gingerbread and coffee.

While Ivory was increasing his clearings, as he did every year, he was also increasing his herds, all that the place would carry. Thus, when new settlers came in and wanted to buy oxen, steers, cows, sheep, hogs, or hay and grain, he always had them for sale. Later on, Ivory gradually turned the farm work over to the boys, but overseeing it in all its details, to see it was well done. He still took care of his hogs, and garden, and fruit trees that were beginning to bear. He had more time now for reading, and newspapers

were coming in more often; and he was considered the best informed man in the Township on State and Federal matters.

James was the first of the boys to leave home. He went first to work in a sawmill in Orono, then in 1865 went to Pennsylvania, to engage in the oil business. One by one the others left: Ai and Harvey to take up lots in the Eaton Grant and make choppings; Harvey later going to Pennsylvania to join James. Ivory gave Martin the Prestile lot; and he made a clearing, married, and settled down there. Mary Ann married James Bishop of Fort Fairfield, lived for a time in Pennsylvania, and then came out with her husband to Santa Paula, California. In the 1860's when the boys began leaving home, Ivory began cutting down on his herds. After Wallace and Ida had left, and he and Mrs. Hardison were alone, Ivory sold the farm, and put up buildings across the hill from Oliver.

In the Spring of 1852 Cyrus Small and his brother came to Township "H" and bought a lot from Winslow Hall, next to Vance; first settling in the old log house of Winslow's which had been used for several years as a school. Cyrus Small fitted up a blacksmith shop in an old log cabin and found himself with all the work he could do. It was November before his new house and a shop about ten rods from it were completed.

As was mentioned before, after Winslow Hall built his new house, he moved out of the old log house and let the district have it to use as a schoolhouse; and the summer of 1848 and several summers following Mary Ann Hardison had taught a school there for the younger children. In the Spring of 1852 there was a school during the summer taught by Mary Fowler, where the pupils were girls and small boys. When a district school was opened, the school term consisted of three months in the winter: as Spring, Summer, and Fall, the bigger boys were needed to work on the farms, where they could be useful cutting the underbrush and small trees close to the ground in making choppings; could do the harrowing and help put in the crops; and at harvesting time could reap and bind.

The first school for all the children of the neighborhood opened on the first Monday of December, 1852. Henry Rolfe was the teacher, and a good one, too. He taught in the district until the winter of 1856-57, when a schoolhouse was built in Caribou. He told the pupils he had come to teach them, and would expect them to study hard and learn all they could. And he said he would not make any rules until he found them needed.

As soon as he had written down the names of the pupils and how far along they were in their studies, he divided them into classes. Finding a number of older boys and girls (almost men and women grown) who had never had a chance to attend school before, and who could read and write either barely or not at all, pupils whose younger brothers and sisters had attended summer school and were much more advanced, he brought in from the woodshed a big table and benches which had been in the old log school, set them in front of his big desk, and told Mary Ann Hardison he was turning over the beginners' class to her. Mary Ann took these pupils and did well. At the end of the term her class was in the lead for the most rapid progress of any in the school.

On the first day, Mr. Rolfe made an alphabetical list of the boys who lived nearest the school and who were old enough to build the fire in the school house in the mornings. He told them they would take turns coming at eight o'clock to do this, and if it was very cold a little earlier, so as to have the room warm before the girls came. After that, each night last thing, he would read the name of the boy who was to build the fire the next morning, and of the girl who was to sweep out the schoolhouse. The older girls were to take turns coming at half-past eight to do this. It was quite a business for some of the pupils to get to school stormy mornings. Most of them had more than a mile to trudge through wind or rain or snow, carrying their books and lunch pails. But the boy who did not get to the school house in the morning in time to have it warm and comfortable was always a very unpopular fellow with the girls.

Isaiah Higgins, a shoemaker, had leased the Winslow store, and had his shop in front and lived in the back room. Mr. Rolfe made an arrangement with Higgins to share this room with him. He put up a partition and bought a small cook stove. The trustees had allowed him two dollars a week for board, and twenty-seven dollars a month for his teaching, thus allowing him a total income of thirty-five dollars a month; which some of the settlers grumbled at, considering it too much, inasmuch as an able-bodied man working in the woods would be paid only sixteen to eighteen dollars a month.

School furnishings were simple. At the front of the schoolroom was a blackboard about eight feet long and three feet deep, over to the left of which stood the teacher's chair and his big desk. In front of these were, of course, the desks and seats for the pupils.

Back of the door was a woodbox about six feet long, three feet wide and three feet deep, which the boys had to keep full of wood. There was a big box stove which took two-foot slabs of wood; and on cold days lots of it. It stood inside a plank casing measuring about six feet by four feet, filled with sand. This was usually lined clear around, cold mornings, with scholars warming their feet.

The school building was set on posts, two feet from the ground; and as soon as the snow came, the boys brought shovels and banked it up; and after the big snows would have a bank clear up to the window sills and several feet wide, that stopped the draft underneath. The pupils' writing ink, which came in small bottles, was after writing exercises carried to the big desk and wrapped in a piece of blanket, to keep it from freezing. After the school was banked up, the teacher made a shallow box with a cover, and placed the bottles in it and buried it in the sand under the stove, cold nights. At first the pupils' writing books were just of common writing paper, twelve sheets stitched together, and the teacher had to write in each book the lessons for the pupil to copy. (As sometimes the teachers were anything but good penmen, it is not to be wondered at that some of the scholars were turning out poor work.) Finally the storekeeper sent to Boston for regular copy books for the school, with the copies already in them.

It was a good school, that first school, and well attended. There were a few scholars attending it from outside the district, including Weston Adams, William and Lydia Bickford, and Edward Doyle. Most of the pupils, however, belonged to families from Letter "H" Township: Henry and Lester Dwinell; Ward, Enoch, and Harriet (children of John Hall); Abbie, Grenfil, Sarah and Jeannette (children of Winslow Hall); Mary Ann, Martin, Ai, and James Hardison; James, Eben, and Wilder Gray, with their three sisters; Henry, John, Lydia, Jane and Emily Parsons; Lorenzo and Daniel Todd and their two sisters; James and Charles Small; David, Joseph, Rebecca, John, and Robert Vance; and two or three of the Powers children.

Frank Smiley, Adaline's brother, had come to the Aroostook with his father Sidney in the summer of 1851, the family building on the lot across from Ansel Taylor. Shortly after school began, Frank Smiley started a singing school, the first ever held in the settlement, and a success from start to finish. First of all he canvassed the homes, to find out how many people would come, each

to bring his own candle for light. Then he made candlesticks, boring a three-quarter inch hole in a piece of board four inches square. If the candles were too fat, he would whittle them down to fit.

First he taught his class how to use their voices; then he taught them how to read music (writing the notes on the blackboard for their benefit). At the end of the fourth lesson, on a Monday night, he told the class he would hold a rehearsal the next Saturday night, after which there would be a "songfest" for the older people. He said that everyone who liked to sing or hear music would be welcome. That Saturday night almost everyone in the settlement put in an appearance, together with George Sampson and his wife, and Warren Starbird and his wife, and Lydia Bickford, and David Adams and his wife. The place was so full they had to bring over some benches from the old schoolhouse. After the rehearsal was over, he told the people to turn in their hymnbooks to "Greenland's Icy Mountains". He found the pitch with his tuning fork, and began to sing, waving his big ruler up and down to mark the time; and everyone started to sing with him. And they kept it up, singing hymns and old songs until about ten o'clock, winding up with "Auld Lang Syne".

As everyone seemed to have enjoyed the proceedings, Frank Smiley said that if they wanted him to, he would have another "songfest" in four weeks. At this, Mr. Long got up and said that he, for one, had enjoyed it very much, and would gladly be one of those to pay him, if he would consider having it every Saturday night. Winslow Hall, Cyrus Small and others said the same thing, and they offered to pay him a dollar a night, which was agreeable to Frank. Frequently after that, Frank Smiley would spend the night at the Smalls' and lead the singing in the school house next day when the Methodist parson was there to conduct services.

The first mail route from Houlton to Presque Isle was opened in the summer of 1842, the mail being carried on horseback by Noah Chandler once a week until 1844, after which it came twice a week. The settlers in Letter "H" used to take turns going to Presque Isle for the mail, which was usually left at Ivory Hardison's to be distributed. In 1846 Ivory was appointed Postmaster. His preparations were simple. He moved his big desk to the corner of the living room back of the door and partitioned off a cubbyhole about four feet by six feet with a railing the height of his desk. and made a door with a button to keep the children out. Twelve wooden pigeon-holes were adequate at first; but as families

moved in he would add a tier of six boxes, until in 1853 he had thirty-six boxes. He had a shelf beneath for bundles. That was his post office. One of the Collins children, a frequent visitor as a child, has described the lively curiosity which the sight of the letters addressed in varying handwriting used to rouse in her. But a wholesome fear of her grandfather always kept her from meddling.

The year of Ivory's appointment a mail route was established, D. F. Adams having the contract to carry the mail from Presque Isle to Van Buren once a week; to Lyndon on Saturdays, and Lyndon through on Mondays. Adam was quite a character! He used to carry a lot of small things in a pack saddle behind his saddle and peddle them when he was going for the mail, but not coming back. He made out a list of what he carried, and gave it to one of his customers:

ADAMS SELLS FOR CASH THIS LIST OF GOODS, AND NEW ONES COMING

A. Awls, pegging, sewing.

B. Buttons, all kinds. Braids - Beeswax - Beads - Buckles - Belts.

C. Combs, coarse and fine, ladies back; chalk; chalklines.

F. Fish hooks, and lines, all sizes and lengths. Fiddle strings.

H. Hair pins, hair ribbons, hooks and eyes.

J. Jack knives, all sizes—Jewsharps.

M. Friction matches, mouth organs.

N. Needles: seeding, darning, knitting.

P. Playing cards, pen knives, pens, pen holders, pencils, lead and slate. Pocket books, purses, pipes.

R. Razors, rings, ribbons.

S. Suspenders, shaving brushes, shoe pegs, scissors, spectacles.

T. Thimbles, threads all kinds, and colors. Tooth brushes, toys.

W. Watch chains, and keys. Whistles.

Paper money was almost unknown then; and there were not too many American coins in circulation in Aroostook County: one cent, ten cent, and twenty-five cent pieces being the principal ones. Province of New Brunswick coins were, however, plentiful: one-half a cent, one cent, and two cents (bungtowns), the York shilling (twelve and one-half cents), and the English shilling (a quarter of a dollar). Adams used to carry his copper coins in a canvas

bag tied to his pack, and the silver in his purse. Adams said his best sales were among the French, on his trips to Van Buren. He used to buy most of his goods at Tobique, they sending on his lists to St. John to be filled; and in that way he got rid of his New Brunswick money. He made a really good thing of his peddling. He said that on some of his trips his profits "would hire two good men to clear land for a week."

When he first started, Adams was living in a log house under the Mill hill, and had a little cubby place where he kept his goods. When he built on his farm he still had such a place, until he quit carrying the mail. He then built a store on the top of the Mill hill, and increased his stock and did a good business. His stock was amazing, and in the course of time the Adams store became well known throughout all northern Maine as a place where you would be sure to find what you wanted, even if you could not find it anywhere else. One wag christened it "The Old Curiosity Shop". About 1870 commercial travelers had just begun to go into Aroostook County. One of them made a remark to a fellow salesman in Boston that he sold goods to a man up in Aroostook who had in his store everything that was now used on a farm or had ever been used on a farm since he went into business. The listener was sceptical, so the two made a wager. On their next trip they met at the

Adams store in Caribou, as per the agreement, and after making a sale to Adams, one of them said, "Mr. Adams, I would like to get a couple of hog yokes to take home with me. Do you have such a thing?" Adams thought for a moment, and drummed his fingers on the counter as was his habit, then said, "I'll take a look." He

went up to the attic of his store, and in a few minutes returned with the desired articles, covered with the accumulated dust of a good many years. The loser paid his bet. It is presumed that he made some local museum a present of his acquisition, a specimen of the means used to keep hogs out of the gardens in the days before wire fences!

In the early days before sugar was in common use, people used a large amount of molasses, this commodity being shipped from the West Indies in hogsheads that held about one hundred and fifty gallons. All grocery stores kept it in bulk, usually in a back room. Buyers furnished their own kegs. In the winter it took a long time to fill a five-gallon keg. To save time, people would just place the keg under the open spigot of the big hogshead. One time Adams placed a keg under the spigot as usual, and went out to do some chores, and forgot all about it. When he came back several hours later it was to find the keg standing in a pool of molasses. Adams cussed and swore and called himself all the hard names he could think of — to the amusement of his customers. Adams was rather famous for his "cussing". He wasn't a bad neighbor or hard to get along with if one just let him blow off steam. His temper was violent but it was always short-lived. He always lived at his store, but owned a farm south of the Jacob Hardison place, where his carryings on at times afforded the boys considerable amusement. A. C. Hardison chuckles to this day about the time the Adams cow ran away from the barn, with Adams, pitchfork in hand, in hot pursuit. A clothesline stretched across the lower part of the yard. The cow ran under it. Adams, pitchfork in hand, came up against it and it knocked him flat. He got up, shook his fists wildly at the cow and shouted profanities at the top of his voice. On another occasion, when he was ploughing, the plough struck a rock and the handle flew up and hit him. He shouted and swore at the plough and gave it a violent kick—so violent that he sprained his ankle and was on crutches for a week. In winter time there was usually a snow drift about three feet high at the southeast corner of the Hardison house. One afternoon when Mr. Adams was driving down, going home, the horses hit this drift. They managed to wallow through, but the sled stuck; and the jolt tossed Adams, who was standing up, headfirst out into the snow. The hired man had been driving. He got out and tried to dust Mr. Adams off and persuade him to get back into the sled, but it was some time before he could calm him down sufficiently. The youngest Hardison boy, at the window, watched

the performance with delight. Life wasn't always dull on the farm, even in winter! Adams, incidentally, had a grandson who could (and did!) mimic him to perfection.

Store-keeping in Letter "H" was anybody's business. A number of settlers at various times set up as small storekeepers: Winslow Hall, Hiram Hall, Joseph Hall and Joseph Hines, and Washington Long among them. According to Washington Vaughan, the first place that goods were sold was a room in one corner of the grist mill where he and Collins kept a few supplies. The following year D. F. Adams began his peddling, and brought in a stock of goods, and had a room in his house for a store. In 1855 Vaughan built a store, married Lydia Bickford, and lived in rooms over the store. He sold much the same sort of thing that Adams did, together with drygoods and small hardware—no groceries. He and Collins dissolved partnership soon after; after which Collins enlarged his place of business and carried a stock of lumbermen's supplies.

A steady trade with New Brunswick was carried on by the Aroostook settlers. And, as might be expected, a certain amount of smuggling went on. This was the day of high protective tariffs, and goods of all kinds except cotton goods could be bought very cheaply in New Brunswick, for about half what they cost in Maine. Salt, for example, was very high in Aroostook during the Civil War, and very cheap in New Brunswick. One day a young farmer living just over the line thought he could sneak in a load of salt over a back road to Presque Isle. The Custom House officers caught him, however, just before he got into town. He was made to drive his team into a stable belonging to a Mr. Whitney and help them unload the salt. It being dinner time then, everyone went into the tavern for dinner, the young farmer with the rest. However, when he was about through eating, he saw someone beckoning him from outside, so he went out. He was told his horses were hitched to his sled at the back of the barn, and that he would do well to take off for home as fast as he could. This advice he promptly followed. The officers saw him, though, as he went past the tavern, and they ran out to the stable to get their team to follow. Strangely enough, there was no one at the stable to hitch up their team for them, so they had to do it themselves; and this took some minutes. By the time they got going, the young man had a good start of them. They chased him for an hour, but by then he was so near the boundary they gave up, and went back to the stable to get the salt, thinking they would at least have that

to reward them for their exertions. Strangely enough, the salt, too, had disappeared; and search as they might, they could find no trace of it. They had neglected to put it into anyone's charge, so no one would accept responsibility for it. Finally they gave up and went home disgusted. A good while later they were told they should have looked in a certain bin of oats.

The winter of 1864, twelve-year-old Lowell Hardison drove into Tobique with his grandfather to do a little trading. They went into a large store where Ivory bought several things, among them a keg of soda ("saleratus" they called it then). Lowell and his grandfather passed the iron post that marked the boundary, commonly used as a hitching post for horses. As they neared the Custom House at Fort Fairfield, Lowell asked his grandfather if he were not afraid of being searched. "No," replied Ivory, "they will not bother me." When the two were a short distance past the Custom House on their return journey, they were overtaken by two men driving a span of horses hitched to a light sled, who called to Ivory to let them pass. As quickly as possible, Ivory did so; though the snow being deep, he had to wait for a turning out place. As the two men went by with their horses on the dead run, Ivory remarked that they were probably smugglers. The road followed a rolling country, so that when Ivory and his grandson were on a hilltop and the men in a hollow they could see one of the men stand up and throw something out into the snow. Soon Ivory was overtaken by another two men, driving a fine span of horses harnessed to a sleigh. When they shouted for the road, it seemed to Lowell that his grandfather was surprisingly slow in complying with their request. Finally, however, he did so; and they, too, went by in a hurry. As they passed, Lowell saw that they were Custom House officers. As Ivory and Lowell drove on down into the hollow, they noted several holes in the deep snow that looked as if a box had been thrown into them. Later they learned that the men who passed them first were smugglers with a cargo of tea which they hoped to sell at a good profit. They had felt it safer to try to take it across the line in the daytime when they might be seen, rather than to risk the chance of running into an ambush after dark. After a chase of several miles, the officers overtook them and searched them; but finding no contraband goods had to let them go. Later on, one fine moonlight night, the smugglers drove quietly back and recovered their boxes.

A letter of Lowell Hardison's gives an eyewitness account of another successful smuggling attempt. "In the winter of 1867,

I went with father to Dexter, Maine. Our conveyance was the usual one-horse rig. Everyone had to use setover shafts if they used only one horse, as the road had a double track. We drove as far as Houlton the first day. The next forenoon, before we reached Mattawamkeag, we were overtaken by a man driving what we called a racking horse, better known as a pacer, hitched to a light sled. He yelled for the road. We soon came to a turning out place, and he went by us. We noticed that his horse was going at a fast pace and was covered with lather. Owing to the track being narrow, it is difficult for a pacing horse to travel; they have to have more room to swing their feet. This one was making the snow fly at every step and seemed to be tiring.

Two men in a sleigh then came up to us, driving a fine span of horses. The men yelled for the road. We got out of the way when it was convenient. We saw later where they had gone off the road into deep snow. When we stopped at a tavern for dinner at Mattawamkeag, we learned that the man with the racking horse was a noted smuggler whom the Custom House authorities had been trying hard to catch. His horse was faster than any that had hitherto given him a chase. This time, however, the heavy fall of snow had impeded the pacer's speed, and the officers were gaining ground. However, just when the smuggler was about to be overtaken, he met a woman whom he knew in the road, and as he passed he called to her, "Stop them if you can!" She took the hint, and as the officers' horses came charging by her, she gave her apron a flip in the horses' faces. Being nervous, and running fast, they gave a jump out of the road into the deep snow and upset the sleigh; which gave the smuggler his opportunity to escape.

We were told that some time before the officers had received word that this man would pass over a certain road. They made it their business to be at the place designated, to intercept him. They placed their sleigh across the road at an intersection at the foot of a small hill; the snow being deep they knew he could not turn around in the road. He came over the hill and was within a hundred yards of them before he saw them; and they thought they had him trapped. He knew that he had to take desperate chances if he was to escape, but he knew his horse. He put him on the run and charged the sleigh. His horse took it like a hurdle. His sled, being a good strong one, escaped injury, but the officers' sleigh was demolished. The smuggler escaped, while the officers had to walk home."

The early settlers pretty much had to make their choice of trading in New Brunswick or trading in Fort Fairfield. Most of the settlers who lived below Caribou traded at Fort Fairfield and made the trip by canoe. One time two of the Kelly boys made a trip for provisions, the most important item of which was a keg of rum. On their way home it is presumed that they sampled the contents of the keg more than once, to assure themselves that it was genuine West India rum made out of molasses. They had so much that their canoe became unmanageable and upset, throwing the men and the load into the water. Pat swam ashore; while Larry clung to the boat and tried to salvage some of the cargo. Pat, meanwhile, ran along the shore, yelling, "Hang on to the keg, Larry, let the pork go!"—which saying was for years a byword among the river people.

* * * * * * * * *

Ivory Hardison was of that pioneer breed described by Walt Whitman, "the restless race the primeval forest felling, rivers stemming, the virgin soil upheaving." He was physically robust, a man of tremendous drive and energy; a practical person never afraid to shoulder responsibility; a resourceful man, able to plan and direct; a hard worker who liked to make every minute count. There is no likeness extant of him. So far as is known, no picture was ever taken; but those who knew him described him as an extremely handsome man. His grandson Lowell said, "In the prime of life he stood about five feet nine inches in height, weighed over 180 pounds, had blue eyes with heavy eyebrows, and hair of light brown color sprinkled with gray. His hair was quite heavy and inclined to be curly on the ends; he wore it rather long. His face was smooth except for a short mustache and chin whiskers."

He was a very calm well-balanced person, who hardly ever got excited; also he was a serious-minded man, who rarely if ever saw the humorous side of anything. His son Jacob said that he had never in his life heard his father tell a funny story. But though his looks were serious, even stern, he had a very kindly heart. He was a most thoughtful neighbor, always with an eye out for the poor and needy, although he greatly disliked being thanked for kindness done. The little Collins grand-daughter who so often visited the homestead said that she was always in awe of her grandfather, he looked so stern, but that when he smiled at her it warmed her whole heart. Hospitality was a tenet of his religion.

Ivory's father, Joseph, was a man of considerable education, and although Ivory himself had apparently no opportunity for much schooling, he had inherited a taste for reading, and an interest in public affairs. He always read what newspapers came his way, to keep abreast of public issues, and his political judgment was highly respected in Township Letter "H". He was a consistently worthy public servant, a man whose integrity was beyond any question. He was Moderator of the first meeting to organize the plantation of Letter "H", Range 2 (incorporated on April 5, 1859, as Lyndon, the name then being changed to Caribou, and at the next session of the State Legislature being changed back to Lyndon, then finally back to Caribou again, mainly at the instigation of the newer settlers, who wished the town to bear the name of the stream on which it was situated. The stream had been so named long before when one of the Cochran sons there shot a caribou.) He was the first American to plough land for a farm in the Township; the first to build a frame barn there. He was the first Postmaster in Lyndon, was State Land Agent to collect the stumpage tax, Justice of the Peace (in which office he distinguished himself by always advising people not to go to law), Member of the Roads Commission, Selectman, and Member of the School Board. He was well liked personally, and possessed the confidence of the entire community.

He was, moreover, an excellent farmer, who knew the soil and understood how to raise good crops. He was the man who successfully grew apples in Aroostook County after everyone else said it was impossible. He was always alert to make the most of his farm opportunities, choosing the right ground for different plantings, putting in new crops, raising for sale farm animals for which there would be a demand. He was interested in all new things, whether they had to do with farm matters or not. When a new labor-saving farm implement, a new kind of stove, a new type of sleigh was advertised, he was usually one of the first to get it.

Ivory liked to work with animals, and was completely assured in dealing with them. He wasn't afraid of anything on four legs. There are several stories told of him which illustrate this. In the woods he never carried a gun unless he was on a hunting trip. Once when cruising timber, as he passed under a big tree, he heard a snarling screech just above him, and looking up saw a panther crouched on one of the lower limbs, apparently just ready

to spring. Ivory didn't try to run. That would, of course, have been fatal. He just stayed where he was, perfectly still, and stared at the panther; and it seemed to become uneasy and presently beat a snarling retreat. Ivory then went quietly about his business. On another occasion he was in the woods looking for the cow. As he was following a path which went through a patch of raspberry bushes, he came face to face with a large black bear. The bear showed no signs of getting out of the way; on the contrary, it reared up on its hind legs and showed signs of fight. Ivory had in his hand a heavy branch which he was using as a cane. He walked right up to the bear and gave him a good whack on the nose with it. And the bear took off in a hurry. In the town of Caribou there was a man who had an extremely vicious dog. One morning when Ivory walked by, holding his small grandson by the hand, the dog came out, snarling wickedly, and rushed at the child. Ivory merely bent over, took hold of the dog's muzzle, and shook it gently, and the brute put his tail between his legs and slunk off. Jacob was said to have inherited something of his father's fearlessness.

Ivory Hardison was a good husband, a good father to his numerous brood, and a good citizen. The community was the poorer for his passing. He died in 1875, his wife surviving him by some twelve years.

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DORCAS LIBBY ABBOTT HARDISON

Dorcas Hardison had pioneer forebears on both her father's side and her mother's. The Abbott family were well known throughout the eastern states. Fire having destroyed the Town Hall in Concord, New Hampshire, and the family records along with it, the ramifications of the Abbott family line are unfortunately not too clear. However, we do know that Dorcas Libby Abbott Hardison was the daughter of Jacob Abbott (1774-1813) and Dorcas Libby; Jacob being the son of Stephen Abbott, whose father Thomas was the son of Joseph Abbott (1647-1726) and apparently descended from Walter Abbott, who died in 1667.

Dorcas's ancestry on the Libby side of the family can be clearly traced to *John Libby,* born 1602, a fisherman, who arrived in America on the "Hercules" on February 13, 1636. He and his wife Mary had fourteen children: *John,* James, Samuel, Joannah (who married Thos. Bickford), Henry, Abigail (who mar-

ried John Fickett), Anthony, Sarah (who married Robt. Tidy), Mary (who married John Slaughter), David, Hannah (who married Daniel Fogg), Rebecca (who married Joshua Brown), Matthew, and Daniel. John Libby's death took place in Scarborough, but the year is not known.

John Libby (born 1636 or 1637) was a miller, who with his wife Anna lived originally at Black Point, Scarborough, and fled to Portsmouth in the Spring of 1690 when Fort Loyal surrendered to the French and Indians. He had seven children: John, Joseph, Samuel, Jane, Daniel, *Benjamin,* and Jeremiah.

Deacon Benjamin Libby (born June, 1682; died November, 1768) on December 25, 1707, married Sarah Stone, daughter of Daniel and Patience Goodwin Stone of Kittery. After serving seven years with Colonel John Plaisted, he settled in South Berwick Junction on the "Witchtrot" Road, and was for many years one of the principal inhabitants of the town: serving on important town committees, often presiding over town meetings, and from 1719 to 1738 being a Selectman. He was one of the original proprietors of Lebanon and took a prominent part in the early management of that Township. On September 16, 1725, he was chosen Deacon of the Congregational Church of which he and his wife had been members from October 7, 1716; which position he filled until June 25, 1761. There is a record of special thanks voted him for his services. He had ten children: Agnes, Joseph, Benjamin, Sarah, *Daniel,* Mary, Jeremiah, Ann, Charles, and Elisha.

Daniel Libby was born in Berwick, February 21, 1715. He was twice married: first to Abigail Nason; then to Lois Jones Wentworth, widow of Samual Wentworth of Berwick, in October, 1771. He was a well to do farmer, who was active in town business: was for thirteen years selectman, and for twenty successive years town treasurer; and was frequently modertaor of town meetings. He was on the Committee of Correspondence and Safety all through the Revolution. On his death on July 13, 1804, his homestead went to his son James. He had fifteen children: Abigail, Daniel, Jeremiah, Elizabeth, Lieutenant John, Martha, Sarah, Mary, *Benjamin,* Samuel (who was a farmer at East Lebanon village and married Betsey Hardison), Anna, Lydia, Kezia, Eunice, and James.

Deacon Benjamin Libby II (Born January 18, 1758, at Berwick) on September 15, 1779, married Polly Hearl. He was a

Revolutionary soldier, was taken prisoner and confined at Charleston, South Carolina, and when he was freed walked all the way home. Soon after his marriage he settled in Lebanon. He became Deacon of the Baptist Church in Lebanon and in Albion, where he removed in 1818. He had ten children: Dorcas (who married Jacob Abbott in February, 1802, and whose daughter Dorcas married Ivory Hardison), John, Wentworth, Benjamin, Oliver, Lucy, Daniel, Polly, Nabby, and Isaac.

Dorcas Hardison was a worthy helpmeet to her sturdy and enterprising pioneer husband. She was a wonderful woman, whose qualities of mind and spirit were such that she would have shone in any walk of life. Certainly Nature seemed to have endowed her with every attribute of mind and body that would fit her to cope with a pioneer environment.

She bore her husband eleven children, ten of whom grew to maturity, to become useful and respected members of the community. Apparently without the slightest misgiving she followed her husband into a virgin wilderness, there cheerfully shouldering the manifold responsibilities of a pioneer household, of feeding and clothing her large family. She was an immensely practical person, hard-working and frugal; and her remarkable physical strength stood her in good stead, for all the help she ever had was occasionally with the washing. For a time a neighbor who lived about a mile away used to come once a week to help with that. In the summer time all the clothes were taken down to the river, about half a mile distant, to be washed.

Somehow, though, in spite of the burden of work and planning upon the mother's shoulders, the Hardison house was always a real home, a friendly place, and a centre of happiness for all within it. The warmth of the mother's personality, her steady cheerfulness and lively sense of humor, and her loving concern for the well being of her husband and each of her children made it so. Freedom of speech was permitted in the household. The children were accustomed to having their say. And lively arguments were not uncommon at the dinner table and before the big stone fireplace of an evening. Mrs. Hardison was a great talker, and interested not only in the doings of her husband and children, but in the affairs of the neighborhood and of the world at large. And the family, perforce, were given the benefit of her concerns. As Ivory Hardison was a Baptist and a Democrat, and Dorcas Hardison a Universalist and a Republican, basic grounds for

discussion were at no time lacking! Moreover, Mrs. Hardison always enjoyed a good story. One she told herself made a great impression on her grandson Lowell: It was about a man applying for a job to teach school. Her father was one of the trustees of the school and the other two trustees came to the house to examine the applicant as to his qualifications. When asked whether he would teach the children that the world was round, or that it was flat, he answered, "I will teach it either way you prefer."

Mrs. Hardison was a thorough extrovert. Her interest in people, their point of view, their welfare and their actions, was phenomenal. She always knew what was going on in the neighborhood. She mothered all the neighborhood children. As a matter of course people came to her with their problems, seeking advice and sympathy; and she always had it to give, though, rather amusingly, she always cautioned them, "Don't tell me any secrets. I won't keep them." She never did, as a matter of fact; news was scarce and she felt bound to share it with her neighbors. She was a thoroughly democratic person, and had little use for people who thought themselves better than others. Generous and hospitable almost to a fault, she and her husband truly lived the Golden Rule. The succession of guests they entertained was endless. No one, however poor or needy, was turned away hungry from her door. The good-natured, odd-witted, shiftless giant Dave Bubar came often to her to get a square meal. One day when he arrived at dinner time she told him to sit down at the table, and went ahead with her preparations. The first item of food she placed on the table was a vast pan of baked beans. She then went to hover over her pots and pans for a minute. When she came back to the table it was to find the pan of beans empty. Dave had disposed of all its contents. Undisturbed, Mrs. Hardison just went to work to heat more beans. On another occasion when Dave appeared and asked for something to drink, she set a big pan of milk on the table before him, for him to pour out what he wished. He drank the whole panful and asked for more. Amused, she set another full pan before him; but was surprised, a few moments later, to see Dave sitting before it, the contents untouched. When she came near him, he leaned toward her and said in a shocked whisper, "Mrs. Hardison, that milk is TURNING!" She thought that was a good story to tell. Dave was quite a character, and many stories were told about him. Florence Collins Porter has a good one in her "Your Folks and Our Folks": "Credits in Aroostook County were easy and long, but after Dave had been owing a bill for

several years, his creditor, wishing to close the account, asked him for his note. In slow and laborious fashion, Dave affixed his signature to the note. Then, leaning back with a sigh of content, he solemnly said, 'There, thank God, that bill is paid!' "

Dorcas Hardison was a deeply religious woman and strongly opposed to any form of religious bigotry. She was a great believer in education as a foe to this. In that era of "hellfire and damnation" theology it took courage to maintain liberal religious views, but like her mother before her Dorcas Hardison was a staunch adherent of the Universalist faith. Her neighbors were Baptists, Congregationalists, and Methodists, of a narrow and bigoted type. She always assisted generously in the giving of "donations" to their ministers, and was accustomed to attend the Sunday religious services held in the schoolhouse of her district, where ministers of various denominations would appear in turn; although her enjoyment of some of the fiery sermons was open to question, as may be gathered from the following anecdote.

The old Family Bible contained many illustrations of Dante's "Inferno" by Gustave Doré. These seemed to fascinate her youngest son, Wallace, who would pore over them by the hour and ask questions. Finally, one day, his mother said to him, "You seem very fond of the devil. Here, take him, if you want him. I cut him out of my Bible, long ago." And with that she took her scissors, cut out the picture of his satanic majesty and handed it firmly to her son.

Mrs. Hardison knew her Bible from cover to cover, and could somehow always come up with a text to confound any opponent in religious doctrine. She had great skill in argument, besides; and it was the delight of her neighbors to bring a visiting minister or priest to call upon her, bring the conversation around to religious beliefs, and hear their hostess best the visiting cleric in argument. For this she was always able to do! And yet her spirit so shone through her that she never offended.

Her preoccupation with human welfare was constant. She was an advocate of State prohibition, a foe to slavery and prejudice, an Abolitionist, and a staunch Republican, following with eager interest the Government's handling of social problems. She was a great reader; she felt it her duty to keep abreast of current events; and she made no bones about putting her household work second to finding out what was going on in the world. When a

newspaper came her way, she would sit right down and read it, and let the dusting go for that day. She considered good character more important than good table manners; and did not, as a rule, trouble her numerous offspring too much about the latter. If they were greedy or inconsiderate at table, they might be summarily dealt with; but if they ate with their knives (or fingers) chances are they would escape rebuke. Mrs. Hardison "put first things first."

She did not believe in drinking or smoking, and would tolerate neither in her house. One day when she was ironing, her teen age son Wallace came in, sat down before the fire and, with one eye on his mother, pulled out a pipe, stuffed it with tobacco, lit it

and began to smoke. His mother ignored him. The pipe went out, as pipes have a way of doing. As Wallace was struggling to re-light it, his mother came over, took it from his hand, and tossed it into the fire. Then, without a word, she went cheerfully back to her ironing. Wallace sheepishly withdrew.

No one knew Dorcas Hardison but to love her. In the Universalist Church in Pasadena, California, is a beautiful memorial window placed there by Wallace Hardison in memory of his mother.

A memorial as appropriate would be the words of Solomon: "Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is above rubies.

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands . . . She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy . . . Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise and call her blessed."

CHAPTER FOUR

"Welcome the measureless grazing-lands, welcome the teeming soil of orchards . . .
Lumbermen in their winter camp, daybreak in the woods"

JACOB HARDISON

Jacob Hardison was born in Winslow, Kennebec County, Maine, on March 11, 1825. We know little of his early boyhood other than that for several years he attended the public school for some weeks each winter. He was doing a man's full work on the farm and in the woods by the time he was fifteen so he certainly hadn't the chance of getting much schooling. As we know, he accompanied his father into the Aroostook in 1841, and there until 1850 helped Ivory clear land, raise crops, build a house and establish a prosperous homestead. In 1850 he married, thenceforth to be busy on his own account with problems incident to pioneer farming and raising a family.

In the Fall of 1840 a Kennebec neighbor offered Jacob a job cutting logs at fifteen dollars a month. The two worked every minute of daylight, ate two meals a day by candlelight, and lived on Indian corn mush and milk. The boss went out of the woods once a week to bring in the milk. Jacob worked like a beaver, and the boss was pleased. When he paid him off, he said, "You have done a good job and worked hard, and I'm going to make you a present." With that he brought out a box of silver dollars packed close, on edge, and said, "You can have as many as you can take out with thumb and finger on one try." Jacob reached in excitedly and attempted to lift out five, but his grip was too weak and he lost them all. The owner then picked up *one* and handed it to him, saying, "If you had not been greedy, you could have had three or four." Jacob said this was a lesson he never forgot. Years later he used to tell the story to his sons, to point a moral.

Jacob was a true "chip off the old block", inheriting the best traits of the Hardison family. He developed into a broad-minded business man even superior to his father. His ability to turn out more work than any other man was acknowledged. The clearing and carrying on of a large and productive farm was but a small part of his efforts; but in early years he cleared his farm land until he had a large opening, and had hay and grain to sell to the lumbermen. He was regarded as the best woodsman in the

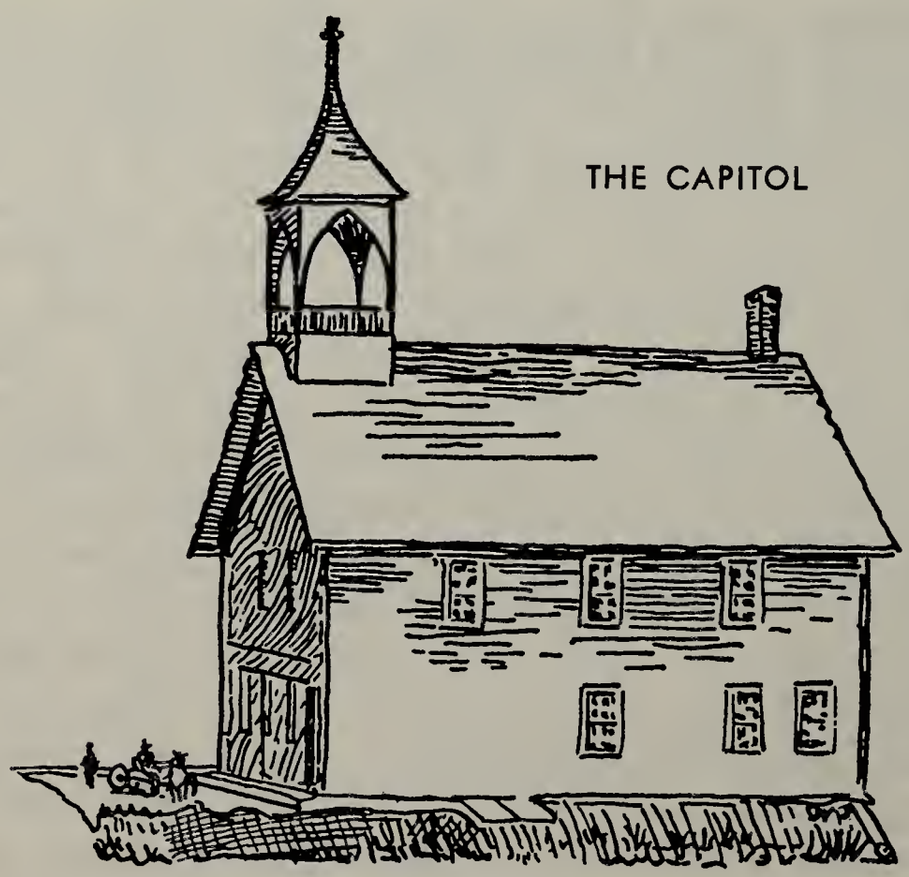
settlement and was called upon many times to cruise land and estimate the amount of timber that could be cut. He could always find the big trees; and never got lost in the woods, even in the most dense forest-swamp country, his usual technique being just to climb a spruce tree and "look the landscape o'er". He knew how to make a good bed of cedar; could start a fire easily with flint and steel; could fell a tree exactly where he wanted it to fall. He was said to be able to identify every tree, shrub, and plant in Aroostook County. He worked in the woods sixteen winters. Twice he lost his winter's work: once when the Fredericton Dam broke and let his entire winter's cut go out to sea; once when he cut by contract, marking the logs with the backer's mark, and the logs as soon as they reached the New Brunswick line were attached for debt. After that latter experience, he lumbered on a smaller scale, usually with just five or six men. Later in life, he looked after several Townships of land for the owners: saw to it that hunters made their camps in places safe to build fires; and scaled the lumber cut by permission.

He was an advocate of good roads; and in the winters spent logging had acquired the reputation of being the best road builder in the county. He was also an expert in putting up log buildings in which every log would be notched and fitted to a nicety, so that when the log was rolled into place only very small cracks were to be seen. His skill as builder and as road-maker was perhaps best exhibited in connection with the founding of the settlement known as New Sweden. The Maine Legislature was anxious to attract Swedish colonists to settle on wild land in Aroostook. They appointed as Immigration Commissioner the Honorable W. W. Thomas, Jr., former U.S. Consul at Gothenberg, a man who spoke the Swedish language and was familiar with the manners and the customs of the people. He was to go over to Sweden in the Spring of 1870 and recruit a colony. The State engaged to give each head of a family a plot of 100 acres, and on this to fell five acres of trees and build a comfortable log house.

Parker Burleigh, the Land Agent, and Honorable Noah Barker were appointed as Commissioners to select the site for the Colony. These two men accompanied the Honorable W. W. Thomas to Caribou in the early Spring to select the land to be cleared, and to arrange for the building of some twenty-six log houses. The first thing the three did was to look up Jacob Hardison. Mr. Barker said, "I told Mr. Thomas the first man we wanted

to see was Jacob Hardison. You know more about the country we want to look at than anyone I know; and we are here to get your advice. We want the Township that has the most tillable land." Jacob advised Township 15, Range 2, which has on it the high ridge known as Indian Mountain. After studying their maps, the Commissioners agreed this was a good choice. Then they questioned Jacob about the kind and size of houses that should be built. Next they asked him if he would accompany the surveyors and advise them where best to lay out the roads and locate the houses. When Jacob declared himself glad to give what help he could, they promptly asked what he would charge to take charge himself of clearing the land and building the houses and roads. Jacob said sixty dollars a month and expenses, with the privilege of furnishing a span of horses and a man to drive them. The Commissioners took up his offer on the spot: authorizing him to hire all the help he needed, to purchase a span of horses, and also all the tools and supplies he would need. Jacob (who was a Democrat!) was a greatly surprised man to be offered this job; but the Commissioners said they needed a Kit Carson and stuck to their choice in the face of considerable political opposition; though finally, to smooth things over, and as there would be so much for Jacob to do, with his consent they appointed J. D. Teague (a Republican!) to build half of the houses. The houses as planned had shake roofs. Jacob knew that kind of roof would be unsatisfactory, as it would let the snow in, so he had fourteen-inch shingles shaved and laid eight inches to the weather. After several houses were built, a politician complained to the Governor that Hardison was spending too much money on the houses; and was, moreover, wasting the taxpayers' money by feeding his men too well. The first Jacob knew of this was when three men made a sudden appearance at his camp at noon and asked if they might take dinner with them. "Yes," said Jacob, "we're just sitting down. Sit in." They did so, and seemed to enjoy their dinner. After the meal was over, Daniel Stickney, one of the Commissioners, said, "Mr. Hardison, we would like to have a talk with you." So they all went out in the woods a short distance and sat down on a fallen tree. Stickney, speaking for the others, said, "Mr. Hardison there have been complaints to the Governor accusing you of wasting the taxpayers' money, building too good roads, feeding your men too well, and spending too much money on building the houses. We have compared the costs of building your houses with those of Mr. Teague, and we find that your houses cost less,

and are, moreover, excellently built. The food you give your men is adequate and substantial, no more. Your roads are excellent. We want to tell you that if you keep on as you are doing we will back you all the way." Jacob was so surprised and moved that he almost broke down. He built fourteen of the houses, also the two- story building they called the Capitol; and was for two years the State Agent to look after the State's interest in New Sweden. For years they called him "Governor" there. Honorable W. W. Thomas, referring to Jacob's connection with the work of settlement in New Sweden, said, "The road to the Capitol was built under the immediate supervision of Jacob Hardison, Esq., than whom no man in Aroostook is better acquainted with everything that pertains to frontier life in the woods of Maine, and who in one capacity or another assisted the Swedish colony from its foundation. In settling New Sweden my right hand man was always Jake Hardison. I don't know everything; and Jake Hardison doesn't know everything; but what the two of us together don't know isn't worth knowing!"


THE CAPITOL

Courage and ingenuity were dominant traits in Jacob Hardison's character. He was never afraid to tackle any job, and he always seemed able to find some way around an obstacle. The building of the bridge across the Aroostook River was a case in point. The larger of the two piers planned was to be built in rather deep water and filled with loose stone. Nobody wanted the

contract, so Jacob took it. All summer long he had his boys scouring the countryside for stones and piling them up so they could be got at in winter when the snow was deep. He had the crib for the pier built with a balloon, loaded with stones, and sunk through the ice. And he did a good job.

All his life, Jake Hardison was rather inclined to be reckless physically, and willing to take a chance. He many times had the experience of being thrown from logs, driving on the rivers in the Spring of the year, when the water was deep and cold. He said, however, that his narrowest escape from being drowned was one July when he and his brother Oliver had an occasion to cross the Aroostook River and thought they could wade over. They all of a sudden found themselves in such deep water that they had to swim. They were fully clothed, and this made swimming difficult. The distance was so great that Jacob gave out. He endeavored to touch bottom for a moment so that he could rest. And fool's luck was his that day! For there happened to be a big boulder just at the spot where he sank; and he was able to stand on it and regain his wind before continuing his swim to shore.

Before the days of a railway in Aroostook County or a bridge across the river at Caribou, they hauled shingles to Tobique to be shipped by boat or rafted down the St. John River to market. When Lowell Hardison was about sixteen years of age one of those unexpected thaws came which so weakened the ice that was used as a highway to cross the river that it was considered unsafe, and all traffic stopped. There were many thousands of shingles on the west bank of the river that the dealers were very anxious to have moved to the east side before the road broke up, as it would be a long time after the ice went out before they would have the ferry boat running. By that time the road would be in bad condition for several weeks while the frost was coming up out of the ground. The shingles would be hauled on sleds as long as the snow lasted and froze nights. After all others had ceased hauling, Jacob offered to haul for double pay. The owners were very glad to pay this price to get their shingles over. Jacob had one span of horses which he drove himself, and a lighter span driven by Lowell. The ice on the traveled area was much better than that on either side of it. Water covered the road for most of the way, from a few inches to a foot in depth. Father and son hauled five or six loads before the ice began to work and break

up. One more load and the job would be finished. The two loaded up, and against the protests of the bystanders started out again Jacob in the lead. They crossed to the other side in safety, but it looked as if they would be having trouble to get back. Jacob said "We will try it, anyhow." Before starting he tied a binding rope around the neck of one of his horses and told his son to do the same. They started back, Lowell keeping about one hundred feet behind. Jacob thought that if his horses broke through, the ice on the side of the road would hold him, and by means of the rope he could keep the horses from going through the ice. His horses stumbled in several soft places. Lowell somehow managed to avoid those places. When within fifty feet of the shore, however, the ice broke under Jacob's sled, and as he drove off the ice the shore end gave way. He shouted to Lowell to drive on as fast as he could. As soon as he drove on to the loose ice it commenced to sink under the horses, but by lively work they gained the center of the fifty to sixty foot cake of ice, and the hind end came up. The sled was under water. It was not much fun for Lowell, see-sawing on a cake of ice with a span of horses. However, men with peavies held up the shore end as well as they could; and finally the horses made a spring and landed on solid ice. A number of people watching from the shore said Jacob ought to be prosecuted for taking such chances. However, no harm was done. The shingles, moreover, were across the river, and Jacob had made big money for the job. Jacob made his money by this take-a-chance spirit and faith in his own judgment. It was second nature to him to get things done.

It was usually late in the Spring when he came off the "drive", and rather late for him to get in much of a crop; but during the summer he cleared land. He was a progressive farmer, far ahead of his time. He got the ground in good shape before he planted; and he planted the best seed he could procure. He received regularly and read the reports from the Department of Agriculture, and planted the seed they sent him. He experimented with different varieties of wheat, and introduced the Lost Nation, a hard wheat well adapted to Aroostook County, along with various varieties of oats and potatoes. His neighbors never could understand how it was that Jake Hardison always had good crops and got better prices than they; and why he was never short of hay or oats for his cattle in the Spring.

Always, too, he was familiar to a penny with the costs of production. When Alba Holmes came from New Hampshire to Cari-

ou looking for a site for a potato starch factory and got an option on the mill building and offered the farmers twenty-five cents a bushel for potatoes direct from the field if they would agree to plant two hundred acres, the farmers were uncertain that it would pay them to raise and sell potatoes for less than forty cents a bushel. But Jake Hardison had figures showing that his potatoes cost him twelve and a half cents a bushel in the cellar. The starch factory was built and the local farmers prospered. Certainly they owed some of their prosperity to the fact that Jake Hardison knew he could make money on potatoes selling them at twenty-five cents a bushel.

Jake Hardison was one of the first Aroostook farmers to realize it did not pay to keep poor stock. He bred from the best the country had. And he experimented at length to find out what strains were best for milk production and beef production in that country. He improved his wool by introducing Spanish merino blood.

He had an alert and questing mind; and was, like his father, always on the lookout for something new. He bought land with a limestone ridge and built a lime kiln. This venture did not prove too satisfactory from a monetary point of view, as it was found that the local lime was not so good as that which could be obtained from southern Maine. Nothing daunted, however, he later tried making bricks; but that scheme did not work out well, either. He was the first farmer in northern Aroostook to get a mowing machine; the first to buy a spring-tooth hay rake; the first to buy a horse-hoe to hill potatoes. He used a cultivator to keep down the weeds in the potato field. He learned by experimenting that one of the best fertilizers was wood ashes, and he gathered ashes in the village. From Agricultural Reports he learned the value of gypsum as a fertilizer. He went up the Tobique River on the ice, hauled down several tons of ground "planter rock" and proved its worth on all broad leaf plants.

Physically, Jake Hardison was a big man, five feet eleven in height and weighing 195 pounds. He was heavily built and, as he never wore a hat in summer, he was of swarthy complexion. He had dark brown eyes and hair. Until his early sixties he enjoyed excellent health. Then, however, when one morning he was spacing poles on which to put hay, fourteen feet above ground, he lost his footing. As he fell, his side struck a wedge projecting six inches from a post, and he received a severe internal injury

from which he never fully recovered. Several years later when out in the woods scaling lumber he contracted a severe chill. Four miles of snowshoeing to his horse and cutter brought him to the point of collapse. He had several years of sickness before his death.

Jacob Hardison was always good-natured, always an optimist; and unlike his father Ivory, who had no sense of humor whatever, Jacob had a good sense of humor and always enjoyed a joke, even on himself. He was rather absent-minded, though. On one occasion when he and his wife were going for a trip to Kennebec they arrived at the railway station well ahead of time so Jacob put his wife in the waiting room and went off to attend to the luggage. Meeting a friend he fell into conversation with him, and when the "All aboard" was heard he automatically swung himself up on the rear platform just as the cars were pulling out. The train had got almost to Presque Isle before he remembered that he had left Addie in the waiting room with instructions to stay there until he came for her! Of course he waited over a train at the next station; but it was an exceedingly annoyed wife who joined him there for the remainder of the journey. She did not see any humor in the situation at all! On another occasion he was seen in the village store gazing in perplexity at a red string around his finger. "Adaline tied that round my finger so that I would remember something," he said, "but I can't for the life of me remember what!"

Jacob was by principle a man of peace, a total disbeliever in war as a means of solving problems. He always thought that the war between the States could have been avoided. In 1864, however, he was drafted for active service. As the Act of Congress of 1860 made permissable the hiring of a substitute, he looked about for one and found him—in the person of Joseph Sikes. In the safe of the old Hardison house in Santa Paula was long preserved Jacob's certificate of military exemption, dated December 20, 1864, at Houlton.

It so happened, however, that (according to Lowell Hardison) a local U.S. Deputy Marshall had developed a profitable "racket" in connection with these military exemptions, which was to cause the Hardisons considerable excitement. Said Lowell, "One night we had callers. A man came to the front door and pounded on it in a violent manner. My aunt Sarah Vance was sleeping in the room next to the hallway. She raised the window and asked what they wanted. A man answered, 'I am a U.S. Deputy Marshal.

We are after Jake Hardison. Tell him to come out.' Father, on hearing the pounding on the door, piled out of bed and dressed. He heard what the man said. He had no idea what he might be wanted for. In those troublous times he might be charged with any crime. Freedom of speech was denied. The *Bangor Daily Commercial* was mobbed for criticizing some acts of the government; the press and furniture were thrown into the street and burned. In the mob there were even some radicals that wanted to hang Marcellus Emery, the editor. Knowing the disregard for law, father was not ready to give himself up. He found men stationed at the three outside doors, so passed out through the woodshed. He went a short distance from the house and hollered to let them know he was not in the house, so they would not break in to search it. He slept out several nights.

One night they came again with a large posse, so as to cut off all avenues of escape. However, he had expected them, and knowing his ground had no fear of being trapped. To give notice that he was aware of their presence he fired a pistol into the air. Then he heard B.M., the Deputy Marshal, say, 'He came near hitting me. He is a dangerous man. We had better get out.' So they left, and for some time were not seen, until one day when father was on his way to Madawaska with a load of mowing machines and rakes and had stopped to water his horses at the public trough at the intersection of Water and Maine Streets. Charley Collins, a nephew, then climbed on the wagon, took the lines, and said, 'B.M. is behind you.' Father jumped off and ran up into the Merrill grove of spruce where he could watch his pursuers. They threatened to arrest Charley, but he told them to go to hell. and drove the team up to his father's store, where B.M. followed, and there made arrangements to meet father. He agreed if Jake would pay him over two hundred dollars he would give him a clean bill and let him alone. That was the racket he played." Incidentally, Jake's military substitute Sikes, who was a British subject, went through the war without a scratch.

Jacob Hardison was a man truly democratic in his outlook. He thought any man who worked for him good enough to sit at the same table. On one occasion when Commissioner Thomas, along with Governor Perham and several of the Councillors, was dining at his home, the distinguished guests sat at one end of the long table and at the other several of the hired hands, among them a little Swede with a sheepskin coat on, whose habit it was

to hop to his feet like a Jack-in-the-box and reach for anything he wanted. Jacob's one concession to the formality of the occasion was to sit by him and catch him by the pants and yank him down each time he sprang up to reach something. The guests thought this a good joke; and a reporter got hold of the story and wrote it up.

Jacob's personal integrity was well known. One of the lessons he strove to teach his sons was the folly of a lie. He held many public offices. In the Town Records of Caribou, Maine, Letter "H" is to be found in Book I: "Town meeting held at Ivory Hardison's barn 25 April, 1859. J. T. Pike, Clerk. Ivory Hardison one of three Selectmen. David Adams, Constable. Hiram Hall, John T. Pike, and Jacob Hardison, Supt. School Commission"; also Town meeting April 21, 1851, April 5, 1852, and April 15, 1853, also March 20, 1855—"Jacob Hardison, Constable." He was in 1861, 1863, and 1873, elected Selectman; was in turn Town Constable, Town Treasurer, Deputy Sheriff; and was once a candidate for the Legislature. He was a Charter Member of the Caribou Masonic Lodge and a member of the Caribou Grange.

The obituary notice which appeared in the Aroostook "Republican" at the time of Jacob Hardison's death bears testimony to the high esteem in which he was held: "Mr. Hardison was fitted to be one of the successful pioneers of the country, being the possessor of courage, endurance, and patience. He had firm faith in the county, and through all the painful and unpleasant experiences of early pioneer life he worked on unceasingly and uncomplainingly . . . He was a man of positive convictions, honest and upright in all his dealings,—a man to make and hold friends. He was a kind and loving husband and father, a good neighbor and citizen. No one in our community was more respected, nor is there one who would be more greatly missed." Jacob Hardison died on March 27, 1891, at the age of sixty-six. His wife survived him by nearly thirty years.

* * * * *

ELIZABETH ADALINE SMILEY HARDISON

Jacob's wife, Elizabeth Adaline Smiley Hardison, daughter of Sidney and Deborah Burgess Smiley, was born April 29, 1827, in China Village, Maine. On both sides of the family her forebears are of considerable interest.

Reverend G. N. Smiley, of Medford, Massachusetts, who wrote of the Smiley family in America, traces them back to an English family that boasted a seal and coat of arms of rank. In America we know of a Francis Smiley, who was born in 1689 and died March 15, 1763, whose son Hugh was born in Windham, New Hampshire. Hugh's son Thomas Smiley, Adaline's grandfather, born in 1755, had eleven children. The sons of Thomas Smiley were fairly well educated for those times. Sidney belonged in his younger days to the State Militia. He became Captain of a cavalry company which he trained for a week each year, for which service he received $3.00 a day and horse furnished. He is said to have had a commanding voice and appearance, to have sat his horse like a major-general, and to have been altogether a fine figure of a man, with his sword, his two brass pistols, and his cocked hat with ostrich plume.

Thomas Smiley, Adaline's grandfather, was a miller in Winslow, Kennebec County, a man of some substance and forceful personality. His will, a lengthy document, is so illuminating from the standpoint of characterization alone, that it seems worth reproducing:

WILL OF THOMAS SMILEY

Know all men by these presents that I, Thomas Smiley in the County of Kennebeck, Gentleman, do by this my last will and testament grant, sell and convey to *Thomas Smiley,* Jr. all my real estate, consisting of land in Winslow and Clinton in the County of Kennebeck likewise the saw mill in said Winslow and the priviledges thereunto belonging, upon condition, reserving as follows:

1st The south east room and chamber, the north bedroom in the chamber, one half of the priviledges belonging to the kitchen, said rooms to be furnished at the expense of said Thomas Jr. as soon as convenient; and shall be the residence of Ruth W. Smiley, my wife, as long as she shall live or wish to make her home, provided however she shall not be entitled to receive any family into the above mentioned rooms to live with her and shall also have necessary room in the cellar . . .

2nd And that *Ruth W. Smiley* my wife as aforesaid shall the remainder of her life be maintained without hard labor she shall be entitled as follows . . .

1st To fifteen bushels of bred kinds ready ground

2nd to have two cows kept summer and winter

3rd to have one hundred lbs. beef and one hundred pounds pork

4th to have three pounds tea and three pounds of coffee of good quality

5th to have twelve lbs. sugar and four gallons molasses

6th to have a sufficient quantity of garden sauce

7th to have one fifth part of the apples growing on the trees now living

8th to be at all times provided with water and suitable wood in such quantities as shall be necessary, all of which shall be provided yearly and at such times as shall be necessary, and shall be entitled to a horse to ride as much as is convenient.

As a person in the decline of life is subject to sickness it is my earnest desire that she at all times should be provided with all the necessarys of life and that her declining years may be made as comfortable as possible. And to you, Thomas, should you live to undertake the important duty of taking care of your aged mother, I trust you will with divine assistance gratify the wishes of a kind father that after his body is consigned to the silent tomb and could the part that never dies look down upon you it might see you following the example of the just, and with the fortitude of the good man behind you leading with those with whom you have to do, a most happy and comfortable life. And further to your mother it is my will that she have the disposal of the sum of two hundred dollars that was left her of her father's estate, to be paid by you out of my real estate.

And to *Joel C. Smiley,* as he had two years of his time one horse and fifty dollars and at sundry times I have paid one hundred and seventy eight dollars for him and settled an action commenced against him by Polly Young with fifty dollars, it is my will that he have the sum of five dollars, to be paid him one year after my decease.

And to *Hannah S. Libby* the sum of seventy five dollars to be paid in the following manner, twenty five dollars one year after my decease, twenty five after her mother's decease, and twenty five one year after the decease of William Richardson and wife.

And to *Ebenezer Woodsum* twenty five dollars one year after my decease.

And to *Betsey H. Shorey* the sum of sixty dollars, thirty dollars in one year and thirty dollars two years after my decease.

And to *Samuel W. Smiley* the horse which he now has worth sixty five dollars and the remainder of his time till twenty one years old and five dollars in one year after my decease. And as there is the sum of about four hundred dollars of debts to be paid out of my estate it is therefore my will that the time of one year be allowed (unless they be discharged before my decease) for them to be paid in, before any of the above mentioned sums shall be paid my several children . . .

And to *Sally Smiley* four sheep and to have them kept summer and winter and after her mother's decease should she live unmarried, and also one cow kept summer and winter and shall have a right to dispose of the calves and lambs, likewise the use of the southeast chamber and north bedroom in the chamber and priviledges of washing, baking and working in the kitchen and should she wish proper cellar room, all of which she shall retain while unmarried and no longer, but should she ever be married she shall receive the sum of thirty dollars.

And to *Sidney and Seneca Smiley* it is my will and I do therefore by this instrument give, grant unto them their heirs all my real estate in the town of Sidney and the County of Kennebec consisting of about fifty acres of land and known by the south half of the McNeal lot and bought by me of David Smiley to have and to hold by them their heirs forever for their use and benefit.

And further should an unavoidable accident happen to any of my children so that they should be unable to labor or otherwise support themselves it is my will that they receive support from my estate while unmarried and no longer, but shall have a right to a home should they wish or at any time be so unwell as to need assistance while unmarried by making reasonable compensation as to their condition such as they can.

Therefore, as soon as Thomas Smiley shall have paid all the lawful demands against my estate and the several aforementioned sums *to my children and Ebenezer Woodsum* or to their or his heirs and otherwise fulfilled this my last will and testament, he shall by this instrument be entitled to all my real estate and the priviledges thereunto belonging in the towns of Winslow and

Clinton in the County of Kennebec and the saw mill in said Winslow to have and to hold the aforementioned real estate to him and his heirs for their own use and benefit forever.

And I now profess to be in full possession of all my mental faculties.

I do hereby appoint Thomas Smiley Jr. of Winslow in the County of Kennebec to be executor of this my last will and testament.

In witness hereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the Eighteenth day of May in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixteen.

Signed, Sealed, Published and — 2x —
by the above named Thomas Smiley to be his last will and testament in the presence of us, who at his request and in his presence have hereunto subscribed our names as witness to the same.

Amos Barton
David Reede
Rebeckah Hinds

Filed August 13, 1816

Thomas Smiley's wife, Ruth Wright Crosby, was descended from a long line of Crosbys running back to Simon Crosby born in Berkshire, England, in 1608, who married Ann Brigham of Yorkshire in 1639 and died in 1655. Ruth's father, Joel Crosby, (baptized June 26, 1740, at Ipswich, Massachusetts; married March 27, 1763; died at Winslow, Maine, March 27, 1775) led a somewhat adventurous life. In 1743, two years after the death of his father, Robert Crosby, Joel's mother Mehitable married Andrew Spaulding of Westford, Massachusetts. Joel and his stepbrother Andrew joined the Canadian expedition in 1758 and were taken prisoner on July 20, 1758, at Half Way Brook, near Lake George. Joel was on the billeting roll of Captain Lawrence's Company, of Colonel Nichol's regiment. It is on the records that in October, 1758, Joel's stepfather Andrew Spaulding petitioned the General Court of Massachusetts to ransom him. Eventually the ransom was paid over and Joel allowed to return to his home.

On March 29, 1763, Joel married Hannah Stevens, and shortly afterward moved to the town of Benton, Maine, where the State of Massachusetts had granted him a tract of land. Joel's family

were evidently wealthy. To assist him in building a saw mill and grist mill, Joel took slaves along with him. He cleared land for a farm, built the mills, and in 1767 put up a large two-story frame house with big stone fireplaces. After all this work was completed, Joel is said to have freed his slaves. He was evidently a progressive man for his time. He died in 1775, leaving his widow Hannah with four children. Not long after his death Hannah was married a second time, to William Richardson. Her epitaph, which has been preserved to us, would seem to mirror a woman of vigorous spirit:

"Now grave where is your victory
And death where is your sting
H.R. could smite you in the face
And soar aloft on wings."

When, on November 5, 1779, Thomas Smiley married Joel Crosby's only daughter, Ruth Wright, he went to live in the Joel Crosby house. The couple had a large family. It is said that the grist mill was rebuilt three times by the Smiley family. Seneca Smiley was the miller for about fifty years. The mills have of course long since disappeared. Not a Smiley is now to be found in the countryside once occupied by Smiley farms. And the old burying ground by the banks of the stream became in the course of time sadly neglected and weed-grown, its black slate headstones tipped over and half-buried.

Adaline Smiley's mother was, as has been indicated, a Burgess, of a family who trace their descent to Thomas Burgess, born in England, who came to Massachusetts about 1630, and who was a deputy in the Court of Plymouth. Burgesses were pioneers in settling the Kennebec valley in Maine. After her marriage Adaline's grandmother lived for a time in Fort Halifax (which was built at the junction of the Sebasticook and Kennebec Rivers in 1754.) The first farming thereabouts was done near the fort in 1764, the men tilling the land in the daytime and at nights coming into the fort, driving their cattle with them into the stockade, where they would be safe from marauding Indians.

Jacob and Adaline Smiley for a time attended the same school in China Village, Maine. When Addie was about sixteen it was decided that she was old enough to learn a trade. She was bound out for a term of years to a tailor, to learn coat and vest making. Under the terms of her agreement she was to have her board, a dollar a week for the first year, and a dollar and a half weekly

subsequent to that; and she was also to help with the housework. It was also stipulated that her visits home should be limited to one Monday each month—pretty hard on a home-loving girl who had never been away from her family before.

There were no labor unions in those days. Addie Smiley worked in the shop twelve hours a day, and she did housework after that until she was too tired to stand. The family with whom she lived were Quakers. They did not believe young people to be in need of entertainment. Addie attended not a single party or entertainment during the years of her apprenticeship. But every Sunday she attended the Quaker Church with the family, regardless of the fact that she had been brought up a Baptist.

Addie Smiley and Jacob Hardison had always been good friends at school. And each time Jacob came out of Aroostook he had always made a point of coming to see her. Somehow the friendship deepened; and finally, in the Spring of 1850, Addie agreed to marry him. It was the State law that couples intending to marry must post notice of their intention on some public building. Notice of the intent to marry of "Jacob Hardison and Elizabeth A. Smiley" was duly posted on the old blockhouse known as Fort Halifax; but as the bride to be had always been known as "Addie" Smiley by her friends, none of them, absurdly enough, realized until long afterward that the notice related to her. Addie had always been close-mouthed; and no one had suspected the long-standing attachment between her and young Jacob Hardison.

Addie, however, had started her hope chest early. When quite a young girl she wove woollen blankets, and towels made of flax (some of which were still in use almost a century later). Her father gave her his silver knee buckles, which she had made into ten teaspoons. She had ten ivory-handled knives, considerable glassware, a pair of brass candlesticks and snuffers, and linen table cloths and napkins. She also acquired a rocking chair and a set of six cane-bottomed dining room chairs.

Several years previous, Jacob had bought two lots in Aroostook, and with the help of his father and Oliver had cleared land and put in crops. He planned to build on the lot across the road from Vaughan, close to a little spring that came from the Adams place. And he put up his barn, everyone in Caribou turning out to help him. In the Spring of 1849 Sam Collins built a 16 x 24 foot annex back of his house and put in a larger stock of goods

than before; and that same year a man named Bickford had built a house on top of the mill hill which he was using as a boarding house. In due course Jacob and Oliver finished their log drive, brought their logs down to the mill pond, and settled with Sam Collins. This done, Jacob startled the neighborhood by buying the boarding house, thereby starting a rumor that he was planning to get married.

As soon as crops were in, Jacob hired a man to help him dig a cellar. They walled it up and made a foundation for the house. Jacob was still living at home, most of the time. One day he had Ivory go down with him to look at the house he had bought, that they might decide how best to move it. Collins then told Jacob that he could sell the house to a man that worked in the mill for fifty dollars more than he had paid for it. And Ivory then and there advised his son to take the offer, as they would practically have to tear the house down to move it. So Jacob sold the house and used part of his profits to buy lumber for a new house.

When they had hauled up the lumber, Jacob and Ivory began work on the house. The foundation was twenty by thirty feet. When they had the house boarded in and shingled, and the floors laid, Ivory sent for Pike, to make the door and window casings, and hang the doors and windows. Pike built a large pantry with a cupboard for food and one for dishes; and made a sink with drain boards, with shelves underneath for cooking pots and pans. The house was divided into four rooms: a living room with a fine stone fireplace, where Ivory set the small crane he had taken out of his big fireplace; a kitchen; and two bedrooms, each with its clothes closet. There was a little entry hall that the front door opened into, where the stairs went up. And there was a porch across the south end with a door from the kitchen opening on to it.

While Pike was working on the house, Jacob had moved the small twelve by fourteen foot shack that he had put up some time before up behind the kitchen, making a storeroom close to the kitchen, and using the rest for a woodshed. And he hired a man to go up into the hardwood and cut him twenty cords of maple and birchwood, which that Fall he hauled down to the shed and sawed up, piling up all he could inside and stacking the rest up outside, under boards. As the house was boarded tight with seasoned lumber, then clapboarded, and sheathed inside, Jacob figured it wouldn't take too much wood to keep it warm.

Jacob traded his old mare to his father for a young three year old which was a good traveler and just what Jacob wanted for his trip "outside". Ivory repaired the old pung and made new cushions for it. Then Oliver came back from the lumber camp with the news that the snow was four feet deep; and about the first of February Jacob set off for "outside", Ivory having loaded into the back of the pung a bag of new buckwheat flour and some cakes of maple sugar for his friends, and having given Jacob seventy-five dollars to purchase for him a riding wagon and a driving harness.

In about two weeks a letter came from Jacob saying that he and Addie were in Bangor, as she had to buy clothes, and he wanted her to help him select things for their home. The next mail brought a letter saying he had bought the wagon for Ivory and a harness, and a smaller wagon for himself; also that he had bought a cookstove, a bedroom set, six chairs, two big rockers and a small one for Addie, and two boxes of goods; and that he had seen Rufe Sterling, who had promised to haul the things to Presque Isle and leave them at the mill store room, where Ivory and Oliver could get them and pay the freight.

As soon, then, as Oliver had finished his logging and had come back home, Ivory had him take Martin and the one horse sled, while he took his team; and they went to Presque Isle after the goods.They were both heavily loaded when they came back.The next day they hauled Jacob's stuff down to his home, and packed it into the store house and shed, while Dorcas and Mary Ann swept up and washed the floors. They then began unpacking. The bedroom set consisted of a bedstead with a heavy mattress, a bureau with looking glass, two chairs and a rocker. These they placed in the west bedroom. Then they set up the stove, for which Jacob had previously made a chimney. Next they unpacked the cooking utensils and put them under the sink; then the crockery, which they washed and put in the cupboard. After that they went home to wait for Jacob and his bride, as Jacob had written they were to be married March 7 and would start home the next day.

Years later, when she was living in Santa Paula, California, Mary Ann wrote an account of the homecoming, which account has fortunately been preserved. This is her story: "The day that we expected them, that night Oliver and Martin and Ai and I went down to Jacob's house on the big sled, leading one of father's best gentle milk cows behind. Mother sent down a feather bed and

bedding enough to make it up, that we had made; also half a firkin of butter and a cheese; and father put in two bags of flour, and one each of buckwheat flour and corn meal; and from his smoke house three hams, four sides of bacon, as well as half a barrel each of salted pork backs and salt beef. When we went down before, mother took her smallest tin reflector oven, so they could bake before the fireplace, also a box of candles and a ten gallon keg of soft soap. We built a fire in the fireplace and heated water, and I washed the windows and scrubbed the floors. Oliver had hunted up Jacob's camp bedding for the boys, as we were to stay all night. Then he went home, and Martin milked and fed the cow, and Ai filled both woodboxes full of wood and cut some kindlings for the morning. We took cooked food with us, and had our supper before dark. There was, by the way, a large dining table and a kitchen table among the things that came.

We did not get up very early; and I had just cleared off the table and washed the dishes and swept up, when Jacob and Adaline drove up to the porch, and father and mother in the Jumper behind them. Adaline jumped out and ran up onto the porch and hugged and kissed me, as she had not seen me since we were schoolmates, back in China. Father helped Jacob unload a big box and two trunks onto the porch, and they went down to the barn to put up their teams, while mother and Adaline and I went into the sitting room where we had a good fire, as it was chilly, mornings. When Adaline took off her hood and cloak I led her into her bedroom, where there was a clothes closet to hang them up, but she spied the counterpane on the bed that mother and I had made for her from colored pieces of cloth, the most of them that mother brought from China when she came. She exclaimed, 'How handsome that is!'

By that time father and Jacob came in, and she took hold of Jacob's arm and said, 'Jacob Hardison, what a big fibber you are! You made me believe that you had a little log house. You said that lots of the settlers here lived in log houses and that you had built so many lumber camps that you was an expert in building log houses; and that lots of them had only dirt floors, but you had put a good floor in yours!' Jacob laughed and said, 'Well, look at the floor. Ain't it a good one?'

Then, mother leading the way, we went into the storeroom and saw the things that we had brought; and I told her of the cow, and she wanted to see her, so we went down to the barn,

and I told her I had always milked her. She said that she used to milk, and it would be her job to do it now. When we came back, Jacob and father had opened the big box that was filled with pillows and blankets, with lots of glassware packed in between. And every piece came out whole. The trunks were filled with clothes and trinkets, all of which we packed away. Then Jacob took her down cellar and showed her his potatoes and vegetables that he had raised back of the house, and spied the barrels of pork and beef, and when they came up he told father that there was no danger of their starving for that winter, anyhow. By this time Dorcas and Sam and Vaughan came, all with presents; and Dorcas brought a roasted turkey, so that while they were visiting mother and I began getting dinner ready. Mother made some of her cream biscuit and baked them in the reflector, something that Adaline had never seen before. It was a fine dinner and a real jolly, happy crowd that sat around the big table and told stories for an hour or more. After the folks left, we began to get ready to go home, as mother said that she left Oliver to tend the little ones, and he would be wanting to do his chores. But before we had our hoods and coats on, he drove into the yard, with the children all wrapped up, and in a little while the children and I piled on to the sled and started for home, father and mother ahead of us; leaving Jacob and Adaline to spend their first night in their own home. I was always glad that I went down and had the house clean when they came, as Adaline was a very neat housekeeper, and everything was always spick and span clean with her. She proved to be a wonderful woman, a great worker, and prudent and saving. Father had quite a big flock of sheep, and two years before had made us a spinning wheel and a loom; and mother and I had carded the wool and made rolls during the summer, and in the winter had spun and wove enough cloth for suits for the men and boys; and had our cloth made for that year, when she came. Father's wagon had two seats, the back one of which could be taken out; and the first thing he did was to make a brake, with the handle outside next to the driver, so that Martin could drive Dolly down the steep Prestile Hill. He was then just fourteen years old. Mother had him harness up and take us down to see Adaline, as she had worked in a tailor shop for years, and get her to do the fitting and basting for us. And when mother told her that we had made cloth enough for a suit for Jacob she said that she not only ought to do it, but really wanted to help us. So we took her home with us, and she measured father first and cut

and basted his suit first; and showed us how to sew tailor fashion, best of all learned us how to make button holes that would stay made. Martin took her home in time to get supper and stayed all night, and after that she kept him nights and let him do the milking and fill her woodboxes, as long as we were making clothes. And we found that she could cut the cloth with scarcely any waste, making quite a saving, so that we had enough to make the boys clothes down to James, who was then nine years old. Martin was quite taken up with her, and said she was 'the bestest woman he ever saw.'

That summer, father gave her six sheep that had ewe lambs, and Jacob fixed up a yard beside the old barn, until they were large enough to put in the pasture. Mother and I had sett more hens than usual, the summer before, so we boxed up two dozen, with a cockerel, and sent them down to her by Martin; and she had Jacob build a henhouse and yard for them back of the woodshed where she could tend them. Later we sent down two geese and a gander with a lot of goslines.

The next winter Jacob was logging on the south end of Township Fourteen, and camped in the old camp that he and Oliver used, and came home about every Saturday night, going back Sunday night; and Adaline was busy carding and spinning, so as to be ready to go to weaving as soon as we were done with the big loom. During the holidays Martin spent most of his time with her, as Jacob did not stop work, only for Christmas, when he and Adaline and Sam and Dorcas were at our house all day and late into the night.

When Jacob and his wife went home from our Christmas dinner, they took Martin along, to do the chores, as Jacob said that Adaline ought not to go out into the snow; and besides, she ought not to be there alone. He told Martin to be sure and shut the sheep into the old barn nights, and the hens and geese in their houses, as big bobcats were around nights. Either mother and I or father and mother would go down the middle of the week, to see how they were getting along. One morning, just as we were through breakfast by candle light, Martin rushed in very excited and all out of breath from running, and told mother that Adaline woke him up and told him to go and get mother as quick as he could, for she was awfully sick. Mother said that she had been expecting it; and had me get some fritters and syrup and coffee for Martin, while she picked up a few things and put on her hood

and cloak. Father had run down to the barn to harness up and was already at the door, so I filled Martin's pockets with doughnuts and a hunk of cheese, and they left in a hurry. Martin told me that father must have been awfully worried, for he drove the mare the fastest he ever saw her go.

When they arrived, father told Martin to unharness the mare and put on her blanket, as she was wet all over. And he went in and built a fire in the fireplace and put on a kettle of water. Mother told him that Adaline was not suffering much, so he began reading his paper that came the night before. When Martin came in to get his milk pail, mother told him that Adaline was pretty bad but she hoped would be better in a little while. She told him to go out and feed and water the stock the same as usual. Adaline told mother where she would find things she needed, and mother had blankets and pillows in chairs before the fire to warm them up, and after what father said seemed an age, she came out with a bundle wrapped up in small blankets and showed father a bouncing baby boy. After fixing him up, she made a bed for him in the big rocker, and went in to tend Adaline. Martin had not been in during this time, and when he came in and father showed him the baby he could hardly believe his eyes! Adaline came out fine, and mother stayed there a week or more, until she was able to sit up; then she told father to bring me down to take her place, as she had babies of her own at home to look after, as Wallace was not quite six months old, and Ida four years, and Harvey six, and so on up.

Jacob came home Saturday night, when Martin was down at the barn. When Martin told him there was a little boy up at the house, he dropped his reins and started for the house on the run. Mother said the first thing he asked was, 'How is Adaline?' After taking off his coat and warming his clothes, mother took him into the bedroom, where the baby lay beside his mother. She said that he cried because he was not here at the time to comfort her; then he kissed her two or three times and told her that he was proud of her.

When I had been there two weeks, father said that mother had finished weaving, so I had him take the big loom to pieces and bring it down and set in up back against the wall from the fireplace, and filled it, and began weaving. Adaline had spun a lot of yarn but had never woven any; and she watched me closely to learn, and wanted to try it; but I asked her to wait until mother

came down and told her when she would be able to go to work. But I let her run the loom for a few minutes each day, until she could weave as well as I could. I had been there about a month when Jacob came out of the woods, and as he would be there, I had him take me home. Adaline made a good weaver, and not only wove and made Jacob's clothes, but did the same for Dorcas Collins' children; and for several years made a suit for Vaughan.

I forgot to say that the next day after the baby was born, I saw father at work in the shop, and he showed me that he was making a cradle for the boy, with rockers and a top. He did not bring it down until he took me down and brought mother home."

* * * * *

Adaline Hardison came of sturdy-bodied and strong-souled folk, and the Spartan discipline she had been forced to endure as a young girl had schooled her in fortitude. This was as well, as her life was not to be an easy one. Jake Hardison was a "good provider" for his family. They lived in a comfortable home, on a fine farm. The only trouble was that Jake was a logger and timber cruiser and builder of roads; and these activities, particularly in his younger years, kept him away from home the greater part of the time. This meant that his wife must assume a great burden of responsibility, managing farm and household and bringing up the children (all of whom were boys. She had no daughter to help her in the house, to gossip with over neighborhood affairs, and share pride in good baking and weaving and contriving.) Addie shouldered the responsibility alone; bore the household burdens, and as the years went by became more self-reliant, more self-contained and reserved. She took a fierce pride in maintaining the highest standard of housekeeping. Her house was always spotless; her silver always shone; her table was set with fine linen tablecloth and napkins, and she saw to it that the behavior of her sons at table was irreproachable. Her cooking was excellent. Years after they left home, the boys were wont to boast of it. She was frugal and industrious, and worked from dawn to dark; never complaining because she could not have many things which she desired. She took the hand Fate dealt her and played it to the best of her ability, without any laments or backward looks. It was as if she had made a vow to bear in silence whatever buffets Fate had in store for her. It had, incidentally, some very severe ones.

Aroostook is noted for the fierceness of its winter storms. She had a trying experience in one of these. There came a very heavy

fall of snow followed by sub-zero weather. Jacob was away in the woods and she was alone in the house with three little children and the responsibility of feeding and watering the cattle. The stable was across the road from the house, and the path was blocked by deep drifts of snow. The water froze in the pump. She filled buckets with snow and melted it, and struggled through the drifts carrying water to the cattle. She had never tended cattle before and had no idea how much water they needed. She thought that she had to take them all they could drink. The water being warm and soft, they drank it as fast as she brought it. She carried water to them on and off all day for several days, before the weather became a little milder and someone came in to see her. Then she learned that a few gallons of water was sufficient for each cow daily. It was only her indomitable will which kept her on her feet through that ordeal.

Perhaps the saddest blow of her life was the death of her fourth son, George Lincoln, at the age of five. At that time Mrs. Hardison had a hired girl to help with the housework. Each day the girl was accustomed to strain the milk and leave the pan sitting for a time on the kitchen table that stood just under a shelf. On that shelf were always kept the matches, a great bunch of them dipped in a solution containing phosphorus, a corrosive poison. One day the matches fell into the pan of milk. The girl, not realizing their poisonous nature, just took them out when she found them, and put them back on the shelf. Some time later when little Lincoln came to her for a drink, she gave him some milk from the pan. It was some time before the poison took effect. About three o'clock in the afternoon, just before dark on that short stormy winter's day, little Lincoln was seized with terrible pain in his bowels. His father was away, having gone to Bangor with a load of shingles about three weeks before, expecting to be back for Christmas. There was no doctor within eleven miles. Anyway, drifted snow had made the roads impassable. No outside help was to be had. Mrs. Hardison, having no idea what was wrong with her little son, tried in turn every simple remedy she knew—but to no avail. The little boy was in agony throughout the night. By daylight he was perceptibly sinking; and Mrs. Hardison went up stairs and brought down his three young brothers that they might say good-bye to him. She stood by his bedside in silence, tears streaming down her cheeks. It was not until long years afterward that she was able to put aside her grief. And all her life she kept in her trunk a pair of shoes which little Lincoln had worn.

Fate had yet another cruel blow in store. In the Fall of 1860 neighbor set fire to a chopping of his a quarter of a mile away. A night wind carried sparks from his blaze to the Hardison house, nd set the roof on fire. The family were all asleep. Jacob wakened, however, smelled the smoke, and roused his wife and children. "Get out of bed," he said, "the house is on fire! Go outside! Don't top to dress here!" The fire had already taken a good hold. Mrs. Hardison flung on some clothes and then tried to help her husband ave some of the household goods; but there was a strong wind to an the blaze and it soon enveloped the entire structure. The oldest oy ran to the buggy shed and pulled the buggy out. When he iscovered the blaze, Jacob had gone to the north door and given ne of his Indian yells. Sam Collins, a mile away, heard the signal nd within twenty minutes was there with his hired man. But by hen the roof had fallen in, and there was little could be done.

This fire was indeed a major disaster to the young pioneers. Their entire year's supply of food was gone. The cellar had been ull of potatoes, turnips, tubs of butter and cheese, crocks of wild aspberry and cranberry preserves, barrels of buckwheat flour, atmeal, cornmeal, and of salted meats. All their clothing, beding, dishes, and most of their furniture was gone; and winter vas at hand. Without family or friends their plight would have een desperate.

Mrs. Hardison wasted no time in weeping. She and her husand moved into two rooms that their friends Mr. and Mrs. Hasell Farnum offered them for the winter, and with Spartan courge she set to work, as best she could, to repair damages. She vorked from dawn till long after dark all the following summer, arding wool, spinning and weaving it into cloth to clothe her amily, to make blankets for their beds, and carpets to cover the oors of the new house. Jacob raised a small patch of flax that ear; borrowed a flax breaker and comber from his father; and nade the long fiber into tow that his wife spun and wove into rash towels. The family, incidentally, were not too happy about hese. The boys said it was punishment to wipe their hands or feet n them. She saved some of the finer quality and made it into dish owels. These were satisfactory.

Lowell Hardison commented, more than once, on his mother's "poker face", which he said could have been worth a fortune to a gambler. No one could ever tell, from her facial expression, what Addie Hardison was thinking. There was one Sunday when the

minister and his wife had dinner with the Hardisons. Said Lowel "Mother had a dish of jam which the minister and his wife relishe very much. The minister said it had a flavor that he never taste before, and he asked mother if she would give his wife the recip for making it. Mother said she would. She took a look at the dis of jam and found it was full of small red ants. Her face did no change in the slightest, and no one at the table knew what kin of spice it was the preacher liked so well."

Indians were an unknown quantity to Addie Hardison befor she came to Aroostook, and she was always very much afraid o them. One morning when she was frying buckwheat fritters fo breakfast, six-year-old Lowell watching her, two moccasin-cla Indians walked into the kitchen. So softly did they move and s quietly did they lift the latch that she was unaware of their pres ence until the dog behind the stove roused from his slumber an growled. Mrs. Hardison turned and saw the uninvited guests righ behind her. She was terrified; but she did not show her fear. Sh pointed to chairs against the wall, and they sat down withou speaking. The dog came out and sat down in front of them, hi eyes gleaming. He apparently did not like the smell of Indians Mrs. Hardison set a big stack of cakes and a pitcher of molasse on the table and motioned for them to sit up. They seemed to enjo their breakfast. When they had finished, they went out to thei toboggan and brought in a big hunk of moose meat,—a most wel come gift, and the first young Lowell had ever tasted.

Jacob Hardison built a new two-story house to replace the on that had been destroyed; and in due course the family moved int it and took up life as it had been before. The boys grew to man hood, and one by one left home. In 1886, Mrs. Hardison and he husband went to California to visit several of their sons who ha settled in the vicinity of Santa Paula. On March 27, 1891, after a illness of two years' duration, Jacob Hardison passed away. Hav ing many friends and relatives in Santa Paula, Mrs. Hardiso divided her time after his death between that town and Caribou making the coast to coast journey thirteen times in all. (She ha always enjoyed train travel; and had been a passenger on the firs train to come through Caribou.) The death in 1916 of her so Parker was a great grief to her; but as might be expected, sh did not waste her time in idle lamenting, but continued busy, ener getic, and formidable. For she had become an exceedingly formid able old lady, there was no question about that.

When, in 1912, her youngest son moved his large family into he big stone house in Santa Paula, his mother took up permanent esidence with them, to be the terror of her various grandchildren. f any proof be required of the near-angelic disposition of her laughter-in-law, it is the fact that through these years she cared or Mrs. Jacob and continued on good terms with her. "We always emained good friends," Cora Hardison said once, gently, "beause I always made the effort." That was all she ever said about he matter.

While she could still go about, one of Mrs. Jacob's endearing ittle ways was to tour the house at the end of the weekly cleanng day, running her finger over various pieces of furniture in earch of dust. Finding same, she would shout triumphantly, *"Co-*RA!" Some weeks after the birth of Domingo Hardison's first hild, his wife, glowing with pride, brought the tiny girl up to xhibit to her mother-in-law. Mrs. Jacob putting in an appearance, he baby was taken over for her inspection. She regarded the in-ant without interest. "Humph!" she said, "Too bad it isn't a boy!"

"I never once saw her smile," said one of her grandchildren. 'When she showed, we scattered," said another. In her last years during which she was bed-ridden) she used to have a nap every fternoon, after which her daughter-in-law would bring her a glass f milk. The old lady never took more than a few sips, so one day Cora Hardison brought her a glass just half full. The old lady ook fire at once. "What's the matter?" she queried sharply, "Cow gone dry?"

I was somewhat amused, glancing through a pile of old leters, some of which were written to Mrs. Jacob by her youngest son, to see that these, which began in traditional fashion with 'Dear Mother" all concluded with a business-like "Yours truly, A. C. Hardison". Mrs. Jacob was immensely proud of her five sons. They, in turn, had the greatest possible respect for her. But in her later years, at any rate, she was something of a Tartar. The burden she had had to carry in earlier years had made her selfsufficient, stern, unyielding, intolerant of weakness or compromise. There was no place in her life for gaiety or tenderness.

There are three photographs extant of Adaline Hardison; one of the young girl about the time of her marriage; one of the middle-aged woman; one of a very old lady. Taken in sequence, these photographs may be found to be an interesting record of character development.

The eldest son of Jacob and Adaline Hardison, Waldo Abbott was born in Lyndon (Caribou), Maine, on February 11, 1851 He received his education in the public schools there, and for two years attended the State Normal School at Farmington, Maine He left home at age twenty-one to engage in the oil business in Pennsylvania, in which field he amassed a large fortune. He never married, and having no family of his own to provide for he took a great interest in the education and welfare of his various nephews and nieces, and was a benefactor to members of his family in various ways. He made several trips out to California; and it was he who purchased the land for the Hardison Ranch Company and had it incorporated, appointing his brother Lowell as President, and his youngest brother Allen Crosby as Vice-President and Manager. Waldo Hardison lived for a time in Bolivar, New York, but his death took place in Santa Barbara in December, 1936.

Lowell Mason, the second son, born in Caribou on August 25, 1852, was the one member of the family afflicted with poor health. He suffered all his life from a catarrhal affection which was a great handicap. Lowell was always, even in boyhood, a great reader. For a number of years he operated a bookstore in Caribou. He married Allie Wilson, and had two daughters (Lucy and Esther) and one son (Sumner). He held a number of public offices in Caribou, being in turn Deputy Sheriff and Town Treasurer. Later he went to Pennsylvania, to engage for a time in the oil business. Fnially he came to California for his health, settling in Santa Paula. For a time he lived up on Mount Herculaneum and kept bees. Later he became a pumper for the Union Oil Company.

Some time after his divorce from his first wife, he married Mrs. Sophia Kiefer. He died in Santa Paula on October 1, 1946.

Haines Sidney, the third son, born in Lyndon May 11, 1855, like his brothers received his education in the local public schools. At the age of twenty-one he set up a brick-making business in Caribou. Then, after a trip to Pennsylvania, in which he visited both the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia and the oil fields where his brother Waldo was, he returned to Caribou and purchased a farm about three miles from town. Farming was his great interest; and he became a very successful farmer and quite prominent in the Grange. In 1876 he married May Merrill (whose eldest brother had the distinction of being one of the very few privates to receive the Congressional Medal during the Civil War.) Haines and his wife had five children: Mabel, Lena, Grover, Clifford, and Lee. In 1886 he purchased his father's old farm, and until 1912 ran it very successfully, mainly as a dairy farm. In 1912 he moved out to Fillmore, California, of which community he became an outstanding citizen. He was one of the town's early mayors. He died in Fillmore, in January, 1930.

George Lincoln, the fourth son, was born at Lyndon like his brothers, on August 11, 1857, and suffered a tragic death by poison on January 4, 1862.

The fifth son, Parker Leroy Hardison ("The Honorable Parker L. Hardison") was born February 12, 1860, at Lyndon; and like his older brothers, received his public school education in Caribou; this in his case beng supplemented by work done at the Ricker Classical Institute of Houlton, and then by a special course in civil engineering under private tutors. He became a very prominent land surveyor in Northern Maine, and was in 1911 appointed State Highway Commissioner, serving as Chairman of the Commission, and as Chief Highway Engineer. He was a conscientious and exceedingly capable official, who did an excellent job of creating a good relationship between the town officers in the rural districts and the state highway officials. In January, 1916, he was forced to resign his office on account of ill health. He died at Caribou on November 4 of that year. He and his wife, the former Tirzah Fisher, had no children. Parker Hardison was a man of very pleasing personality and immensely popular. It was said at the time of his death there was no man in Aroostook County who had more friends.

CHAPTER FIVE

"Welcome are lands of gold
Welcome lands of lemon and fig"

ALLEN CROSBY HARDISON

Grandfather Ivory Hardison and son Jacob Hardison were, as we have seen, hardy pioneer types. They sought a better life and fuller opportunities for themselves and their children, in pursuit of which they were sufficiently bold and enterprising to challenge the forces of nature in the wild lands of the north. In this environment they proved themselves sturdy of body, strong of soul, and remarkably shrewd in planning the stages of their labor. They were primarily, however, farm settlers, men who were content to follow the plough and wield the lumberman's axe, who found supreme satisfaction in the work of their hands.

Grandson Allen Crosby Hardison proved an inheritor of the family shrewdness and energy, but the possessor of a much more complex personality, single-minded only in his dislike of farm labor. On the pioneer farm in Aroostook which was the background of the first twenty-one years of his life, of necessity from boyhood he did farm chores and learned the business of farming "from the ground up"; but he seemed to have been born with a distaste for it. It will be noted that he displayed the characteristic family initiative in getting himself out of an ungrateful environment. An education was, he early realized, the key which could unlock any door. He therefore set to work determinedly to obtain one. He was the first member of his family to have High School and University training, training which could enable him to earn a living with his head, rather than with his hands. He has all his life been a planner and thinker: a man to formulate the policies of important civic organizations; who has had on his shoulders the burden of organizing the management of two large ranch concerns, the practical responsibility of *making them pay*. Instead of directing a plough on his family acres he has for years directed the activities of the California Farm Bureau: instead of spading potatoes, he has done pioneer spade work in the cause of farm organization and cooperative marketing; and has also for twenty-eight years formulated policies for the California Taxpayers' Association. Shrewd, practical, far-seeing and forward-looking, he has left his mark on California's agricultural and civic life. He is, one might point out, an outstandingly good example of the

rue executive, the man able to organize and to delegate responsibility to others. Actually, he has always been almost as interested in effecting a job as he has in enjoying its benefits.

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Allen Crosby Hardison, youngest of the six children of Jacob and Adaline Smiley Hardison, was born on the family farm in Caribou on April 22, 1869. He says his earliest recollection is of the tall settee about five feet long, on rockers, half of which could be used as a cradle, while his mother sat in the other half and rocked the baby as she worked.

The Jacob Hardison farmhouse was a pleasant place, spacious enough to accommodate the family and their frequent guests. Almost everyone traveling through that country made a point of stopping there, at least for a rest and a chat and a good square meal. Jacob and Addie were well known, both being very active in the Grange and in many public projects. Moreover, Addie was a famous housekeeper. People used to drive up from Bangor, one hundred and twenty-five miles away, to get her butter and to buy her cheese. She was quite a cheesemaker. One of her whole cheeses would weigh from ten to twenty pounds. And she was a most excellent cook. When the boys left home and were forced to subsist in boarding houses, they lamented the loss of "mother's cooking" in more than traditional fashion.

The house was a ten-room structure: with parlor, sitting-room, dining room, kitchen and large pantry for food storage, and two bedrooms downstairs; and five bedrooms upstairs. Under the house was a cellar, reached by an inside stairway, with a capacity for one hundred bushels of potatoes, and barrels of corned beef, sauerkraut, cabbages, turnips, carrots and beets. The parlor boasted a black horsehair sofa, fancy carved wooden occasional chairs, and a small airtight stove. On the walls were some family pictures much prized by Mrs. Hardison. The sitting room was much more plainly furnished. There were a sofa, several wooden rocking chairs and a Franklin stove. In one corner stood a melodeon which Ezra Smiley, a traveling music teacher and a cousin of Mrs. Hardison's, had taught Waldo to play. On the wall was an old Revolutionary fife which the boys used to fool with occasionally. In the center of the dining room stood a large oblong dining table with chairs placed around it. Before the furnace was put into the cellar, there was a Canadian stove six feet tall in the dining room,

which took slabs of wood thirty inches long, and had an oven in it. Over in the north corner stood Jacob's desk. In front of the windows were stands holding Mrs. Hardison's cherished plants. Most of the floors in the house were carpeted with homemade woven carpets. One of the early jobs assigned to young Allie Hardison was a spring-cleaning job: taking up those carpets, putting them out on the line, and beating them clean. That was one task he never managed to escape, although he did sometimes manage to sidestep his regular job of keeping the woodbox filled. Behind the living room, and separated from it by a big cupboard was the kitchen, with a large wooden table and a wooden sink with a shelf above it. There was no running water in the house but right in front of the house, about seventy-five feet away, a stream of water flowed into a barrel in the well house, conducted there from a well, through an aqueduct built of logs. The bedroom furniture was all of maple: plain maple bedsteads, maple bureaus, maple washstands with pitcher and bowl. The beds were cord beds, on each a tick filled with oat straw which had to be refilled each year, and on each tick a feather bed. Sheets were not used in the winter time, because of washing difficulties. There were warm woven woollen blankets on each bed, however, and a fancy patchwork quilt.

There were several tamarack trees growing around the house and across the road from the house was a big garden, with crab apples, some eating apples, butternuts, high bush cranberries, currants, rhubarb, and all sorts of vegetables. There was no real flower garden. Flowers were a rarity in that harsh climate. The Hardisons did have a few roses, though, which were Addie Hardison's special pride and care, in addition to the house plants which she watched over tenderly. Jacob and the hired man looked after the garden. The boys had little to do with it. Young Allie did have to go out and hull potatoes, but that was about the extent of his gardening work. He was never enthusiastic about farm work in any form. Jacob Hardison, who had fallen and injured a kidney some years before, commented dryly that he and his youngest son between them could usually manage to do *one* man's work.

On his hundred and sixty acre farm Jacob Hardison grew hay, wheat, potatoes, oats, and a little barley. He had a good market for timothy hay, pressed into bundles of about 125 pounds. He sold potatoes, too, all he could grow. He grew oats mainly for his horses. But the family relished oatmeal as a starter to their

breakfast bacon. So each year a small amount of oats would be sent down to New Brunswick to be processed for oatmeal. Jacob generally grew about 100 tons of hay, and enough wheat to keep his family in flour. For a forty-five year period all the flour used by the Hardisons was from wheat they had grown themselves, the grain being ground at a custom mill nearby. Sometimes, for a change, they had barley bread, but not often.

House and farm buildings were ranged along the highway. Fields were in the back. Behind the house was a woodshed and carriage shed, also a horse-stable to accommodate about six horses. Jacob always had two or three Morgan horses. There was one Morgan mare which was a particular favorite: once hitched to a buggy she would never break her walk, but maintain a steady gait of four miles an hour. In the very early days the family had two-wheeled ox-carts, dump carts. Also in the early days they used a two-wheeled gig. Later they got a four-wheeled wagon, which was kept in the carriage shed, next to the stable.

The barn was on the east side of the highway, a very large barn painted red. There the hay was stored. On the east side of it was a two-story shed, used to store manure, and as a temporary pen for animals. On the south side of the yard was a water trough with running water for the cattle. Jacob had quite a number of cattle. And he had twenty-five sheep which kept the family in wool, and furnished mutton for use in winter; and of course he kept a few hogs. (There was a cool place in the pantry where hams and meat were stored. In winter they would be frozen solid.)

The household was very largely self-sustaining. Shoes were about the only thing Jacob had to buy. In the summer the boys went barefoot. In the winter they wore Indian moccasins or shoes. In the summer a tribe of Indians used to come up to Caribou and camp there and make moccasins for winter use. Then they got to making shoe-packs, of heavier leather, with a strap across the instep to hold them on. Then they made larrigans: a kind of moccasin with a legging sewed on it, and tight over the instep so as not to slip much. These were regularly worn by lumberjacks.

In the early days hides used to be taken to the local tannery to be tanned (using hemlock bark). The finished leather was brought back to the house then, and the shoemaker would come to the house to make shoes for the family. The old shoemaker's stand was for many years a fixture in the attic of the old Hardison

house. In those early days, the shoe would be made rounded at the toes and straight at the sides, so that you could wear it on one foot the one day and on the other foot the next. This was before the days of the shoemaker's "last" enabling him to shape shoes. The "last" did not reach Aroostook until Allie Hardison's boyhood.

Dorcas Hardison used to weave all the underwear for her family. Adaline knitted a great deal of it: shirts, drawers, and stockings; also mittens, scarfs, and knit caps with ear flaps. What weaving was done for the Jacob Hardison family in later years was done by Adaline's sister, Sarah Vance. In early years Adaline used to tailor the suits for the family; but in later years the woven cloth would be taken to the tailor. He would cut out the suits and either Adaline would then make them or a Mrs. Bryant would come to the house and sew them up on the sewing machine. Addie Hardison had one of the first sewing machines in the county. There were very few of them. There was a peddler who used to come through the county once in a while, with the product of a woollen mill in the south, and from him was bought the fine cloth for good clothes.

In the early days Jacob and Ivory used to grow flax. They had a brake to break the fiber and hand tools to take off the fiber and make linen thread, and the women folk used to weave linen cloth. A very large quantity of this was made, and it had great lasting qualities; so that by the time the boy Allie Hardison was needing summer clothes there was plenty of linen fabric left to make him shirts and coats and pants. His mother used to knit him summer stockings made of flax fiber. He did not wear neckties. These are a modern invention!

Jacob Hardison was a very hard-working fellow. In the brief intervals when he was home from his lumbering and road-making, there was far too much for him to do to have time to play with his children. But when Allie was a little chap Jacob used often to take him for rides on the mowing machine, Allie sitting in his lap as he drove. When Allie was big enough to drive a team he was put to driving the mowing machine himself, starting early in the morning as soon as the dew was off the grass. They always had trouble getting him up on time, though! As soon as the power rake was acquired, Allie, to his disgust, acquired the job of doing all the raking. And his services were, of course, regularly in demand to tend the smoke house when the hams were smoking, and

to keep the water leaching through the ashes when soft soap making was in progress. People made their own lye in those days. They leached it out of the ashes. Then they put the lye into fat and that made a soft soap. They used to make half a barrel at a time, for cleaning in the house, washing clothes, and ordinary cleaning jobs. For bathing they used to buy hard soap, of course. But people didn't use to bathe then as much as they do now. Bathing water was scarce. You had to lug it a long way. Baths were limited to once a week or even once a month! In time, of course, too, Allie had to take on the job of milking the cows—sometimes as many as ten cows a day. And as he grew in stature his lack of enthusiasm for farm work increased in proportion. It was not precisely that the boy was lazy. It was just that, as he reiterated plaintively, he didn't like farm work!

Farm life was not, of course, all work and no play, even then. Letter "H" never lacked for amusement, for either children or adults. In addition to the weekly spelling bee held at the schoolhouse, they used to have in the district a debating society which met weekly. Someone would be appointed leader, and he would choose an assistant. These two would then choose sides, and the leader of each side would be expected to read a paper. When each side had presented its case, the audience joined in: asked questions and discussed points of interest. In the end a vote would be taken as to which side had won. Of the debating, Mr. Hardison remarked with a chuckle, "You know, I have been a member of a great many debating societies, but I was always President, so I have never had to debate!"

Picnics were much enjoyed: family picnics, Fourth of July picnics, and in the later days, Grange picnics. Wrestling matches were popular, too. Waldo Hardison was a champion wrestler. Also in later days there were the Methodist Camp Meetings. They were held in the woods, generally, in a grove; and people would come from all over to attend them. They would come with tents and wagons and camp. In the centre of the grove a pulpit would be erected and improvised seats and benches set up, and whatever musical instrument in the neighborhood that could be transported was brought over.

There was always maple sugaring to look forward to. The boys used to go to the sugar camps. When the sap was boiled down it made good candy when they poured it on the snow to harden. They used to have molasses pulls now and then, too. Ice

skating was great fun while the ice lasted; and of course in winter everyone looked forward to sliding down the Prestile Hill by moonlight. There would be snowball fights: the boys would build snow forts and attack them. And of course there was the fun of building snow men. Such games were possible only when the weather was warm enough; but the youngsters managed to get in plenty of them.

The boys had their share of fun in summer, too. They liked to play ball, "scrub" for the most part. And in the summer there was good swimming in the Aroostook River about half a mile from the schoolhouse; and there was always good fishing in the river and the creeks. Occasionally in summer, when school was out, Allie and his brothers used to go fishing in Madawaska Lake. That meant poling up the Madawaska Stream in a dugout canoe, and would take about a day and a half. They would build bough beds, and spend the night before a good fire. Just in case the fish didn't bite too well, they always took along plenty of cooked food—bread, baked beans, ham and bacon—and also flour to make flapjacks.

There were several guns kept in the Hardison house, among them a smooth-bore rifle which was used as a shotgun and with which Allie used to hunt partridges. In the old days there used to be deer and moose around Aroostook, and while there were deer there were wolves. Later on, deer became scarce and the wolves vanished. Black bears were quite common; so were wolverines and foxes. Allie made many attempts to shoot a deer, and to catch a fox in a steel trap, but he never had any luck. There were blueberries in the blueberry bog, and wild raspberries in the woods—good places to find an occasional bear. The blueberry bogs were about ten miles away from the farm. The family used to go in the buggy to pick the berries, an occasion for a picnic.

As Jacob Hardison looked after a lot of timber land for the owners, to see that there was no trespassing or stealing of the timber, he had more or less regularly to make long trips into the woods. His youngest son often accompanied him. When Allie was about fifteen they made a trip up the St. John River above Fort Kent, cruising for timber. They were on snowshoes, in country which was entirely new to Jacob, and covered with snow four feet deep. They would start out from the lumber camp in the morning, never cross a track all day, and yet Jacob could bring them back at night within one hundred and fifty yards of where

they had started. Allie was very proud of this direction-sense of his father's.

His rudimentary education Allie Hardison acquired at the Caribou village school, about two-thirds of a mile from his home. He would take his lunch pail and be gone all day. The Hardison boys would be taken to school in winter on the sleigh. Not every family was so fortunate. Some girls who lived at least two miles from the schoolhouse had to walk to school in the morning and back again every night, regardless of the weather. Caribou school was a typical little old one-room school house, with thirty or forty pupils and all grades. It had wooden desks for two, hand-made wooden benches, a blackboard, a stove and woodbox, and little else. School was held nine months in the year, the older boys being needed on the farms during the summer months. Sometimes, though, in the summer, a teacher would conduct a private school, at twenty-five cents per pupil a week: the trustees allowing her to use the schoolhouse. For a short time Allie attended a private school taught by Mrs. Teague (grandmother of C. C. Teague), a very fine motherly woman of whom the pupils, Allie included, were very fond.

The first concern of the teachers was to teach the pupils Reading, Arithmetic, and the fundamental rules of English Grammar. Later on, they were taught History and Geography (the latter from a textbook which commenced: "The earth is round and like a ball floating in the air.") Spelling bees held ever Monday evening in one of the school districts within a five mile range supplemented instruction. In the winter a Professor Perley used to hold a writing school once a week for about twelve weeks, teaching Spencerian writing. He would be holding classes simultaneously in several districts. He furnished copy books, each child being given one designed for his age. Allie attended two of these writing classes.

On completing the Eighth Grade, Allie was sent to St. John's English and Classical School, an Episcopal School established in Presque Isle, ten miles from his home. He went there for two years, living at the school one year, and with the Baptist preacher another year. The Baptist preacher always had two or three students to board. It was an exceedingly good school, but the Headmaster (a graduate of Bowdoin) and his wife (a graduate of Vassar) had domestic troubles; and one day the Headmaster "got on his high horse and just quit the school between sunset and sun-

rise. He had one of the students take him in a buggy and drive him across the line at night to New Brunswick." His wife had been afraid of him, and had had two or three of the bigger students come to stay at the school. The school proper was a two-story building. Beside this was a chapel, the upper floor of which was used as a dormitory for students boarding with the Headmaster. There were usually eight or ten of these. The students were well treated and not overworked. There were four teachers in the school. The assistant to the Headmaster, J. Broon, an Englishman from New Brunswick, was notorious for his strict discipline. One of the boys once went down town and stayed a rather long time. Broon had him on the carpet on his return; whereupon the lad said that he did not think he was breaking any rules. Broon got up out of his chair and glared at the offender. "You haven't any right to think!" he roared.

As successor to the Headmaster, the Church secured Professor Knowlton, who had been Precentor of the Houlton Academy: a man well advanced in years and far from prepossessing in appearance, usually very shabbily dressed, bald, and with ill-fitting false teeth. Knowlton was, however, a most wonderful teacher, who had a remarkable faculty of controlling his pupils and keeping them interested. Moreover he had apparently, like Bacon, taken all knowledge to be his province. He could teach anything, and teach it well; and the students had the highest admiration for his talents. He taught Allie all the various branches of mathematics, also French, German, and Philosophy. When Bishop Nealey came up to officiate at the closing ceremonies of the school at the end of Allie's second year, and Allie went up to bid him good-bye, the Bishop said, "I am in hopes to see you back again next year."

"I will be, sir," said Allie, "if you hire Professor Knowlton."

The Bishop shook his head regretfully. As they were both aware, Professor Knowlton was a Baptist. "I'm sorry," said the Bishop, "but we just can't hire him." And this gave young Allie and his pals an idea. There were eight or nine boys from Caribou attending the school. They talked things over, and decided it was time for them to have a High School in the town of Caribou. Jacob and Adaline Hardison were then away on a visit to Ventura, California, but that did not stop sixteen-year old Allie from agitating for a High School at home. As a result primarily of the boys' campaigning, a District Meeting was called and the

uestion of an extra tax for a High School voted on. The extra ax was levied, the State contributed an equal amount, and a High School was started in Caribou, with Professor Knowlton as Principal.

There was no school building proper. The District rented what vas formerly used as a store, the lower floor of the Grange building. And to provide equipment young Allie Hardison, Blake Roberts and Tom Willis planned their first coup in the world of high finance. Each of them contributed fifty dollars (Allie had access to his father's money.) Tom Willis was a carpenter, and the father-in-law of Allie's brother Lowell was a wood worker n a neighboring town. The boys were therefore able to buy about orty chairs at a wholesale price of seventy-five cents apiece. Tom Willis made them desks. The boys rented the furniture to the chool for about a third of its cost per annum, thereby getting heir money out of the venture and clearing about fifty dollars apiece, to boot.

For a year or two, Professor Knowlton could get no help hired; so Allie Hardison used to take some of the classes out into a small back room and hear them recite. He soon found himself eaching trigonometry, then physical geography, then a class in surveying, and then a class in higher algebra. He never had a eacher's certificate; but on the printed catalogue of the High School his name appeared regularly as an assistant to Professor Knowlton. Of the first class in that High School, two members (Edgar Sincock and Bert Taylor) became M.D.'s; and one (Newman Doyle) became the most outstanding farmer of Aroostook County. Of the second class (of which Allie was a member) nore than half continued on to college and professional training —not a bad record for a young High School, a High School practically started by students.

Once or twice a week, three or four of the more advanced students used to meet outside school, usually at Professor Knowlton's house, for a class in French and for higher mathematics. Allie was one of these; and when he went on to Maine State College (afterwards the University of Maine) he was not required to take any formal entrance examinations. On presenting a letter from Professor Knowlton and one from Charles Oak (whose uncle was President of the first Board of Trustees) he was allowed to register as a special student. He didn't have any money; but his credit was good, and he was not asked to pay his tuition fee or his room rent and board in advance.

The University operated a boarding house for students at which board was $2.50 a week (the food was good, too!) and room rent $19.00 a term, including heat. This was for just a bare room —no furniture. The old janitor, however, had a warehouse full of furniture, and the students were able to buy what they needed for a song. Students were, incidentally, required to take care of their own rooms.

There were about one hundred and twenty-five students in actual daily attendance at the University of Maine while Allie Hardison was there. And to his reckoning the University of Maine was a good place. He had some fine professors. "All a fellow had to do to get the interest of a Professor or Instructor was just to show he wanted to learn." And he met some very fine people. He joined the QTV (a Latin letter society) in his first year of college. "Their chapter house for meeting was a little square wooden building built by the students themselves in 1872, just the meeting hall, no lodgings or dining room. This was the first fraternity house in the country. They later rented an old frame farm house and used that for a rooming house. They used to have all sorts of initiation stunts, but never anything very drastic. A friend of mine, not a very popular fellow, had one of their worst goings over. He had a room on the Freshman floor, the fourth floor. Over his door was a transom. They put a chair beneath the transom and made him crawl through; and as he did so, whacked him from behind. Then they made him crawl back in again, and whacked him once more. Some of the fraternities did put on some pretty tough stunts, such as giving a Freshman a bag and taking him away out in the woods at night and telling him to catch snipes, and leaving him to find his way home alone. The fellows at QTV never did anything as strenuous as that, though. The QTV finally became a member of a national society, the Phi Gamma Deltas, about 1891. They then built a very fine chapter house."

In athletics, Allie took no interest whatever. "College as far as we were concerned was all work," he said. "I didn't participate in any of the athletics. We roomed on the third floor, my chum and I, and we used to go up the stairs two steps at a time, on the dead run. That was our exercise."

Allie didn't make up his mind that he wanted to graduate until about six months ahead of time. He began taking examinations then, and got everything cleaned up so that he could register as a regular student the last term. He found himself deficient in

wo subjects: one was German, the other military tactics. When e approached the instructor in charge of military tactics, a West 'ointer, that gentleman said, "You can't possibly graduate. You an't make it." Allie replied, "Well, Lieutenant, if I don't it will e military tactics that will prevent me." With that he went to ee the Professor of German, who said, "Oh, you can plug this va- ation. You just get your old Professor Knowlton to take you on s a student of German." Allie and his chum W. S. Webb spent hree months with Professor Knowlton, studying their eyes out. The Professor said, "I want you to learn so and so," and "Do so nd so," and "Learn so and so," and they did. Then they went back o University, took the German examination and passed. Allie hen went to see the West Pointer and this time said, "Lieutenant, he ONLY thing that now stands between me and graduation is nilitary tatics." The officer eyed him, and said, "Military tactics vill never prevent your graduating. Come around and I will give ou an examination." Allie was able to answer about sixty per ent of the questions, and was given a passing grade, so was able to graduate as planned, in June, 1890. He was just twenty-one at he time.

Allie had been interested in land surveying before he went to ollege. He had induced his father to buy him a transit instrument surveyor's compass and telescope) and had had a good bit of xperience in surveying under the guidance of Charles B. Oak one of the early graduates in engineering of the Maine State College). This gave him a little advanced standing at the Univer- ity when he entered, so that he was not required to take the egular field course in land surveying. Land surveying helped to ay his way through college. During part of his vacations he went o work for the State of Maine defining squatters' farm lands long the St. John River.

The rivers being the only State highways, it was along their anks that what early settlers the country could boast were to be ound. The first English lumbermen to come up the St. John River were astounded to find several thousand Frenchmen living n tiny villages or on cleared farms, along the river banks. These were fugitive Acadians, driven from their homes in Nova Scotia, who had in 1757 founded the colony of Madawaska. Originally the State of Maine had owned the land by right of treaty and posses- sion. It had subdivided the land into Townships six miles square, and sold these Townships to "proprietors" whose interest was in

timber land; sold them without recognizing the possessory rights of the original French settlers. Then the State of Maine bought back from the proprietors the land claimed by the squatters.

Each original settler had established himself on a large tract of land along the river bank; then, following the old custom would divide his property equally among his sons, running a direct line from the river bank back through his farm, so that each son might have an equal share of the rich land beside the river, as well as of the rockier soil of the upper slopes. When this process of subdivision had been repeated by sons and grandsons, the result was a curious patchwork of immensely long thin strips (currently known as "suspender farms"), some of them not more than 600 feet wide, which were to pose something of a problem to surveyors. In 1890, under the supervision of the State Land Agent, Allie Hardison went up there with two other surveyors and surveyed the occupied land. Until 1890 the Madawaska settlers had held their land without a title.

A second source of income for Allie during his two years at University was teaching school, in the long winter college vacations. He taught two terms (still, of course, without a teacher's certificate) in a little red schoolhouse with thirty or so pupils. Evidently his experience assisting Professor Knowlton stood him in good stead. Proceeds from the land surveying and the teaching were sufficient to pay most of his college expenses. When he graduated he owed the sum of just exactly one hundred dollars.

After graduation Allie returned home, and went to work as a land surveyor. He subdivided a lot of land, but the compensation was pretty light, a surveyor then usually being paid three dollars a day. Looking about for a location, and dissatisfied with the opportunities which were offered him locally, Allie fell in with his uncle Wallace's suggestion that he come to California. He came in the Fall of 1890, with Lucian Small, and went first to visit the Jim Smalls down in Riverside. Then he came up to Santa Paula, and was from 1890 to 1896 in private engineering practice there. His daughter Helen had a story to tell of that period: "Our minister, commenting on the sturdiness of our church edifice that has withstood many a sharp quake during its sixty odd years of existence, said to my father, 'But surely it is steel—reinforced.' 'Not a bit of steel in it,' said my father. When the minister found that father had been the one to pass on the specification for the foundation, the ceiling and all of the stresses, he wanted

to know how old he was at the time. 'Twenty-three,' said father. In answer to the minister's look of incredulity, father said, 'But I had professional training, I had graduated from the engineering department of the University of Maine.' "

There was not much surveying work to be done there at the time, though he was given some work to do for the Union Oil Company. It was a University of Maine man, F. B. Trask, who got him his first big job in California, that of surveying a large tract and laying it out for the planting of olive trees. Later he did more work for the Union Oil Company in the Tar Creek District.

On December 14, 1892, he married Cora L. Crane, and went to live in a little house on Thirteenth Street owned by his brother Lowell. Later, for a time, the family lived on the Horse and Cattle Ranch, which Mr. Hardison was subdividing. From 1893 to 1896 Mr. Hardison acted as Secretary of the Santa Paula Water Works Company. On March 4, 1893, was incorporated by Wallace L. Hardison and Nathan W. Blanchard the great Limoneira Company, the largest lemon orchard in the world operated by the owners, A. C. Hardison, now President of the Company, was one of its incorporators and original directors.

Some time in 1896, Allie Hardison's uncle Wallace Hardison, an oil man who was one of the founders of the Union Oil Company, and who always had his ear to the ground listening for something good, had learned of an oil prospect in the Republic of Peru, and had gone down with a drilling crew to examine it. After drilling one oil well there, he came to the conclusion that the pay streak of oil extended under the ocean rather than into the country, so gave up any idea of developing the property. It so happened, however, that while he was in Lima he met a man who had been a member of President Castro's cabinet, who claimed to have a very rich mining claim in Carabaya province, and persuaded him to go there and look it over.

This was something of an undertaking, involving two nights and a day on the steamer, a journey of about a day and a quarter on the railroad from Arequipa, and some two or three days on horseback in the mountains, followed by several days' journey on foot. However, taking his nephew young Chester Brown with him, W. L. Hardison went in to look at the property. The horseback journey began at an elevation of about 12,00 feet and took

them up the side of a mountain and across the summit of the Andes at about 17,000 feet elevation, then dropping down on the east side to cross a tributary of the Amazon, the Inambari; the trail then following a small stream which flowed into the Inambari. About six miles up that stream they passed a mining operation being carried on by a native Peruvian who had developed a property discovered by Indians. The claim was said to be exceptionally rich; but opportunities for developing it seemed rather doubtful, as the facilities for extracting the ore were rather poor, and in the second place it was just too far from civilization. However, the owner had built a little four-stamp mill, 450 pound stamps and was crushing some ore each day; and the ore being rich he was taking out quite a bit of money.

The property which W. L. Hardison had come to see was some two or three miles beyond this mine, and over another ridge. He went on there, but was not long in making up his mind that the property was of questionable value; and thereupon promptly went back over the mountain to the mine which they had seen in operation, which was owned by a man named Velasco, who had as his partner a man named Estrada. Mr. Hardison inspected the ore which they were milling, and realized that the property was indeed very rich. Before he left he had bought the mine: had executed an agreement with Velasco for the purchase of the property and had given him a draft for the first payment. He then returned to the United States to raise the money to pay for the property, the purchase price being $350,000.00. It was while he was in California promoting this venture that his nephew Allie Hardison became interested. Allie was doing fairly well in Santa Paula, as a Director of the Limeonira Company and Vice-President of the Santa Paula Water Works, but his income was not unduly large, and it did not look to him as if he were going to have as good an opportunity as he would like to enlarge it. So when his uncle offered him the chance to go to South America, he jumped at it.

It was no light undertaking, to penetrate into such a wild and undeveloped region, and the question was at once raised as to whether Mrs. Hardison and the children should be allowed to accompany him. The matter was discussed at length with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Crane. They were naturally not happy at the prospect of being separated from their daughter and their two grandchildren; but Mr. Crane admited that if he were

young man in Allie Hardison's place he would want to go; and reminded his wife that one of the first things he and she had done after their marriage had been to move from Ohio out to California. Her parents not voicing any extreme objections to her going, and she herself being all for it, the matter was soon settled. Cora Hardison kept to herself the fact that she was pregnant!

The usual route to South America was of course from San Francisco and down the west coast; but Mr. Hardison discovered that by going via New York and the Panama Canal, and then down the west coast of South America, he could save ten days' travel time, at no extra cost. So on Tuesday, May 19, 1896, Mr. and Mrs. Hardison, with their children (Helen aged two and one-half, and Warren, aged about seventeen months) boarded a train for the east. The following Monday morning they arrived in Bradford, Pennsylvania, where they spent a few pleasant days visiting the family of C. P. Collins, one of the large shareholders in the mine. Reaching New York, Mr. Hardison settled his family in a Fifth Avenue Hotel and himself went forth to purchase books and office supplies for the new Inca Mining Company; also various surveying instruments and firearms. The Hardisons were joined in New York by Mr. J. K. Gries, who was going with them just for the trip; and Mr. and Mrs. Chapman and a Mr. Emery, who were employees of the Company. A maid having been found to care for the children, the party devoted what time there was at their disposal to sightseeing: visiting such attractions as Central Park, the Zoo, Brooklyn Bridge, and the Statue of Liberty. One evening Mr. Gries and Mr. Hardison visited the Cuban Fair. "There, to my astonishment," records Mr. Hardison in his diary, "I found a source for a very large amount of the financial aid rendered the Cuban Revolutionists. Solicitations were openly made for the avowed purpose of purchasing arms and munitions of war!" So much for Cuba in 1896!

Passage had been booked for the party on the steamship "Advance", due to sail for Colon at noon on June the first. The morning of departure proved a harrowing one for Mr. Hardison. Not wishing to pay excess baggage rates on his rather extensive New York purchases, he had determined (against the advice of the Steamship Company) to send them by freight. There was from the outset considerable trouble and delay; and not until the morning the vessel sailed did he succeed in obtaining a bill of lading for the goods. A visit to the Peruvian Consul had elicited a prom-

ise from the latter that he would be at the pier before the vessel sailed and deliver the consular manifest. Sailing time neared. The consul duly put in an appearance, but without the manifest—his clerk was bringing it! Sailing time arrived. The hawser was cast off. The "Advance" began to move slowly from the pier. At that exact moment a breathless clerk from the consulate arrived with the manifest. The consul seized it from his hand, rolled it in a newspaper, and flung the paper on board just as the vessel was passing out of reach. A superstitious man might have construed this hectic last-minute incident as a not-too-good omen for the success of the trip. But Mr. Hardison was never superstitious.

Staterooms on the ship were comfortable; the sea was calm; and the seven days' journey to Colon was enjoyed by everyone on board except Mrs. Hardison. She, poor woman, became seasick as soon as the vessel got under way, and remained so until the party landed in Colon. The ship did not make port between New York and her destination, but the travelers were afforded a glimpse of the Bahamas, early one morning; had later a fair view of Haiti; and about ten o'clock one evening saw a light which they were told was on the island of Cuba.

The "Advance" reached the pier at Colon about ten in the morning. As the train for Panama did not leave until mid afternoon, the travelers had plenty of time to transfer their luggage in leisurely fashion, admire the great bronze statue of Christopher Columbus given by the French to the Columbian government, and wander briefly through the wide grass-grown streets of the old town. All were struck by the simplicity of the natives' dress: the men wore hat, shirt and pants; the younger children, nothing. Fire had recently destroyed part of the town, including the old market. However, a shelter had been put up, under cover of which the visitors found every conceivable kind of merchandise offered for sale. The humid heat was not conducive to bargaining, though, or to any kind of exertion, and all were glad when it came time to board the train.

Once on board, the party made prompt and unfavorable comparisons with the accommodations to be found on American railroads. Their car was well filled with natives, all of whom seemed to have brought along food with them to relieve the monotony of the journey. Most of the young people were provided with bundles of short stalks of sugar cane which they chewed incessantly. The trip did prove interesting, though, especially to the men: for cross-

ıg the Canal they were able to see many evidences of the work f the French in building it. There were literally hundreds of apparently discarded flat cars on sidings which extended into the ropical undergrowth; also many shelters containing French locomotives, some of which looked to have been properly maintained ut others which seemed to be rapidly going to pieces in that tropial climate. There were also many dredges and steam shovels, pparently abandoned. In his diary, Mr. Hardison commented: "I was astonished at the number of dump cars, locomotives, steam hovels, etc., going to decay. Every few miles we would come cross a yard containing several hundred dump cars, a stable ontaining twenty to forty pony locomotives, a few steam shovels, tc., a few iron bridges ready built intended to be placed across he canal. The amount of machinery going to waste is simply tupendous."

Arriving in Panama, the Hardisons' immediate concern was o get to the Hotel Grand Central as soon as possible and obtain ;ood accommodations. Mrs. Hardison and the children got into gurney cab hauled by a tiny pony, and Mr. Hardison tipped he driver to get them to their destination in a hurry. The pony vas on the gallop all the time, but the rate of progress was so low he seemed to be just jumping up and down. The streets were ıarrow, and jammed with vehicles of all sorts; the car tracks were lose to one side of the street, so that the edge of the car would ›e about even with the sidewalk. The Hardisons' cab got behind ı street car, and they thought they were never going to get by. However, they finally did, by the simple expedient of going up ›n the sidewalk. Arriving at the hotel ahead of the rest of the ›arty from the boat they got what they thought an acceptable oom opening on to an iron verandah. Sanitary facilities proved execrable, however; and at night they had considerable trouble vith the beds. There were two or three single beds in each room. The mattress on each bed was a spring affair, very high in the enter and with exceedingly stiff springs. Unless you were heavy enough to compress these springs it was almost impossible to stay ›n top. Little Mrs. Hardison finally just pulled the mattress off ıer bed to the floor and slept on the floor.

Food served in the hotel dining room was edible, but not paricularly tempting. There were very few vegetables served, and several meat courses appeared at each meal. There was no refrigeration in Panama in those days, and meat killed at night was

served the next morning and the next day, fresh. Service in the dining room was rather casual, too. When one of the waiters came in with a dish of baked potatoes, and dropped some of them on the floor, he simply reached over, picked them up, put them back on the plate, and served them to the customers. On the last morning urged by Mr. Chapman, the party all went for breakfast to a French hotel which was cracked up to be of very high class. Hot cakes were on the menu and looked quite inviting, so everyone ordered them. Of course there was molasses and butter to go with them. When the hot cakes were served, Mr. Chapman was all smiles. He reached over and helped himself to a generous supply of butter, added some syrup, and started to eat. His first mouthful was his last, though. The butter was strong enough to stand by itself. So that was the sad end of breakfast at the French hotel.

From the hotel the party went directly to the steamer "Puno" which was to take them to Mollendo, Peru. They were to be on board this steamer for eleven days, and Mrs. Hardison was looking forward to the trip with considerable apprehension. Fortunately though, the sea was like glass all the way, and she was seasick only the first few hours. Aboard ship, the party were given five good meals a day, which was, as Mr. Hardison remarked dryly enough to keep them going. Warren, then eighteen months old and at the crawling stage, provided one moment of excitement when he crawled through the railing surrounding the ship's deck and was discovered having a good time out on the unfenced landing platform; but otherwise the voyage as far as Guayaquil was uneventful.

The "Puno" did not enter the Gulf of Guayaquil until very late on the afternoon of Sunday, June 14, much to the disappointment of the travelers, who had hoped to have a glimpse of the city before dark. "Mañana" being the watchword of the country they were not permitted to land until the following day. The land around the Gulf was low and swampy, covered with a heavy growth of tropical vegetation. A customs official came on board the ship near the entrance to the Gulf, and remained on board until her departure. Moreover, apparently as a precaution against smugglers, there was a guard boat rowing about the ship all night. At the mouth of the Guayaquil River, the passengers were told was a sand bar which the ship could cross only at full tide. And at low tide there were acres of mud flats exposed.

As soon as the ship docked, the men of the party went ashore to explore the town. Mr. Hardison and Mr. Chapman took a horse car and rode out to one of the public baths, located on a tidal arm of the Guayaquil River. They described this facility as "nothing better than a decent American hog wallow" and declared their plunge to have been a "mud bath"; but said they had enjoyed it, none the less. At evening the ship weighed anchor, and made her way down the river against an incoming tide and heavy wind, halting at the mouth of the river to let off the customs officer, and then continuing an uninterrupted way to Paita, which she reached Tuesday morning. Before their arrival, a Pennsylvania oil man on board ship who knew the country well very solemnly warned Mr. Hardison, "Now, you must be careful here. I warn you, don't attempt to cut or remove anything that's green in Paita." With these words in mind, the party went ashore and looked nervously about for greenery; but the only green things visible in the entire town were some recently painted benches. There was *nothing whatever* growing—perhaps not surprising in view of the fact that the town had absolutely no water. Every drop of water had to be brought in on mule back, to be sold at so much a gallon.

Leaving Paita, the ship next anchored off Eten, some forty-two miles south, where the passengers had the exasperating experience of having to remain on board an entire day, with nothing to look at but the wharf, a "cut" with almost perpendicular sides through which the trains approach the wharf, and the unedifying spectacle of a number of large-horned cattle being loaded two tiers deep in lighters and brought out to the ship, where a rope would be slipped over an animal's horns, hitched on to the tackle, and up the animal would come. Everyone heaved a sigh of relief when the ship put out to sea again, but this mood proved somewhat premature. Twenty-three miles farther on, at a little place called Pacasmaya, they spent another such day, taking on board an additional 110 head of cattle, none of which, as someone commented, would have anything to eat or drink until they came to Lima, many hours away. Yet another day of weary watching was in store for the passengers before they approached Callao; but finally, on Saturday, June 20, they reached this port, about 2:30 P.M. They remained there only two hours before taking the train to Lima, six miles distant.

They spent three days in Lima; and one afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Hardison went to the bull fight, both of them finding it a spectacle well worth seeing, although Mrs. Hardison did say that she never wanted to see another! Out into the big arena came a rider with a saddle of silver, whose horse was decked with silver mountings. This horseman's skill was remarkable. The bull made repeated attempts to gore the horse; he came within an inch of it; but he never quite succeeded. Following this exhibition of horsemanship on one side and frustrated rage on the other, in came some toreadors to play with the bull and goad him further. Finally, he was killed, with one clean stroke.

The journey from Lima to Mollendo took two nights and a day. At Mollendo the ship could not be taken right up to the mole or wharf. It anchored out about a quarter of a mile, and the passengers had to ride from the ship to the mole in a rowboat, a trip proving more adventurous than anything they had yet encountered. In the first place the rowboat headed straight for some rocks, not swerving aside until everyone was sure they were going to be wrecked; then, on reaching the mole the men found it necessary to jump from the heaving boat on to the ladder just at the peak of a wave or else they would get drenched. The women of the party had then what was perhaps a brief foretaste of the terrors in store for them on the journey, being forced to step from the tossing boat and take their places in turn in a boatswain's chair and be hoisted up to the mole.

The Hardisons remained in Mollendo only about six hours; then boarding a train for the uninterrupted four hours' interesting ride to Arequipa, a town at an elevation of about 7,500 feet. They passed over switchbacks and through the country of the marching sand dunes: a wide stretch dotted with big crescent-shaped mounds of sand which move a few feet each year. Whenever they reach the railway track it is quite a problem to keep the track open, as the blowing wind constantly carries the sand over. In Arequipa they were met by W. L. Hardison, his son Guy, W. L.'s brother-in-law Mr. Moriarty, Mr. Charles Brown, and Paul Youngling of Santa Paula. They went up to the native hotel and found comfortable quarters for the night. There was a severe earthquake that night in Arequipa, but the Hardison party were too tired to care very much. Fortunately no great damage was done.

From Arequipa they proceeded by train over a range of mountains to Juliaca, a city on the altoplano at an elevation of over

,000 feet, at the junction of the railroad that goes on north to uzco, and within twelve miles of Puno and Lake Titicaca. (Puno as then a flourishing mining center. One of the wealthy men Puno at the time of his daughter's marriage paved the path om his house to the church with bars of silver.) At Juliaca the avelers discovered that the train from Arequipa ran only two ıys a week, so the men left the women and children at the hotel eft them, as matters turned out, for a stay of six weeks!) and red a couple of Indians with push cars to take them up the line Santa Rosa, about forty miles away. Mrs. Hardison and Mrs. hapman and the two children of course had no company at the otel; but the Superintendent of the Railway, Pat Hawley, an merican, lived across the plaza. He had two children about the ge of Helen and Warren, and Mrs. Hardison was very glad ıdeed to be able to spend her afternoons in Mrs. Hawley's kindly ompany.

With the Indians pushing the cars up the grade and riding ıem down grade, W. L. Hardison and his nephew finally reached anta Rosa. The railroad station at that point was about half a ıile from the village, but the men found accommodations for toring their stuff, and got ready for a trip into the interior to ıe County Seat. Being joined in Santa Rosa by their attorney, native Peruvian, they headed for the cabin where they expected o arrange for the judge (*a juis de primera instancia*) to come o the house and give them possession of their new property. Methds of acquiring title to land in South America were quite differnt from what they are in the U.S. When they got to Macusani, he capital of the Province, however, they found that the owners f the property had, under the law of the land, ordered a resurvey f the property, and in that resurvey had left out practically all he property they had bought, all of the mine that was of any alue!

Well, they argued with the owner of the property, and argued vith the judge, and argued with their attorney, but without getting anywhere. In the interval they had been joined by their Chilean mining engineer, who had been educated at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in New York. He spoke perfect English ınd thoroughly understood the customs of the Peruvians; and after debating the matter rather hurriedly, the Hardisons had to admit that legally the owners of the property had the advantage over them, and could cheat them out of the property. They there-

fore decided to go and take physical possession of it. The journe from Macusani into the mine required about two days on hors back and three days on foot. When they got in there, Velasc the owner of the property, called together all the miners. (H had a lot of Chilean and Hungarian miners.) Each tunnel o the rich vein of the mine had a door to it, and Velasco had th keys to each door. He made a speech to the miners telling the that he had sold the property, and he then and there delivered th keys to W. L. Hardison; Allie standing by his uncle as they we handed over. This gave W. L. Hardison possession of the pro erty; and Velasco told the miners that from now on they woul be working for Mr. Hardison and not for Estrada and himsel With that kind of title, W. L. Hardison took possession of th mine and continued to hold it. Of course he could not at onc get a government title. He had trouble about that; in fact i took him nearly two years to straighten matters out. Howeve in the meantime, he was working the mine.

At the end of six weeks W. L. Hardison came out from th mine and went to Arequipa; and it was arranged that Mrs. Hardi son, Mrs. Chapman and the children should go into the mine wit him. The day following his return they set out in the afternoo in a handcar pushed by Indians for Tirapata, where horses an mules were to be procured. About half a mile out of Juliaca W. L. discovered that he left behind in Juliaca the money (5,00 soles) which he was supposed to be bringing into the mine but fortunately in the meantime Mr. Hawley had discovered th money and had sent it after the party by an Indian whom h trusted. Coming into Tirapata about nine o'clock they learne that A. C. Hardison had unexpectedly made the trip out of th mine to meet them and had been down to the station looking fo them; and not finding them, had gone on to a farmhouse about a mile away to find something to eat and a place to sleep. Ther was no buildings at the station, but there were two box cars; an the party crowded into one of these to spend the first night; late going on to the farmhouse to spend a few days while a packe and pack animals were being rounded up.

The morning of the third day the party were at last read to start; much to the relief of W. L. Hardison, who was exceed ingly anxious to be off, fearing an early appearance of the rain season, which would render travel into the mine impracticable The caravan consisted of about a dozen pack mules carrying

ɔthing, blankets, and various camp necessities, and several rid-
g animals. The question arose as to how Mrs. Hardison and
rs. Chapman would travel. There were two mounts available:
fine-looking saddle horse and a mule. Mrs. Hardison was an
complished horsewoman; Mrs. Chapman didn't know a thing
ɔout riding. However, Mrs. Chapman liked the look of the horse
nd wanted to ride it, so Mrs. Hardison said she would take the
ule. Actually, though Mrs. Chapman did not realize it, the mule

was much the safer of the two animals to ride, as it was familia with the type of country they were to go through, and knew ho to handle itself.

The mountain trail wound steeply upward, until at last a an elevation of about 17,000 feet it crossed the Andes. Then dropped down abruptly. The middle of the morning, the part found themselves in the Indian village of Coaza, perched on to of a precipitous mountain slope. The day of their arrival turne out to be the birthday of the Gobernador (who it happened spok both Spanish and Quechua). He invited them to dine with hin which they did: partaking first of cake and egg nog, then roas pig; then of two more courses, each consisting of a different kin of meat soup.

Leaving Coaza, they came down the side of the mountain b an even more precipitous trail, Mrs. Hardison noting with wonde the crops which were being raised by the Indians on the almos perpendicular hillsides. Next thing, Mrs. Chapman's horse stum bled so badly in crossing a little gulch that she became terrifie of it and refused to ride it again. So Mrs. Hardison changed ove to the horse and let Mrs. Chapman have the mule. By nightfal they reached a small lake, where they made camp, as arranged and where they had expected to meet Indians who would carr their equipment into the mine. Instead, to their dismay, they me a man who had been sent out from the mine for provisions, wh reported that food supplies had not arrived at the mine as planned and that there they were out of everything but *chalona* (drie sheep) and *chuño* (dried potatoes). He reported, moreover, tha the Indians who had gone in with the first party and who wer supposed to come out and carry in the belongings of the secon party had run away. The next morning W. L. Hardison wen back with the man to some of the Indian villages to buy flour sugar and potatoes, and arrange for them to be taken in b Indians and pack mules and llamas. The rest of the party were t go as far as their animals could take them.

The next day was the worst, so far. The trail still plunge steeply downwards, but the party were now getting into we country. A good part of the time they were riding through a mis so dense that they could hardly see one another. The ground being so wet, Mrs. Hardison's horse was getting tender-footed and kep shying away from the stony trail into the underbrush, and getting separated from the rest of the party in the fog. Mrs. Hardison

d Warren on the saddle in front of her. He kept slipping down the horse's neck; and she spent the day pulling him up, and ılling the horse back on the trail, all the while in terror that e might be separated from the rest of the party. That was a ry bad day for her, indeed.

All things must come to an end some time, though, even the ıd ones. The party passed the abandoned Indian village of Saco ıd finally made camp at a place called Quispe Callani, where the ıca Mining Company was planning to build a warehouse, as is was as far as it was practical to send out mules with heavy ads. This was on a mesa, about 13,500 feet high. The trail was ry dangerous because of mud holes, but as the mules in the ıck train were used to the country, they got into no trouble ere. The terrain was in the main glaciated country, its smooth ck foundation topped with five or six inches of mud covered ith water-soaked grass or moss. On top of a little knoll was tched their tent, a 10 by 12 foot affair which had to shelter e entire party and all of their belongings. And there for six iserable days, most of the time enveloped in heavy fog, they aited for their Indian packers. A man named Knutzen turned p with three or four burros and a little black mule which had een hired for Mrs. Hardison to ride; and finally the expected ozen Indians put in an appearance. For some reason, however, ıey were apparently unwilling to carry the equipment in, and ied to sneak by the party. Mr. Knutzen and Mr. A. C. Hardi-n followed them, pushed two or three of them down on the

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ground, and stood over them threateningly, the Indians makir no resistance. Finally after a parley (the admirable Mr. Knutze spoke English, Spanish, and Quechua fluently!) and after a bott had gone the rounds, the Indians agreed to pick up the equipme and tote it in.

Next morning the belongings of the party were divided in smaller packs and loaded on to the burros and on the Indian backs; and each of the children was folded in a blanket and ca ried off on an Indian's back — in spite of protests! The part was able to go only a few miles that day, however. And at nigh having no poles to put up their tent, they just made their bec close to a bank and pulled the tent up over them.

The following day, in spite of their best efforts, the part again did not get off early. And they had hardly started befo they met Mr. Chapman, who had heard they were on the roa and had come out to meet his wife. That was a grim day's trave over a trail still drowned in mist. Perhaps the fog was a blessin in disguise, however, as it prevented the women from seeing th bottoms of the terrifyingly steep rock staircases they had to de scend, or the sheer precipice that bordered the knife ridge summ which the trail followed for many miles. Going on to Sachapat the party spent another uncomfortable night on a mountain to drenched in clouds, in a tambo consisting of only a thatched roc and a few side poles.

The trail they had to follow the next day was hair-raising: series of sheer drops and spectacular hairpin zigzags down a stee slope that dropped into a flight of precipitous stairs topping a incredibly narrow stony ridge. In a letter to her brother-in-la Lowell Hardison, Mrs. Hardison said of that stretch of th journey: "It is about eight miles from Sachapata to Cochin tambo but it seemed eighteen and through an African jungl It reminded me of pictures I have seen in the Geographies. Th moss is five and six inches deep on the trees, and two or thre feet on the ground. Mrs. Chapman thought the road was gettin too bad for riding, so she started on foot. The trail was full o mud puddles, it having rained quite hard the day before, and i was quite an amusing sight to see Mr. Chapman with his wif on his back wading through the mud up to his knees. In man places the trail is washed out so that the bottom of the trail i at least two feet if not three feet below the surface and wit

hes and vines growing together overhead. I felt as though I s riding through tunnels a greater part of the time. About half-st four it began raining and no place to stop until we came to china, so we had to go on. At six o'clock we reached there and vas dark and Mr. and Mrs. Chapman were back we didn't know ere, but worst of all we could find no water."

When the party set out they had been provided with bottled ter, but a few days before, the bottle, which was carried on Mrs. apman's mule, somehow slipped its moorings, fell to the ground d broke, leaving the party dependent on the water of the coun-. As soon as they reached Cochina Tambo, Mr. Hardison had spatched an Indian to the spring where they usually got water, t this time he came back to say that there was a dead llama ng in it. The fog made further traveling that night on the ep trail too dangerous, so the party had to stay put for the ght, water or no water. About eight o'clock, two hours after Hardisons got in, the Chapmans arrived, wet and hungry. r. Chapman had lost both shoes and one sock crossing the last id hole. The party had with them tins of corned beef, also meal, rice, and dried peas. But they dared not touch the salty ef when they had nothing to drink, and they could not cook oatmeal or rice or peas without water. So they had to go to d hungry and thirsty. The children were surprisingly good. Mrs. rs. Hardison got a piece of clean cloth and held it to the corner the roof of the tambo, where some drops of water were con-nsing from the fog. Mrs. Chapman produced a small bottle ich had had cod liver oil in it. Mr. Hardison put a little oatmeal o the bottle, added the two tablespoons of water which Mrs. ardison had managed to squeeze from the bit of cloth; and when e children wanted water, they were given the cod-liver-oil-vored contents of the bottle. They took a mouthful each and at quieted them.

It was Mrs. Chapman who had the worst time. She got so ngry during the night that she said she just could not stand and she made her husband open one of the tins of corned beef d give her some of it to eat. Of course, shortly afterward she s worse off than ever, her thirst having been aggravated. Soon e was, as Mr. Hardison phrased it, "howling for water to beat e band", but there was no water to be had all that miserable ght, made more miserable by the fact that everyone could hear early from below the roar of the Inambari River.

In the morning, Mr. Hardison sent an Indian out to anoth spring for water. He came back with some about ten o'clo and of course everybody then had a good drink and felt bett They did without breakfast, though, until they got to the botto of the mountain, a difficult descent over a trail that had to seen to be believed; two and one-half miles long, terrifying steep, and dotted with mud holes. They said that when M Moriarty came down it, every step he would put his hands on knees and groan. At the foot of the hill was a tambo with little garden around it, belonging to an Indian who raised co The party went into the tambo and built a fire, made coff and cooked a big kettle of pea soup which tasted wonderful.

Having had their meal and a rest, the party went down cross their first stream, a pretty good-sized one. The crossing w easily accomplished, however, if one had strong nerves. Spanni the stream was a heavy wire cable on which was a pulley with triangle. Whoever wanted to cross just sat in the triangle a was pulled across by ropes from the other side. About half a m farther on, the party crossed the Inambari River, which in the d season is ordinarily 120 feet wide, in the wet, up to 300 fe This crossing was accomplished without much difficulty. At t junction of the river and the creek up which lay the way to t mine was another tambo, around it a little clearing where so

ıms were growing, and a few banana trees. There the weary arty rested for several days, fortifying themselves for what was prove the worst lap of their journey. There was nothing to other them except a small daytime gnat which bit viciously, ausing a blood blister. The one good thing about him was that e always stayed put long enough to be killed. There were vampire ats about at night, but the party avoided danger from them by eeping in the tambo, which was made of pieces of palmetto ood up on end about two inches apart, too close together for ne vampires to get through. Heavy tropical vegetation surounded the little clearing; and swarms of enormous, incredibly eautiful yellow butterflies were flitting about.

It was a grim ordeal awaited the adult members of the party nce they left the tambo. The children were being carried by ndians. So high, so starkly precipitous were the canyon walls ordering the creek that the only possible "road" up stream was ne creek bed itself. The creek bottom was covered with shifting cones of assorted sizes, and the water was a raging torrent. Deep oles and great boulders necessitated frequent crossings (Mrs. Chapman counted one hundred and forty before she grew too red to count) from one side of the stream to the other, these ade possible for the women only when the men would go out nto the middle of the stream and stand with linked arms, the omen clutching one and then the other to avoid being swept own stream. The water, in some places not knee deep, was in thers waist deep. There were several little waterfalls which he party were forced to negotiate by means of impromptu ladrs. For six hours the party stumbled their way onward, fighting he current. Then, for the first and only time on the trip, Mrs. Hardison gave up. Completely exhausted, she sank down on a oulder and cried despairingly, "You'll have to go on without ne. I just can't go another step!"

"But Santo Domingo is just around the next bend," said ıer husband, bending over her, and patting her encouragingly.

She did not really believe him, for "just around the bend" ıad been his theme song of encouragement for the past hour. But somehow she managed to get to her feet again, and staggered on around the bend — and found that this time he had spoken he truth. There was the mining camp, at last. There, gleaming white on the hill, were the tents which for many months to come were to be their home. The party headed for them; had an alcohol

rub; put on dry clothes "from the inside out" (the ladies we thankful to discard the "bloomers" which they had worn as sul stitutes for skirts on the trip); went down to the camp dinin room where supper was waiting; then climbed slowly back u the hill; fell into bed—and slept— *and slept!*

Living accommodations at the mine were not luxurious, bu seemed at first adequate for comfort. There were Indian tambo and a two-story building constructed on the side of the hill, th first floor a place to sleep, the second a store. There was a tent pu up for the Chapmans. The Hardisons' quarters consisted of tw huts, the walls consisting of six-foot palmetto poles piled one o top of another, the roofs American canvas tents, over which ther was a thatched palmetto roof to act as a screen from the ligh The huts measured about ten by twelve feet, and were place end to end about three feet apart, with an alley way betweer In this alley way was a fireplace built out of mud, with a chimne made from oil cans. In course of time the cans came unsoldere and the smoke came out into the tent, so stoves made of shee iron were later substituted. It was always a task to keep the fire burning, as the wood was invariably green and wet. In one ten was a bed for the children, with mattress and blankets, and anothe for Mr. and Mrs. Hardison. (There were only blankets, n sheets.) This tent in which the family slept and ate boasted als a few crudely made native chairs, and an oil stove made of oi drums (later to be replaced by a Swedish oil stove in which the burned kerosene.) Mrs. Hardison used to cook the breakfast oat meal for the children on the oil stove. Tin plates and cups, and iro knives, forks, and spoons had been brought from home. Wha cooking utensils Mrs. Hardison had were of native earthenware The second tent was used as a storeroom and as a playroom fo the children. Usually the family had their meals down at the dinin room, four or five hundred feet below, at the elevation of the mill There were two or three white men at the mill—Austrians, Chil eans, Germans, and Peruvians — and there were from fifty t a hundred Indians to do the packing and the rough work. The cool was a Frenchman. Clothes had to be washed in the creek, th washing usually being done by Indians.

No, life at Santo Domingo was not precisely luxurious Through the evenings and the dark winter days their lighting came from oil lamps and candles, and every once in a while sup plies of oil and candles failed to arrive and the family had to spend

e evenings in the dark. Food was always a problem. For a ngthy period the only meat available was boiled or roasted *alona* (dried sheep) which frequently was so long in transit that arrived crawling with maggots. On one occasion Mr. Moriarty t tired of being without meat, so he put a gun into Paul Youngng's hands and told him to go hunting. The next day the camp d fresh meat for dinner. Mrs. Hardison did not find her meal stasteful, and it was not until evening that she learned from Mrs. apman that their entree had been monkey. She admitted she lt pretty sick then, but she managed, as usual, to conceal her elings. Much later, arrangements were made to drive in beef cat- to be butchered at the camp. Another early staple of diet was *uño* (dried potatoes). Having once seen the Indians' technique tossing the brown lumps into hot water, then biting off bits the edges softened, and dropping them into a pot to cook, Mrs. ardison was never able to stomach *chuño!* At first, flour, sugar, d rice were brought to the mine in sacks, and would almost inriably get wet en route and arrive mouldy. Then, after some onths, the packaging was changed, and various food staples were ipped in tins. There was still a problem, though: From rough andling in transit the cans were frequently punctured, and even e tiniest puncture permitted ants to enter and get to work on e contents. Vegetables were almost entirely lacking, except for ams. Fresh fruit, except for an occasional pineapple or banana, as also missing. The only milk they had was canned. Butter was scarce commodity, but native butter did occasionally make its ppearance. Native bread (like hard rolls) used to be brought in, d crackers made in Lima. Great indeed was the rejoicing in anto Domingo when there arrived a box of dried fruits, or nuts, r cake or honey from home. Many boxes were sent, but few rrived. The mail service was execrable. No one ever knew when mail was going out or when one might arrive. Mrs. Hardison sed always to try to write letters ahead, so that she might have em ready to send at little more than a moment's notice. The nonrrival of letters and packages from home which they were told ad been despatched soon became an old story, but none the more leasant for that. The Christmas of 1896 was a bitterly disappointng one. That Christmas packages should be arriving, they knew rom letters. Mr. Charles Brown had been on a trip outside and vas expected to return shortly and bring the Christmas mail with im. Mrs. Hardison's December and January letters to her parents how how eagerly, for once, (she never allowed herself to be too

hopeful, as a rule, about anything at Santo Domingo) she w looking forward to Christmas tokens from home. Alas! No ma reached the camp until January 1, and then there was nothing it for the Hardisons except a couple of issues of the "Chronicle

INDIAN TAMBOS

The climate was certainly designed to dampen a visitor's en thusiasm. Every day some rain fell. Rare days rain fell but briefl and then the sun came out to brighten the camp, but many day there was no sun at all. The site was so damp it was a constan struggle to preserve clothes, woollen articles, and food from mi dewing. In several letters Mrs. Hardison commented that for th first time in her life she was glad she had no good clothes, as would mean so much work to preserve them from damage. Durin the "rainy season" they experienced torrential rains for week at a time. Five or six inches of rain would fall in as many hour Even during the so-called fine weather season there were man cloudbursts which could cause major damage to the Santo Do mingo trails.

Another distressingly regular feature of the locality was land slides: their long-drawn-out roar came to be a familiar sound Fortunately they usually seemed to occur on the side of th mountain opposite to the camp. Terrific thunderstorms were regular occurrence, the narrow canyon prolonging for moment at a time the terrifying roar of the thunder, the whole worl seeming to be swallowed up in sound. On January 9th, 1897 Mrs. Hardison wrote to her parents: "It is so dark thi

orning I can scarcely see anything — and it is raining very rd, thunders, too — sometimes when it thunders it seems as ough it is a continual roll and crash for more than a minute. I ieve I like to hear it thunder, though. The lightning never ikes around here, so I do not feel afraid. It seems to be on the os of the mountains. Last night there was a slide on the moun-in opposite us. I thought the whole mountain was falling, and pected to see a slide at least twenty or thirty feet wide, but I t disappointed this morning when I looked out and saw that seemed not over five feet (Allie says it is ten, but it doesn't ok it from here.) It was started from the top of the mountain bout 800 feet) so you may know it made up in length, anyway."

Although Mrs. Hardison complained of the damp bitter cold winter and the moist enervating heat of summer, she took ese in her stride. The insect life about the camp she found it rder to take. "There are all kinds of bugs and flies," she said, never saw so many bugs." Ants, particularly, were a problem. ney seemed to be everywhere. Rigid precautions had to be taken preserve the food at camp. The worst of the ants was a small own one, just about a third of an inch long, with formidable ncers. He would crawl up a leg, put his pincers together, and ke out the flesh! To be seen on the flat land by the river were e small black ants that travel by the millions in a stream a foot eighteen inches wide, as a rule carrying on their backs a leaf ld vertical.

In the neighborhood there were scorpions, centipedes, utterly ntastic spiders large and small, and tarantulas, but these did t ordinarily frequent the camp site. There were snakes, too, in e neighborhood, of both harmless and poisonous varieties; but rtunately, they, too, rather shunned the deep canyon clearings. n occasional deer, an occasional monkey let itself be seen. Mr. ardison met a whole tribe of monkeys once on a hill trail. An ndian who worked in the mine one day saw a jaguar. But of otential danger from the various jungle inhabitants Cora Hardi-on recked not at all. She wrote to her mother-in-law on February 3th, 1897: "I have seen but one or two snakes since we came here - and the Indians go about all the time bare-footed and I never eard of one of them being bitten by a snake. There are all kinds f bugs and flies — I never saw so many different kinds of bugs - and the most beautiful butterflies. There are very few birds, nd no wild animals that I know of. Although one man saw a

monkey and another saw a tiger — we have not seen any ye Mrs. Chapman is not quite as nervous about snakes as she wa at first. She is very busy all the time — she is doing more than tw book-keepers would think they ought to do in the United Stat . . . Lowell no doubt has written you that my father has bee quite sick — and I have no doubt sicker than they have writte us—but the last letter we had from him he wrote and said he wa feeling much better. I hope he will be alright. Helen remembe them all and if she had been six months older she would be terribl homesick. As it is, she gets pretty lonesome."

In one of her letters Mrs. Hardison had mentioned to he mother-in-law that it was necessary for her husband to make tri now and then down to the Oroya (on the Inambari) and be awa two or three days at a time. Her mother-in-law was horrified the idea of Cora's being alone at night in the jungle with th children. In answer to her questions, her intrepid daughter replie "You ask if I stayed alone in our tent. Yes, why not? There nothing to be afraid of here."

On December 4, 1896, the third Hardison baby made his a pearance, a boy who was christened "Ernest Crane Hardison but who all his life was to be known as "Domingo" Hardison. H was sturdy and independent right from the start, bringing himse into the world with such despatch that he had already arrive before his father, hastily summoned from the mill, could rea the tent. Mrs. Hardison soon rallied from her weakness, and on more, on fine days, went out with the children to get some fres air. Their expeditions had always been limited to quiet strol along those paths which were not too steep; but now, as she ha to carry the baby, their range was even more limited. Cora Hard son wrote to her niece: "Lucy, if you saw me carrying the bab and Warren and Helen trotting behind, you would think I wa an old 'squaw'. For that is the way I gather most of my ferns an flowers. Sometimes Allie stays with the baby — when he is aslee —and he is writing. Helen and Warren think it great fun to g out for a 'walk' Helen says. The other day we were up towar the mine and gathered quite a bouquet of wild violets, found few ferns — not enough to mention, though, for we have ha ten days without a drop of rain and the ferns were all dried u But just think of it! Ten days without a drop of rain! I nev expected to see such a long dry spell in Santo Domingo! Th consequence is the creek is very low — too low to run the stam

ll. But tonight, June 11, it is raining. Last month while it ined all the time, day and night, it didn't rain hard enough to rise the creek or wash things off in good shape. As I was going tell you, the most common wild flower here is the begonia. It a very delicate flower at home — never cultivated outside of the t house. The two petals are delicate pink, perhaps it would be lled a flesh color, with a yellow center. The leaves are dark glossy een, red underneath, shaped like angel wings."

Being always accompanied by at least two children, Cora Harson did not get very far along with her project of collecting rns, even although she was in a fern-collector's paradise exhibing every imaginable variety from the tiny maiden hair to giant ee ferns. Mosses were plentiful: deep velvety mosses, green, own, and red. She collected some of these. The amazing variy and beauty of the jungle foliage held her fascinated. She arted a collection of brilliantly hued and oddly shaped leaves, and nt some home in her letters. In the neighborhood of the Oroya, here the vegetation becomes really tropical and luxuriant, for any months of the year the Santo Domingo trail is gay with myrd-colored blooms: at different seasons showing a carpet of rosy ngel wing begonias, heavy clusters of beautiful fuchsias, masses f bleeding hearts, dark red amaryllis, blue lupin, harebells, pink nd white and blue Canterbury bells, Madonna lilies, gorgeous ee orchids, larkspur, colored phlox, petunias, violets, and ladyippers — to mention just a few. It was too bad that Cora Hardion, who so dearly loved flowers, and who, when she got back to vilization, used to save up her money to buy bulbs for her garden, ever had a chance to know this riot of color and fragrance.

Of the thousands of rare and beautiful birds hidden in the eighboring jungle, she likewise knew nothing; the only evidence he ever had of their existence being an occasional burst of song

or an iridescent feather lying on the narrow trail. She commente in one letter that there were not many birds about, but in anothe enclosed five fluffy grey feathers tipped with vivid green or red feathers from a queztal or one of his cousins.*

Gorgeous butterflies were about in amazing profusion. Mr Hardison speaks of their dazzling beauty and variety. There wer great iridescent ones, blue and gold, the size of a man's hand; hug yellow ones; small silvery ones; some which resembled floatin bits of black lace; tiny dark purple ones; and in-between sizes o brown, green, orange yellow, and blue — many with "brocade wings of contrasting colors.

Life at the camp soon fell into a more or less routine patterr There was plenty to do to keep everyone busy. Mrs. Hardiso pretty well had her hands full with the children and domesti concerns. When the oil stove provided for the tent proved un satisfactory (Fuel was sometimes lacking, even before the stov came unsoldered) an ingenious man at the camp made her stove constructed on the principle of the air-tight heater, fror oil cans; later adding an extra can to serve as an oven, which en abled Mrs. Hardison to do a little baking (when she could roun up the necessary ingredients). As at first all food served at th camp dining room was either fried or boiled, the family relishe something baked, for a change.

Mrs. Chapman on the very first day was plunged into a mae strom of work; and continued all the time she remained at cam to "do the work of two men" as a bookkeeper. She proved ex ceedingly competent, in spite of currency difficulties. Bolivianc were the medium of exchange. Carrying in enough silver mone posed a problem. Up to 2,500 bolivianos might be brought in a a time, and Mrs. Chapman at the receiving end was responsibl for counting this. She would count her money only once, yet a the end of the balancing she was never more than five or ten dollar out. Finally, under Mr. Hardison's period of management, th Inca Mining Company issued token paper money, about $20,00 worth, to save this packing in of silver for one hundred and fift miles.

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* My grateful thanks to Dr. Alden Miller of the University of California, who h identified the bird as a member of the Trogon group, either *Pharomacrus mocino* (tl quetzal) or *Pharomacrus pavoninas.*

Mr. Chapman took over the duties of store-keeper. Chester own, part of the time, was in charge of transportation: bringing supplies of food, mining tools and equipment; shipping the ld brought out of the mine. It was a thankless job, as the higher- s were very slow to realize the difficulties attendant on shipping South America. W. L. Hardison would order generous supplies rice, flour, sugar, peas, beans, canned milk, *chuño, chalona,* d various kinds of supplementary tinned goods; yet it might weeks, even months, before they would be delivered at the obe railway shed. Once there, they would be packed on mule- ck and Indian back and sent off; but even so the food problem s by no means solved: staples not packed in tins were almost rtain to get wet in transit and arrive mouldy, even crawling; and en when packed in tins might suffer minute punctures which uld give ants access to the contents. A torrential rain or a land- de (both everyday occurrences) might so damage the trail that pack train would be held up for days. On one occasion W. L. ardison ordered about 200 dozen eggs to go in to the mine; and ade arrangements (he thought!) for them to go in quickly. e did not, however, make sufficient allowance for the Peruvian mperament. The eggs remained for six weeks in Tirapata, and ere on the road three weeks more. He ordered twenty-one beef ttle to be sent in to the mine. The camp received due notice of eir coming; but on the appointed day only *one* animal arrived, e rest being left at the Oroya. Why? No one ever knew the nswer to that one.

Mr. A. C. Hardison had been sent to the mine to serve as ssistant Manager and Assistant Engineer. He set to work at nce surveying the Company's property and laying out much- eeded new trails in the vicinity of the mine. The mine was located ,700 feet up the Santo Domingo Creek above the mill, and the hole countryside around was incredibly steep. Cora Hardison mmented, shortly after her arrival: "It is impossible to travel ere after dark. You might just as well lie down and make up our mind to stay all night, or run the risk of breaking your neck. llie went down to the Creek the other day to do some work on he trail, and darkness overtook them and they stayed out on he hill all night, *within a few hundred yards of the camp,* and it as raining, too! He didn't tell me whether he enjoyed it or not." Miners' tools, dynamite, dynamite fuses and caps had to be or- lered from Lima or New York, and it could take three months o get them, because of shipping and local transportation delays.

Machinery for the new mill, heavy bulky equipment weighin ten tons, posed an unanswerable problem at the outset. A ste shaft ten feet long, weighing perhaps 400 pounds, was impossibl to transport on mule-back, over the existing narrow precipitou trails. The only way to widen the canyon trail was to blast throug solid rock. The blasting process would in turn require dynamit caps and fuses, tools, and labor. There was always a shortage o at least some one of these. In Peru, "land of mañana", it alway took at least four times as long to get anything done as it di in the United States. The operators of the mine learned this t their cost.

During the ninety-day option period which followed the pu chase of the mine by W. L. Hardison from Señors Velasco an Estrada, these gentlemen had apparently been making an earnes effort to "clean out" the mine. Extremely rich leads had been dis covered in two of the tunnels, and they worked these with franti eagerness, failing to timber the tunnels properly as they pro gressed, which neglect was to be responsible for "cave-ins" whic later held up the Inca Mining Company production. They suc ceeded in taking out a goodly sum.

Under the Inca Mining Company, production was madder ingly slow. It took over a year and a half to set up the new mi with heavy machinery which W. L. Hardison (blind to shippin inertia, impassable roads, and shortage of labor) had confidentl expected to have operating within three months. "Cave-ins blocking several of the old mine tunnels, it became necessary t start new tunnels. A labor shortage then made itself distressingl evident. For lack of something better, the newcomers were force to make use of what machinery there was to hand. Velasco an Estrada had installed a small 450 pound stamp mill activated b water power, the stamps dropping 16 times a minute, which mad rather slow crushing. (Before being fed to the mill, the ore wa broken into small pieces by hand.) The gold settled to the botto of the mortar-box and was recovered in wooden "bateas" by In dians. Then that part which passed through the screen was passe over riffles in a flume, and more gold was recovered. The gold wa then put into sacks or skins and packed out to Arequipa.

Within a year, an assay office was built, about four hundre feet from the mill. The gold was then melted into bars; afte which it was carried on men's backs for three days; then tran ported on mule-back about seventy-five miles; then sent by trai

Arequipa; and from there shipped to Swansea, England — all all, a pretty long and arduous journey! Gold was not shipped ry often. Two or three Indians would carry it to the pack train. ne man could carry up to fifty pounds of gold (about $15,000 orth). As gold is a very mean thing to pack, it being so heavy will go through any bag or valise, for transportation a bar would put in the middle of a long narrow box with cleats in the mid-e, the gold bar between the cleats. In time the Company changed eir method of milling; put in riffles and blanket strakes (running ater over blankets); and shipped "concentrate" (this running high as $10,000 a ton) for treatment.

Hold-ups were not unknown. One of the hazards of going to business in a foreign country is having to pick up employees f whose background you know nothing. The Inca Mining Com-any had for a time in its employ two Americans one of whom as a member of a blackjack gang in Arizona. This fellow and is companion worked in the mine long enough to familiarize emselves with its procedures; then, one night after a shipment f some 2,500 bolivianos (value about $1,000) had been brought for the payroll, they held up the cashier of the mine, at a time hen he was peacefully playing checkers with the storekeeper. hy helped themselves to the 2,500 bolivianos and what food upplies they thought they might need. Then, marching the two ompany employees about half a mile down the trail, they stopped nd had a meal there, afterward sending the two men back un-armed. Next thing, they cut the telephone wires, and climbed the rush slopes to a point where they had established a camp, from hich point they had a good view of the trail both up and down he creek for a considerable distance. They had somehow learned hat a large gold shipment was about to be sent out of the mine. Discovering the telephone wires to be cut, the commander of a group of Peruvian soldiers who had already been detailed to escort he shipment "outside" informed the mine officials that he sus-ected an ambush.

Mr. Hardison armed a number of his men and stationed them t key points. He also offered a reward for the capture of the obbers. A German miner volunteered to track them, with the help of six Indians; and he did succeed in discovering the two men, hiding behind a rock. They fired at him, however, and he fled, throwing down his rifle. One of the Indians picked up the gun and shot at the robbers. They promptly returned fire, killing one

Indian and wounding another. The only means of escape bein the trail along which the party from the mine had come, Mı Hardison stationed Indians along every 150 feet, and though he had the robbers bottled up for sure. But the weather-god playe him a mean trick: suddenly a dense fog-cloud rolled into the can yon, so dense that one could not see ten feet. Under cover of thi fog the two men managed to creep between two of the sentrie and make their escape into Bolivia. Neither they nor the 2,50 bolivianos were again seen in the vicinity of Santo Domingo Mine

About the middle of August, 1897, the Chapmans left Sant Domingo, to return to the United States. Mrs. Hardison ha come with the understanding that if she so desired, she might re turn home at the end of the year. She stayed a year and a half At that time another baby was on the way, she was feeling ver unwell, and she was also worried about little Helen's health. To ward the end of November, 1897, then, she left South America Mr. A. C. Hardison accompanying the party to Lima. Mrs Hardison went first to Santa Paula to spend some time with he parents. There baby Ruth was born. Some time later, Mrs. Hardi son and the children made a trip back to Maine, to visit Mı Hardison's people.

Mr. Hardison's responsibilities did not permit him to leav Santo Domingo as soon as he would have liked to do, though h was exceedingly lonely without his family, and increasingly dis tressed by mismanagement in the mine. He made a few trips ou of the mine, at various times, to see if he could get on the trai of any valuable ore-bearing property on his own; but withou success. In 1898, when he was in Cuzco he was, he said, besiege by people who wanted him to visit this and that, and put up mone for all sorts of wild schemes. One man said he knew of a tunne extending clear through underneath the city of Lima. He wante Mr. Hardison to finance excavating it. Another man claimed t know the whereabouts of a large quantity of buried Inca gold He wanted Mr. Hardison to pay for digging it up. Mr. Hardiso offered him a pick and shovel and suggested he go and uncove it himself. Some Indians came to him and told him they had com across the ruins of a buried city on a mountain top several days journey down the river. They wanted to take him there. Un fortunately Mr. Hardison didn't take any stock in that offe either. It was not until 1946 that he was to have his first glimps of fabulous Macchu Picchu!

A good many million dollars in gold was taken out of the Santo Domingo Mine while the Inca Mining Company operated it but the stockholders saw relatively little of this. Progress and profits were so unsatisfactory that in 1914 the mine was sold. It was taken over by Senator Emery, who spent immense sums on it among other things constructing a hydro-electric plant. After his death in 1925 the mine was closed down. In 1928 it was bought by Clarence Woods, a mining engineer who had had considerable experience in South America, and who learned how best to treat the concentrates. He bought the mine for a song, and eventually made a fortune out of it.

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Returning to the United States in 1901, A. C. Hardison went to Arizona for a year as Manager of the Gladiator Mine. From 1902 to 1904 he carried on a private engineering practice which took him hither and yon. Then for three years he was in Kansas and Indian Territory engaged in the oil business, and for the first time in years actually living with his family.

In 1907 the Hardison family moved to Santa Paula, where Mr. Hardison took on the duties of Vice-President of the Santa Paula Water Works, and in years following had considerable to do with directing orchard irrigation and citrus planting in the

valley. He had been one of the original incorporators and a original Director of the great Limoneira Ranch, which was ir corporated for $1 million on March 4, 1893, by Mr. Hardison uncle, Wallace L. Hardison, and Nathan W. Blanchard; an he had laid out the original Limoneira for planting orange an lemon trees. At that time 300 of the 412 acres were planted t lemons and 90 to Valencia oranges. Later, walnuts were plante but the last of these disappeared in 1937, when Ventura Count bowed out as one of the world's top walnut producing areas. Th ranch later grew to 2,800 acres. It now, in 1963, comprises 2,32 acres: 889 acres in lemons, 500 acres in Valencia oranges, 90 acre in avocados, 279 acres in other cultivated crops, and 562 acres i roads, buildings and pastures. From 1917 to 1950 A. C. Hardiso was the Limoneira's Vice-President; from 1950 to 1954 its Pres dent. In 1907 he was made Vice-President of the Thermal Be Mutual Water Company. It had originally been the idea of W. I Hardison, as the Limoneira needed water, to get irrigation fro Santa Paula Creek, bringing the water down into the valley alon the foothills, so that it could be used in the valley. The Therm Belt Mutual Water Company was formed to do this; and pip line was laid on to the Limoneira. Between the Limoneira an Santa Paula there was, however, quite an area, and the questio came up as to whether the growers in that part of the valley shoul buy into the irrigation company. It was difficult for them to g water. Mr. Thille, Sr., for example, who bought land in that are tried three times to get suitable well water; then finally he ga up the idea and bought into the company. In 1914 A. C. Hard son became President of the San Cayetano Mutual Water Con pany, which was at that time developing water for 250 acres c citrus land near Santa Paula. Incidentally, as a Director of t Limoneira and an official of the Farmers' Irrigation Compan the Thermal Belt Mutual Water Company, the Santa Pau Water Works, Inc., and the San Cayetano Mutual Water Con pany, he was tremendously interested in the development an preservation of the water resources of Ventura County. He w one of those who successfully opposed the attempt to divert t waters of Piru Creek for the use of Los Angeles County.

In 1912 A. C. Hardison took on the duties of Vice-Presider and Manager of the Hardison Ranch Company, which he inco porated and for which his brother Waldo furnished much of t capital. The ranch is largely a "family" operation, and "A.C. was largely instrumental in developing it. The ranch now con

ises approximately 300 acres of agricultural land, and grows anges, lemons, and avocados. In 1948 Mr. Hardison became resident, and continued as Manager.

In 1913 Mr. Hardison was made a Director of the Santa aula Citrus Fruit Association, of which from 1922 to 1951 he as Vice-President, and from 1951 to 1958 President. From 14-36 he was a Director of the Mupu Citrus Association, which this time grew to be one of the large orange-packing associations California; and from 1915-36 he was its Vice-President. He as also active in organizing the California Lima Bean Growers ssociation.

From 1914 to 1917 A. C. Hardison was Chairman of the Comittee on Highways for Ventura County. As he was the only ember of the Committee who had training as an engineer, he lt a great responsibility resting on his shoulders. The State of alifornia had an experimental half-mile of track with half a zen different kinds of paving (concrete, asphalt, warrenite, c.), there being tunnels underneath with instruments to record e vibration when cars and loaded trucks passed at various speeds. r. Hardison made a point of being there one day when the gineer was taking observations; and spent the entire day helping m. It was a result of his personal investigation that Ventura ounty built during his term of office 101 miles of concrete highay, at a cost of about $1,250,000.

In 1922, because of his extensive agricultural experience, the hamber of Commerce in Los Angeles suggested to President olidge that A. C. Hardison would be an ideal man to succeed eneral Leonard Wood as Governor of the Philippines. The hilippine Society and some very prominent men from the Philipnes urged the appointment on the President. Mr. Hardison's vn comment was: "There was quite a bit of agitation about it, it I never had any hopes of being nominated. Such an appointent was bound to be political, and I never played politics. I was ad that so many prominent men thought I was worthy of the nor; but on the other hand I certainly didn't want to live in anila — too low and hot and muggy! Besides, Mrs. Hardison id that nothing would induce her to cross the Pacific until they ilt a bridge!"

A. C. Hardison was for thirty-seven years (1920-1957) a irector, and for twenty-one years a Vice-President of the Ex-

change Lemon Products Company (an affiliate of Sunkist Gro ers, Inc.). When the products plants of the lemon growers a the orange growers were taken over by Sunkist, "A.C." retir from office. The Exchange was concerned with finding out wh products from lemons would make money, and what produc made from lemons would be of use to humanity. It carried on extensive research program, largely under "A.C.'s" direction. H was always a forward thinker, always concerned with matters a constructive nature. The Exchange removed the oil from lem rind and refined the oils; removed the juice from lemons; w interested in the use of peel for livestock food; in the producti of pectin from peel; and in the making of bioflavinoids (a for of pectin) in tablet form for health purposes. The Company pr cessed all of the lemons grown by members of the Exchange whi were not sold on the fresh fruit market. From 1925 to 1957 "A.C was a Member of the Executive Committee of Exchange Lem Products Orange Company and Exchange Products Lem Company.

With quarantine and pest control legislation in Californi A. C. Hardison had a great deal to do — as much, in fact, any man in the State. About 1881, when California came to fe she needed this control, legislation was enacted setting up an Ag cultural Commissioner for the State, and also a County Commi sioner for each County; so that basic pest control and plant qua antine laws were carried out by two agencies: by County and Sta separately. Unfortunately, as State and County laws were n in harmony, County and State officials were at each other's throa for years. Two things definitely were needed: the supervision each County by a State official; and the appointment of Coun Commissioners who really understood something about agric ture. Previous to 1923 such appointments had been largely poli cal. After that candidates were required to pass a prelimina examination. About 1912 the fifty-two County Agricultural Co missioners formed a voluntary State organization and began me ing regularly. It was around 1920 that A. C. Hardison beg attending these meetings, and giving the Commissioners the ben fit of his valuable practical experience. Said Harold J. Rya former Agricultural Commissioner for Los Angeles County: " was an inspiration to State and County plant quarantine and pe control enforcement officers to have him present at their confe ences, paying attention to what was going on. His only intere was that of a farmer and citizen whose property was affected

tion taken and whose taxes were paying for the work. Too often, e farmer does not find time to sit in on the deliberations of iblic officials, but Dr. Hardison always did find time." A. C. Iardison was, incidentally, the first "non-official" whom the Cali-rnia State Association of County Agricultural Commissioners ected to Honorary Life-Membership, a special honor conferred 1929 "in recognition of signal service to agriculture and con-ructive help in the field of plant pest quarantine."

Ventura County and Los Angeles County were leaders in ressing for legislation and working policies to be followed by the gricultural Commissioners and the Director of Agriculture to rotect the citrus industry. A. C. Hardison was one of the men istrumental in forming the Ventura County Citrus Protective eague, and its President from 1922 to 1949. It was he who origi-ated the "thirds" idea, in which the owner of the property was ade to feel some responsibility: the grower to pay one-third, the ssociation of which he was a member to pay one-third, and the ssociation county-wide to pay one-third. A. C. Hardison later dvocated this idea on the State level: the landowner paying one-ird of the cost of controlling pests, the County one-third of the sts, and the State paying the remaining third. It was A. C. Iardison in person who persuaded the State Director of Agricul-ire that the State should pay its share.

The Ventura County Citrus Protective League were quite ilitant in their insistence that importations be free of injurious ests; that suspicious imports be fumigated before they were rought into the County. Nursery men did not care whether their oods were clean or not. On more than one occasion Ventura ounty Commissioners halted the entry of goods, demanding that rees, shrubs, etc., be fumigated; once even taking a case before he local Superior Court and winning it! Actually, of course, (by he statute of 1925) no County had authority to establish quaran-ine against another without the written consent of the Director f Agriculture, but in this case the day was saved for Ventura ounty officials by an expert's testifying that he found red scale n the trees which were under suspicion.

Ventura County carried out a most successful eradication pro-gram against pests. The growers themselves did this, with "A.C." s the "punch man" keeping them in line; did it with their own nen and their own money against resistant pests such as red scale nd purple scale of citrus; and thereby without question saved

the County hundreds of thousands of dollars. This was an ex tremely important project, the only one ever carried out in thi fashion by a grower organization. They had two organizations actually: the Santa Paula Citrus Fruit Association to handle th fruit, and the Ventura County Citrus Protective League to comba resistant pests (this latter a voluntary unincorporated associatio with no assets.) The League is still functioning in Ventur County up to the boundary of Fillmore (which withdrew in 192 and is now said to be sorry!). Ventura County's "integrated pes control" (a joint control of citrus pests by the application o chemicals in conjunction with a planned biological program) ha been the envy of other counties and States. The first agent, th Associates Insectary in Santa Paula (started in 1928), is respon sible for the biological control by predators and parasites over million bearing citrus trees on about 10,000 acres, the propert of some 300 individual growers, members of nine grower-shippe organizations. The Insectary releases annually about 25 millio speciments of cryptolaemus (the Australian ladybird beetle) an over 40 million leptomastix parasites on the members' orchards for the control of the citrus mealy bug; this being supplemente by a carefully chosen spray program in which what are considere to be the least toxic or repellant materials available are employed The second agent, Jones and Dodds, Inc., (owned by a group o growers and large shippers) does the occasional spot fumigatio still felt necessary, of trees infested by such pests as red scale an purple scale.

Ventura County led the way, too, in a campaign agains ground squirrels. About the time of World War I they were foun to be destroying food needed for sheep and cattle raising, and th County started cleaning them up. Bubonic plague had showed u on a small scale at times, here and there in Los Angeles. In 192 there were thirty deaths in one section. Authorities there discovere that ground squirrels were transmitting the plague. They fre quented dumps to which rats came, and rat fleas were getting on t them. A wide control program was then started on groun squirrels.

The State and Federal quarantine and pest control situation i many ways parallels the County picture. California was the firs State to set up quarantines. In 1919 the Director of Agricultur (Mr. Hecke) invited the eleven Western States to attend meeting to discuss the formation of a Western Plant and Quaran tine Board.

Upon the death of G. H. Powell in 1922, the Governor of alifornia appointed A. C. Hardison his successor as Chairman f the California State Commission of Seven on Agricultural ducation. The Commission had been appointed because following Vorld War I the farmers of California had become increasingly issatisfied with the way the State had supported the State epartment of Agriculture and the College of Agriculture of the niversity of California. Many young men were leaving the State, oing away to Cornell or Iowa or Oregon for an agricultural edu-ation. There were complaints because the University was trying to uild its College of Agriculture at Berkeley. In early days when e main concerns of agriculture were animal husbandry and food, have the College of Agriculture at Berkeley had been quite atisfactory: but California was beginning to develop highly pecialized fruit, nut, citrus and vegetable crops, and Berkeley was ot a good place to teach such production. There were complaints hat the College of Agriculture was not practical enough; that it as being dominated by the academic group. The Grange wanted separate the College of Agriculture from the University ntirely; to move it out into the country and have it under their ontrol, a sort of "trade school".

The Commission on Agricultural Education made an extensive our of the agricultural colleges through the east and middle estern States, even going up into British Columbia, personally nvestigating the general problems attendant on agricultural ducation. Findings in state after state favored keeping the Agri-ultural College as part of the University. States which had eparated their Agricultural Colleges were found to regret the nove. The Commission so reported. Also they recommended that he State do better in the way of equipping and supporting their College of Agriculture. It was directly as a result of their report hat the State of California began to develop its educational work n agriculture on a proper basis. In the South experimental stations vere set up: in Whittier, and then in Riverside. In the North, the niversity Farm was set up at Davis. One and all, the men who vere on the State Commission on Agricultural Education paid ubsequent tribute to Mr. Hardison's thoroughness and good udgment.

A. C. Hardison was for eleven years, from 1929 to 1939, Vice-Chairman of the State Board of Agriculture, the members of which were appointed by the Governor. Though the Board had no

particular authority, they actually had an extraordinary amount o influence; for though they could give no orders, their recommenda tions were potent. Governors would usually, either directly o indirectly, want a recommendation from them in connection wit appointing a Director of Agriculture. They were quite unrestric ted in their activities, and had a finger in a great many pies. On on occasion, a financial group desired to sell to the State for $ million an artificial island in San Francisco Bay and have it erec there a refrigeration plant and cold storage house for the shipmen of products from the San Joaquin Valley and the Sacrament Valley. The Board did not approve of this; but as usual thei method of attack was indirect. In this case they recommended tha the University of California research experts make a survey of th project. The results of this survey were as unfavorable as the expected. They placed them before the Governor, at the same tim making an alternative recommendation. The San Francisc Harbor Committee had some time before built a concrete building with wharfage on one side and a road by which trucks coul approach on the other. The Board recommended that the Stat spend about $200,000 fitting up this building as a pilot storag plant. The State did not buy the island, and the taxpayers wer thereby saved a lot of money. On another memorable occasion th Board were directly responsible for the Governor's summaril dismissing a Director of Agriculture whom the Board found t be unwisely dismissing the good men in his Department to replac them with appointees of his own; whom they considered to b seeking to build up in the Department of Agriculture a politica organization to support his party. At the time A. C. Hardison wa a member of the State Board of Agriculture, that body made great contribution to California agriculture. They were respon sible for strengthening and developing the Department o Agriculture, and protecting it from political intervention; thu enabling the Director of Agriculture and his staff to settle dow to a solid program of serving California's needs.

A. C. Hardison's years of work with the Farm Bureaus wer of outstanding significance. The Farm Bureau was originally a educational organization sponsored by the University of Cali fornia and the U. S. Department of Agriculture, to bring t farmers and their wives the newest scientific developments whic could pertain to agriculture and rural life. County Farm Bureau were started, with at least one Farm Adviser to each County When the Farm Bureau was first organized in Ventura County

.. C. Hardison was interested, and right from the first took an ctive part. Thus he can truly be said to have the Farm Bureau ewpoint, in addition to having had many years' experience as ırmer and as business man. In the latter connection it may be oted that he was for many years a Director of the First National ank, and of the Santa Paula Building and Loan Association. He as one of the men responsible for the success and direction taken y one of our nation's most outstanding cooperative marketing ·ganizations, the Sunkist Growers. Limoneira, of which he was resident, became one of the early members of the Cooperative, at time when support from large marketers was a necessity for its ırvival.

From 1922 to 1924 A. C. Hardison was President of the alifornia Farm Bureau Federation, which was then in the process f educating the farmer to cooperation in the handling of his roducts, a slow and difficult process. He was one of the very early dvocates of cooperative marketing in California. He also rongly and successfully opposed a direct Federal subsidy in the trus industry. And he had very definite convictions that only men ho understood farm issues and had had experience in that field ıould be appointed to agricultural office. His opinions carried reat weight. For example, the recommendations of the Limoneira irectors for the appointment of the County Agricultural Comıissioner were usually accepted. "A. C." did the recommending, nd always stood out for the appointment of a good man. All his fe "A. C." favored the personal approach, and was a believer in ersonal investigation of any issue which arose.

As President of the California Farm Bureau he always pposed any attempts to make the Farm Bureau a tool of outside ıterests. At the time of his election the Santa Fe Railroad and ıe Southern Pacific were both seeking to get control of the entral Pacific. The Santa Fe tried to get California Farm ureau backing to arouse public sentiment in its favor. A. C. Iardison refused to give this, however. Sentiment then in the ountry was strongly in favor of forcing the Farm Bureaus (at oth State and National levels) into politics. Politicians in the ountry made vigorous bids for Farm Bureau support. At the me when Henry Ford wanted to take over Muscle Shoals Dam, representative even came to California to interview A. C. Iardison to ask for Farm Bureau support to the scheme. Needess to say, it was refused.

From 1924 to 1926 A. C. Hardison was a Director of th American Farm Bureau Federation, and from 1924 to 1926 wa on the Executive Committee. In 1925 he was appointed to th Agricultural Committee of the Los Angeles Chamber of Com merce, of which group he proved a singularly effective member being in a position to give valuable advice concerning most of th policies which came up for discussion. From 1934 to 1941 he wa a Director of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce Agricultural Com mittee, of which Committee he had been a member since 1929. Hi work at this level was characterized by the same shrewdness, far sightedness, and single-minded devotion to the public good whic had distinguished it at the County and State levels.

For five or six years, by virtue of offices held, A. C. Hardiso was unofficial Chairman of the Agricultural Legislative Com mittee, consisting of five or six men chosen to represent th Grange, the Farmer's Union, the Farm Bureau, the Coopera tives, and the Chamber of Commerce. This Agricultural Legis lative Committee was one of the most important agricultura bodies in the State. It succeeded in bringing together the coopera tives and the other agricultural organizations; and its task was t analyze bills to be brought before the Legislature and pass upo them: bills, that is, affecting agriculture in the State of Californi It reviewed all agricultural legislation from start to finish, fro the point of view of agriculture and of the State; used, amon other things, to go over carefully the agricultural part of th University budget. All major problems affecting agriculture cam before it. Bills unanimously approved by this Committee an presented to the Legislature with such a recommendation we almost invariably passed.

In 1930, as a tribute to the magnificent work he had done i the field of agriculture, A. C. Hardison was awarded an Honorar LL.D. by his alma mater, the University of Maine. On Novembe 11, 1948, a second honor came his way, when, as a token of the appreciation of his distinguished record of more than sixty-seve years of service to the cause of agriculture, agricultural coopera tives, and farm organization in Ventura County, the State, an the Nation, the California Farm Bureau made him the recipie of the highest honor which they could pay: the Distinguishe Service award. The gold medal was presented to him at the Annu Convention of the California Farm Bureau in San Jose, on whic occasion the local press referred to him as Ventura's "seni statesman for agriculture".

As might be expected, A. C. Hardison was an honored member of the significant and highly select "Andreas Canyon Group". Dr. George P. Clements was the founder of this Group. He began about 1929 inviting people to come down. The Group, which consisted of university people, farmers, and State and County agriculture officials, began meeting once a year, usually on the weekend nearest to Washington's Birthday. They would meet together informally and would discuss important problems facing California's agriculture, and what the University could do to help the State Department of Agriculture. It was a sort of debating seminar with a lot of good fun and friendship in the background. This Group (many of whom appear in the picture of 1947) consisted of: James E. Armstrong (*rancher and Member of State Board of Agriculture*), James Corley (*Vice-President of Business Affairs, University of California*), Robert G. Sproul (*President of University of California*), William Tesche (*Manager, California Walnut Growers' Association*), Robert Hodgson (*Dean of College of Agriculture, U.C.L.A.*), Paul S. Armstrong (*General Manager, California Fruitgrowers' Association*), Arthur Christie (*Asst. General Manager, California Fruitgrowers' Association*), Howard Miller (*Manager, Agricultural Department, L. A. Chamber of Commerce*), Claude B. Hutchison (*Dean of College of Agriculture, University of California*), George B. Hodgkin (*General Manager, Calavo Growers of California*), A. J. Fadden (*President, California Walnut Growers' Association*), A. C. Hardison (*citrus grower*), Dr. George P. Clements (*President, Andreas Canyon Club*), Fran Wilcox (*Assistant Manager, California Fruitgrowers' Exchange*), Les Kemmers (*vegetable grower*), Albert J. Thille (*citrus and walnut grower*), Harold J. Ryan (*Agricultural Commissioner, L.A. County*), Cal E. Bream (*Assistant Manager, Agricultural Department, L.A. Chamber of Commerce*), Dr. L. E. Hurt (*Live Stock Inspector, L.A. County*), Nelson Crow (*Manager-Owner Grow Publications*), William Cook (*date grower*), W. S. Rosecrans (*farmer and oil man*), Knowles A. Ryerson (*Dean of College of Agriculture, U.C., Davis*), Frank L. Pellissier (*dairyman*), John V. Newman (*rancher*), Harry R. Wellman (*Agricultural Sciences, L.A. Chamber of Commerce*), Harry A. Schuyler (*citrus grower*), A. M. Boyce (*Dean of College of Agriculture, U.C., Riverside*), Leonard Reed (*Manager, L.A. Chamber of Commerce*), Willard Elles (*President of Federal Land Bank, Berkeley*).

Perhaps the most important single contribution which A. C Hardison made to the welfare of California during his many year of service was work done in connection with the California Tax payers' Association, of which he was for twenty-eight years th President. Following three abortive attempts at founding a Tax payers' Association (two of these outside of California) Dr Milbank Johnson between 1923 and 1925 was getting me together in groups to discuss the forming of a real Taxpayers Association. Such a group was finally organized as the result of meeting held on December 10, 1925, at the Palace Hotel in Sa Francisco. The organizers were public-spirited men, wealthy an influential most of them, whose main thought was for the futur good of California. Prominent among the group were: Dr Milbank Johnson, Joseph F. Sartori, Henry M. Robinson George C. Sabichi, Harry Chandler, A. L. Weil, D. W. Pontius S. S. Knight, Wigginton Creed, Paul Shoup, George Cochran A. C. Hardison, William Bennett Munro, George D. Clark, E. F Clark, W. E. Travis, Donald O'Melveny, M. H. Newmark, A. C Mahoney, Mark Requa, Malcolm McNaghten, Kenneth Kingsbury, Ralph Merrill, M. D. Lack, Lane Webber, C. C. Teague B. C. Carroll, Vance Evans.

Aims of the Association were clearly set forth at the outse The March, 1926, issue of the *California Tax Digest* stated it to b a statewide, incorporated body, non-partisan and non-politica which "would work for economy and efficiency of governmen and reduction of taxes." Significant among the aims set fort were: (1) "To bring about, through non-partisan and non-politica means, in the interest of all taxpayers in the State of Californi by mutual effort, the greatest possible economies consistent wit efficiency in the collection and expenditure of public monies, to th end that taxes, in the State of California, and in the counties, citie and other political sub-divisions of said state, shall be reduced. (2) "To conduct non-partisan and non-political research studie of the cost of government, particularly of the State of Californi and the various political sub-divisions thereof, and to furnish t taxpayers and public officials accurate information concernin same, and to initiate or cooperate in the advancement of move ments to promote efficiency and economy in government in all c its phases." (3) "To educate the membership of this Associatio other taxpayers and the public generally, upon questions con cerning the administration and economy in the collection an expenditure of public funds.". The Association had no interest i

anging the tax system; no concern with kinds of taxes, rates of xation, or how taxes should be levied. Their concern was with *at causes taxes;* that is, public expenditures. They had an erest in good government because they were against the waste public money. They did not play politics: they simply opposed ose who sought to waste the public money. Moreover, believing at "A government should never attempt to do those things which e people can do as well by themselves or when freely associated" excessive government control and excessive conformity restrict owth, they held government down from expanding to the point here it took over the functions that properly belong to individual siness and private organizations.

A staff of researchers were appointed, thirty-six in all, about lf of them technical experts. Their purpose was to find waste. hey would help any established group to dig out facts concern-g the expenditures of their local governments. A Taxpayers' presentative, for example, was early asked to investigate County hool affairs. The Taxpayers' representatives, for one thing, cceeded in breaking down the barrier between the public and eir officials, in making the public realize that government men ere public servants. Moreover, they always avoided personal tack on an official: always hoped to get the official responsible for e conditions they were attacking to fall in line with their sug-estions for improvement, himself to "pick up the ball and run ith it." The work of the Taxpayers' Association was a Staff peration. The Directors were not often quoted. And the work of e Staff won technical and professional respect. A reputation for osolute accuracy and absolute integrity gives good publicity. hey were successful in hacking millions off budgets because of is. One of their early studies was a study of the finances of the niversity of California. (first done in 1929 and brought up to ate in 1937). They computed the relative costs of everything, us reducing the element of guess work in operation; and they owed where extra money could be spent to the most advantage.

For manifold reasons A. C. Hardison was a most excellent hoice for President. The Directors—financiers, bankers, railroad en—were initially not unmindful of his vocation. To choose a istinguished farmer for their President was sound policy. "No-ody hates a farmer!" They were to find that they had got a tronger man than they had perhaps planned for. A. C. Hardison vas a member of various kinds of groups in the State and had a

remarkably good idea what was going on, more or less had h finger on the pulse of affairs.

A crisis came early when a Company who were powerf supporters of the California Taxpayers' Association wanted it support them in their fight for a bill. Some of the Taxpayer Association were in favor because the Company supported then but A. C. Hardison kept the Association in line then and ev after. They were never caught off base or led up a blind alle while he was President: they worked directly for California an for good government in California. A. C. Hardison's "Gentleme this is outside our purlieu" was a telling phrase which saved th day on many occasions; for there were many people and man groups who wanted to use the Association for their own advantag

A. C. Hardison was always close to the Directors. Their choo ing him as President and keeping him in office for so many yea shows what they thought of him. The Directors represented corpo rations, banks, railways, big companies, each tremendousl interested in what would benefit his particular group. They a listened to A. C. Hardison because they recognized his di interested attitude, his absolute integrity, his interest in what wa best for all rather than just for the one. He was a sort of yardstic by which they could measure their ideas and find out if they wer for the good of the State as well as for the good of their ow interests. His leadership was toward a constructive economy; an under this leadership the California Taxpayers' Association mad a tremendous contribution to the welfare of the State.

Said one of the officials: "All Doc Hardison had to say in th Executive Committee meeting, without even raising his voice, wa 'Gentlemen, I don't think that would be right,' and that would b the end of the matter. His spiritual authority was tremendous. He was shrewd and far-sighted; the soundness of his judgmen was proverbial. He had Lincoln's quality of being able to lool through wrappings of extraneous detail to perceive the real issu at stake. Perhaps his greatest gift to the California Taxpayers Association, though, was his reputation for integrity. Not all th gold in Fort Knox could buy him; and everyone knew it. He bein its President, the good faith and absolute integrity of the Cali fornia Taxpayers' Association was established beyond the shadov of a doubt. Never once during the twenty-eight years he was i office was this questioned.

A. C. Hardison's leadership was always toward constructive economy in the State, and as he was a member of so many groups he had a great deal to do with determining State policies. One of his more outstanding achievements had to do with the impounding of the Sales Tax in California during the war. He wanted California to look ahead into the future and not squander the war-engendered wealth flowing into the State. At that time everything was frozen. Necessary repairs and improvements could not be kept up. No materials were available. Prices went up, and over $100 million was collected. The Governor appointed a Commission on which A. C. Hardison represented the California Taxpayers' Association, and very strongly urged the impounding of the tar. Having followed this program, after the war the State was able to contribute to the much-needed expansion contruction program of the University of California, and had money to build mental hospitals and improve prisons.

On February 18, 1960, the Board of Directors of the California Taxpayers' Association unanimously elected its "President Emeritus, Dr. Allen Crosby Hardison" an Honorary Life Member of the Association's Executive Committee, presenting him on that occasion with a very beautiful parchment scroll: "In recognition of Faithful Service to the Taxpayers of California as a Founder of the Association Thirty-Four years ago, as the Association's first President, serving in that capacity for Twenty-Eight consecutive years, with continuous effective participation in the work of the Executive Committee of the Association" . . . "The

fact that the California Taxpayers' Association is today—as started out to be" the scroll states, "an Organization for all t Taxpayers of California, is in large part due to Dr. Hardisor vital and far-sighted Leadership over more than a third of Century. Through This Recognition we pay tribute to D Hardison, offer our gratitude for his kindly guidance, and expre the hope that He will continue to counsel with us in our effor on behalf of all the Citizens of California."

Following Mrs. Hardison's death in March of 1946, M Hardison seemed definitely "lost", and as a distraction the fami persuaded him to revisit the Santo Domingo mine in Peru, in tl company of his daughter Helen. Both of them found the tr exciting. It was exactly half a century before that Mr. and Mr Hardison and the two children had made the long, difficult ar dangerous journey into the mine. Helen could not remember muc about it except that she had ridden in, wrapped in a blanket, c the shoulders of a smelly Indian; but all details of the trip we still vivid in her father's mind. In 1946 the journey from Tirapat to the mine was accomplished with comparative ease, by car ar then by horseback. At the mine itself, in addition to the ne machinery, a sawmill had been erected and substantial fram houses built, electrically equipped. Both visitors were awed by tl fact that a light kept constantly burning in the closets kept cloth from moulding. They had memories of Mrs. Chapman's struggl in 1896 to preserve her wardrobe! The mine was still producin gold enough to warrant its continuing operation. Mr. Hardisc was much pleased to meet again three people he had known earlie two Indians who had worked for him in the mine, and Fernand Fuchs, a graduate of the School of Mining in Peru, who had bee employed as a mining engineer, and who later became the Trea urer of the Peruvian Republic.

After a short stay at the mine, Mr. Hardison and Hele toured Peru, visiting Cuzco, Lake Titicaca, Macchu Picchu, an Lima, and had a most interesting time. They were unable to vis La Paz, as the date planned for their visit happened to coincid with a revolution in that city. Their plane was held up, and the did not know the reason why for some time afterward. It wa exciting, anyway! And on their way to New Orleans their plan happened to run into a very bad storm, which was also exciting Helen was decidedly nervous. Her father, veteran air-travele sought to reassure her by saying, "Now, you don't need to ge

pset. There's nothing to be nervous about until things start alling out of the luggage racks." It was just thirty seconds later hat his camera fell off the rack and hit him squarely on the nose!

In the summer of 1950, Mr. Hardison and Helen set off again, his time on a "grand tour" of Europe. The diary which Mr. Hardison religiously kept through the trip could be appropriately titled "Impressions of a California Agriculturalist Touring Europe". Santa Paula and agriculture color the entries. Almost once we find: "On the Goda Canal we met a colonel in the British Army whose daughter, it turned out, had married the owner of the Newhall Ranch, between here and Saugus."

In Scotland, scenic and historical attractions of the Border country came a bad second to agriculture. An entry of July 12 announces arrival in Edinburgh, and describes a visit to the Scotts Orchard House, Carluke: "We received a royal welcome. Had tea and later were driven over Mr. Scott's property. We saw how they grew strawberries commercially. He is now employing 30 laborers, but at height of season has 100. The berries were served us with sugar and cream. They were delicious, the best I ever tasted . . . We also saw how he grew tomatoes in a greenhouse. Single stalks grew 7 to 8 feet high, and the stalk is lined with tomatoes singly and in clusters. He produced 16½ ton from 1/3 acre past year. The tomato is rather small, spherical and smooth-skinned. Had high tea and a most agreeable time." The entry of July 15 states: "Left Edinburgh at 7 A.M., heading south—A high percentage of the land is cultivated and it seems to me capable of producing much food. Have seen as fine fields of beardless wheat and oats as I ever saw, a good stand, heads good length and well filled. The fields, however, were small." One admires this traveler's independence of mind: not a word about Robbie Burns, or Wullie Wallace, or Roderick Dhu, or Mary, Queen of Scots!

In Paris, Helen saw to it that her father did not pass by Notre Dame, the Louvre, and Versailles. But the following entry from the diary shows where his heart lay: "Helen and Millicent Jackson go on to Fontainebleau. I lunch at Bon Marché with Mr. Gerard, France's foremost agriculturalist, operator of a 1200 acre farm, with his sons; publisher of many books and several farm journals, member of France's Committee on Agriculture."

Visits to Italy and Sicily were high spots on the trip for Mr. Hardison, as he there, under the guidance of Mr. Fenzi (son of

the Franco Fenzi who was instrumental in establishing the Itali College of Agriculture), had an opportunity to visit many lem groves and see at first hand the destruction wrought by mal sec and to discuss conditions with such men as the Manager of t Arenella Societe (manufacturers of lemon products) and Prin Conrad Mischenes (owner of a large orchard).

In 1952 Mr. Hardison and Helen flew to Alaska, and had very pleasant visit. In subsequent years they made many trip usually by car, to various parts of the United States, Canada, ar Mexico, several times visiting Maine in time to attend Commenc ment exercises at the University. Of recent years trips have bee shorter, and confined to the California area. Mr. Hardison's ey sight has failed badly of late years, his hearing is not what it use to be, and he walks more and more shakily; but he still, at age 9 enjoys radio and television programs, is glad to meet and talk wi visitors, and when the car is brought around to the front door, still "raring to go" with the help of a cane and a friendly arm. H says cheerfully, "I'm going to keep going as long as I can."

A. C. Hardison has always been a practical person, concerne with business and farm matters. There has been no time in his bus life for the pursuit of hobbies—if we except genealogy, in whic he has always had a consuming interest, an interest which he ha an opportunity to gratify on many of his business trips east. I between scheduled meetings and pre-arranged interviews wi Washington dignitaries he whiled away his time in libraries, co sulting volumes on genealogy; or inTown Halls, poring over ol family records; or even in grave yards copying inscriptions. Th belief in the importance of the family, and interest in the doing of members of the family of successive generations he has passe on to his descendants.

He has never had time for golfing, or yachting, or fishing, bridge. Nor has he had time to devote to music or art; though h has always been a great reader. Books on agriculture, biograph travel, history, California, social problems and science line th walls of his home. He is not totally immune to the arts, howeve Some years back he took his daughter Helen and a friend down t Los Angeles for the day. He had a meeting to attend. In th course of a pleasant afternoon's shopping, Helen discovered th a ballet performance which she was anxious to see was being give that night. Having grave doubts as to whether her father woul submit willingly to an evening of ballet, she solved the problem b

lling him before dinner that there was something on at the eatre which she and her friend wished to see, and that she had cured three tickets—then determinedly turning the conversation to other channels, so that he had no opportunity to inquire what e show was. Not until they were actually taking their seats in e theatre (she managed it so that they came in just as the curtain as going up) did she tell him that he was about to witness his st ballet performance. He looked rather horrified! Actually, ough, he got quite a kick out of it. The ballet, by the way, was Fancy Free".

To that group—a relatively small one—of really capable men ho accept public office and assume with it the responsibilities ertaining, to give unstintedly of their time and effort for the ublic good, A. C. Hardison belongs without question. California the richer for his years of unselfish service. On June 9, 1961, the d "Dean of California Agriculture" received a final fitting ibute, when he was singled out for recognition at the Annual ommencement of the University of California in Berkeley, being en presented with a citation reading:

"THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA TO ALLEN ROSBY HARDISON, NATIVE SON OF MAINE AND CALIFORNIAN BY CHOICE — — ENGINEER IN HE MINES OF PERU AND ON THE AGRICUL-URAL LANDS OF CALIFORNIA — — LEADER IN HE DEVELOPMENT OF ORCHARD IRRIGATION — — CO-FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF THE VORLD'S LARGEST LEMON ENTERPRISE, THE IMONEIRA RANCH COMPANY — — PIONEER OF UNKIST GROWERS, OUTSTANDING AMONG THE ATION'S COOPERATIVE MARKETING ORGANI-ATIONS — — PAST CHAIRMAN OF THE STATE OARD OF AGRICULTURE — — SECOND PRESI-ENT OF THE CALIFORNIA FARM BUREAU EDERATION — — DIRECTOR AND CHAIRMAN OF HE AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEE OF THE NITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE — — RESIDENT OF THE CALIFORNIA TAXPAYERS' SSOCIATION AND DOUGHTY ADVOCATE OF QUITABLE TAXATION — — HONORARY LIFE IEMBER, STATE ASSOCIATION OF COUNTY GRICULTURAL COMMISSIONERS — — TRUE

BELIEVER IN AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH AN WHOLEHEARTED COOPERATOR IN THE APPL CATION OF ITS FINDINGS — — IN APPRECIATIO OF YOUR SUPERB SERVICE TO AGRICULTURE I YOUR STATE AND NATION, THE UNIVERSITY O CALIFORNIA INSCRIBES THESE WORDS I TESTIMONIAL OF ITS APPRECIATION."

* * * * *

CORA CRANE HARDISON

Cora Crane Hardison, Daughter of the American Revol tion and honored member of the Society of "Mayflowe Descendants, came of pioneer stock twice over. She could clai relationship to John Alden, Priscilla Mullins, Thomas Roge and his son John, and William Bradford. In the second place, h parents, Jefferson and Janette Briggs Crane, were pioneers wl in 1861 came from Ohio to Ventura County, there to face drougl and frost, and years of hard work and disappointment. Cora w born April 21, 1873, in Carpinteria, California, where her fath was one of the early experimenters in the development of lim beans.

The Crane household was a happy one, and Cora (or "Toot as she was called) grew up the darling of her four brothers. Sl had a very happy girlhood. She attended public school in San Paula and then the Santa Paula Academy, being at graduatio time described as "the prettiest, sweetest girl in Santa Paula, wl had more beaux than anyone else in town." Church work was o of the things she believed in, and she regularly attended tl Universalist Church in Santa Paula, her father being a gre friend of the Reverend Andrews, the pastor. It was at the churc she first met young Allie Hardison, whom she married in Decen ber, 1892.

She was all her life a pretty woman: small and dainty, wi pink cheeks and big blue eyes. Her voice, "soft, gentle, and low was quite in keeping with her appearance. But though she looke as fragile as a piece of Dresden china, she was actually the posse sor of an unusually vigorous constitution. That was lucky f her! She was going to need it. She bore her husband nine childre and raised them to maturity. She had pretty well to take over tl management of the household, as her husband was away the great

part of the time on business. She had for some years to cope with poverty, and for a year and a half with unbelievably primitive, highly dangerous conditions in the wilds of the Peruvian Andes (this with two small children and another on the way, to be born in the mountain wilderness without benefit of doctor). And she coped with whatever came along; and never once had hysterics, or raised her voice, or scolded, or appeared "bossy".

She was a very steady, well-disciplined person: that *rara avis,* a woman apparently born without "nerves". Even from her girlhood she had a suprisingly mature outlook: seemed to understand human nature, recognize its weaknesses, and be able to make allowances. She was never taken in by people; but it is the unanimous testimony of her family and friends that she never said an unkind thing about anyone in her life. She never gossiped. If she hadn't something kind to say, she didn't say anything. She was never a prig, though: her charity toward mankind was as unconscious as it was boundless.

It is a proof of her maturity that she was never ill-adjusted or uncertain. She *always* knew what she wanted. It was her conviction right from the beginning that she wanted to marry Allie Hardison and have a large family and spend her life looking after them. It remained her greatest joy in life to minister to her family's needs: Homemade bread, a full cooky jar, freshly churned butter, neatly darned socks, a freshly ironed frock, little bouquets from her garden were visible small tokens of her affection. When her husband, newly home from a lengthy business trip, happened to remark late in the evening that he wished they were having doughnuts for breakfast, a few minutes later Mrs. H. was out in the kitchen making some. It was no martyrdom! She was pleased as Punch to be doing something that would please him.

Her hands were never idle. Evenings after dinner, Sunday afternoons when relatives came visiting, she would be there in the big rocker, an integral part of the conversational group, unobtrusively and serenely making button holes, darning socks, sewing on buttons, doing a bit of hand sewing, lengthening a hem.

She was a very industrious and methodical person. A certain weekly household routine came to be followed almost automatically. "Think and plan ahead" was always her motto. "If you can't finish a thing, don't start it," she was wont to say. She had

found out early that you can't raise nine children and leave loos ends. She was accustomed to take one thing at a time and finish i before going on to the next. "When you are cleaning up," sh said to Mrs. Domingo, who was new to the housekeeping gam "go all around one room, and then go on to the next room. Tha way, if you are interrupted, you have something done and know where to go when you are free again to do so." She had a quiverfu of little make-light-work dodges. You never saw her peel he vegetables into the sink or into a pan. She peeled them on to newspaper, and saved washing up.

She was very good at organizing the children and assigning household duties. Each youngster had his or her own things, an no other member of the family had the right to take these, withou permission. Each child, moreover, had certain chores to do. Th oldest boy at home would do the milking. The two younger girl who were old enough to help always had the job of doing th dishes. The arrangement was that if the dishes were all done, th sink clean, and the dishes put away, the boy who milked the cow and would be bringing in milk pails would have to wash the pails This certainly stepped up procedures, but led to considerabl argument at times. Robert once pursued Janette all over the hous accusing her reproachfully of not having washed the sink properly Louise had for years, until she went off to college, the job o making the school lunches. The tasks assigned to each child had t be done. No excuses were accepted. A little trading was permitted if someone needed time for some outside interest; but n one was allowed to get out of doing his fair share of work. Coralynn remembers with a chuckle that on her sixth birthday, to mak her feel grown up, Ruth allowed her to climb on a stool and wash the dishes! Then she gave her a dust rag and let her dust the chairs.

Cora Hardison was the centre of her household: her children's lives revolved around her. She was always *there*: to rejoice with them in their small successes, to sympathize with them in misfortunes, to cope with any untoward emergency. Every afternoon after the housework was done, she would bathe, put on a fresh cotton dress, and be in the sitting room with her sewing, to greet the children home from school with the news of the day. She always understood—for that they loved her. And they knew that whatever happened, she would never make a fuss. She did not have a chance to go out very much; but she did attend the monthly meetings of the Mary A. Livermore Society, the ladies' group of her

hurch. And she used to go to the Wednesday Embroidery Club, which met one afternoon a month. Her son Robert says he can till see her come out of the house, pretty as a picture, in a long white skirt, white blouse with high boned collar, and wide white at, her embroidery bag in her hand; put down the embroidery ag; briskly crank the little family Ford; pick up the embroidery ag, and set off for a pleasant afternoon of embroidering and tea-rinking with her friends. The ladies used to meet at the houses of arious members. Mrs. Hardison entertained them sometimes. As Mr. Hardison had long been a Mason, when she had the esponsibility of the family off her hands, Mrs. Hardison began ttending the meetings of the Eastern Star in Santa Paula.

All her life she believed in going to church. When they were iving four miles out of town and had no car, church-going was ot possible, and she would use Sunday to catch up on her nfinished jobs. Later on, when the family did have a car (Mr. Hardison bought the Ford in 1907) Mr. and Mrs. Hardison lways went to church and the children to Sunday school.

Visits to Sacramento at Fair time were always greatly enjoyed y those of the family who "got to go." Mrs. Hardison loved orses. She never missed the Horse Show; and she would always ttend the races, usually having a private bet on with Wallace as o which horse was likely to win.

She was a very practical little person, and when asked for advice usually had a good, even if sometimes unexpected, suggestion to make. The Domingo Hardisons were on the brink of acquiring a goat, goat's milk having been recommended for baby Virginia. Mrs. Domingo came over to tell her mother-in-law about t, and was twittering excitedly about how amusing it would be to earn how to milk. Mrs. Hardison eyed her fragile little daughter-n-law and said, "Nina, if you don't know how to milk that goat, you won't have to milk her! *You just fuss around and try, and do an awfully poor job!*"

One of Cora Hardison's charms was her unexpectedness. She was such a dainty little thing, her voice so soft and her manner so gentle, that it always tickled the family when she came out with something earthy. Quite frequently she would accompany her husband on one of his business trips into Los Angeles. As he had nothing whatever to do in the morning except eat his breakfast, he was always out in front of the house in the car, honking

impatiently, before she had a chance to get household matters in order so that she could leave them for the day. She never seemed to let it worry her. One morning for some reason he was in a great hurry; and when he drove off, with Mrs. Hardison and daughter-in-law Alice in the front seat and Ruth in the back it was at a high rate of speed. Everyone was getting jolted and everyone was uncomfortable, but nobody liked to say anything. Mrs. Hardison thought that he would probably slow down of himself in a few miles, so kept quiet. When he did not mitigate his speed, she turned her head, looked at him, and said gently, "Why are you driving like a bat out of hell?" Her husband jammed on the brakes in sheer shock! Ruth somehow managed to control her giggles; and the rest of the trip to Los Angeles was peaceful.

Cora Hardison taught her daughters how to keep house, how to sew and mend and darn. And I have it on Warren's authority that she taught the boys, all of them, how to sew on their own buttons and darn their socks. By high school age the boys could do this, and could press their own clothes and iron their shirts. This know-how came in very handy when they were away from home. One thing Mrs. Hardison never did do, though, was to teach her daughters to cook. She was a marvelous cook herself, but one of those inspired beings who never need to follow a recipe: who take a pinch of this, and a handful of that, and a lump of something else, and produce the perfect cake or pie or pudding without any apparent effort. The second daughter, Ruth, solved the problem by taking a course in Home Economics: and in later years was able, when her mother was ill, to take over the kitchen. Helen, too, learned to cook, but the hard way. She could always be counted on to utilize about four times as many pots and pans and spoons as were necessary, which was a sore trial to the dish-washing brigade!

Once a year a dressmaker would come for several weeks to make the clothes for the family. There being four members of the family in college at the same time, strict economy was in the air, and some rather amusing strategies planned. There was a certain plaid skirt still fondly remembered by three of the girls. It was made first for Louise when she was in High School, then re-made and passed on to Janette. When Louise was going off to college, the dressmaker resurrected the old skirt; and made her a black bodice with long sleeves, and with a big plaid collar and cuffs, and with a skirt of plaid cut in tiers with soutache braid between. In its final incarnation the dress was passed on to Coralynn with one

ier subtracted. (*See picture.*) All the family clothes being made by the dressmaker, of course "store clothes" seemed very wonderful to the girls. Coralynn remembers vividly her first "store dress", a blue with crocheted buttons from Bullock's. She showed it to all her friends with immense pride, and long after she outgrew it, kept it hanging in her closet as an "exhibition piece".

Cora Hardison loved her children dearly, but certainly at times she derived considerable amusement from them. Her maternalism was always shot with a curious thread of detachment. She was surprisingly philosophical about her children and their personality quirks. She thought of them as individuals and did not consider it her duty to make them over in some one else's image. She felt that they had a right to a certain independence of outlook and action. A reasonable amount of argument and squabbling was permitted among the children, Mrs. Hardison's point of view being that if they didn't learn to take care of themselves in the family they wouldn't take care of themselves out in the world.

Above the stove in the Hardison kitchen was a shelf. On that shelf stood a clock. One morning something moved young Wallace to climb up on a chair and investigate it. Somehow he managed to pull the clock off. It hit the floor with a tremendous crash; and there was a second smaller crash as a thoroughly scared Wallace fell off the chair in his effort to get to the door. He was out like a streak, having already decided that the only course open to him was to run away from home. When Domingo came in to see what the noise was about, he had only a glimpse of the top of Wallace's head as the latter rushed by the window. When Wallace did not turn up by lunch time, his mother sent Domingo to look for him. Domingo found the culprit without too much difficulty and brought him home. No mention was made of his crime, but the criminal still remained apprehensive. Later that afternoon, as he was tiptoeing through the kitchen on his way out back, he was dismayed at coming unexpectedly face to face with his mother. Mrs. Hardison, however, merely eyed her son reflectively. "What were you looking for?" she asked him.

Directly behind the house, a little north of the upstairs porch, was kept a huge pile of small wood and kindling. One afternoon Robert's pet rabbit escaped from his cage, led Robert and his friends a merry chase, and finally took refuge in the depths of the wood pile. Repeated attempts to dislodge him failed. Young

Robert emerged hot and breathless. "Damn that damn rabbit!" he shouted.

"Why, *Robert!*" said a surprised voice from the porch above.

Robert looked up, an engaging grin splitting his face from ear to ear. "Didn't you know I could swear, Mother?" he asked.

No answer came. Keeping her countenance with an effort, his mother had gone into the house.

They really were a handful, the young Hardisons! There were few hours of the day that one of them wasn't thinking up some mischief. Coralynn, aged three, had hair as straight as a string. Wallace, a year her junior, had a head covered with lovely curls. Mrs. Hardison got a distinct shock one morning when she came into the kitchen and found Wallace standing in the woodbox, his sister busily engaged in snipping off the offending curls. Wallace was rescued by his mother, and a "How could you do this to your baby brother?" tossed at Coralynn. Coralynn's enterprise rather intrigued her mother, though. There was one day when an unwilling Coralynn had been left outside to mind the baby Janette, and had revenged herself by teasing her. When Janette set up a determined howl, Mrs. Hardison looked out to see what the trouble was. Seeing her mother, with great presence of mind Coralynn shouted, "Domingo, you leave Janette alone!" and began to pat her small sister on the back. Knowing that Domingo was nowhere in the neighborhood, Mrs. Hardison just smiled slightly and went back in. She knew that Janette would have the best of care from then on.

It must not be inferred that Cora Hardison was in any way lacking in firmness. It was rather that she was a realist, and conscious of the limitations of punishment. Her method of admonition was always more or less tailored to fit the criminal. A forgetful fourteen-year-old Wallace at night found his pajamas hanging neatly up in the clothes closet, with the note pinned to them: "I have hung up the pajamas for my *little* boy." When he forgot to fill the woodbox, his mother would usually do it for him, and then gently caution him in private not to forget again. And he usually didn't, not until the time-after-next. Her disciplining of the children was always made a private matter between herself and the offender. It was almost unknown for her to lay hands on a culprit, although the youngest members of the family occasionally did get what was coming to them right on the spot. Rather spoiled

little Janette, making a thorough nuisance of herself one afternoon, fussing about her hair, got the shock of her life when her mother suddenly turned about and smacked her! And on another occasion when she was wailing, she all of a sudden found herself in the clothes closet, with the door shut on her. Matters of major discipline were always left to Mr. Hardison. Mrs. Hardison and her husband were in perfect accord on this matter. "Whatever your mother says," was a favorite expression of Mr. Hardison's; and many an argument was quickly quelled by a mere "YOU ARE ANNOYING YOUR MOTHER!" from him. To say that the children were greatly in awe of their father is a gross understatement. If Robert was rambunctious, "Allie, will you take care of Robert?" Mrs. Hardison would say quietly, and that meant a visit to the barn and a spanking. A gentle "Allen, shall I call your grandfather?" was in later years sufficient to quell an obstreperous grandson. The youngsters all admitted that they never got spanked very hard; but they all confessed to getting a great SCARE. Apprehension was apparently the great armament in Mr. Hardison's locker.

Mrs. Hardison had a vivid sense of humor, as did all the Cranes. One day when Mr. Hardison was going to Sacramento he brought down his bag, set it by the driveway, and went back to get the car. Then he drove out of the garage straight off to Sacramento, leaving his bag sitting by the road. He did not find this funny, but Mrs. Hardison did. She sent him a newspaper cartoon about an absent-minded man. He didn't find this funny, either. He didn't consider himself absent-minded, even in the face of the "office incident" of some years back.

Mr. Hardison's Santa Paula office was then on the second floor of the Union Oil Building, on the northeast corner of Main and Tenth Streets. There was a long wooden awning over the sidewalk. One afternoon for some reason Mrs. Hardison accompanied her husband down to the office. She sat down in a corner and made herself inconspicuous; so much so that when her husband had finished his work he hurried right out of the office, locking the door behind him. Mrs. Hardison couldn't get out, as she had no key; and couldn't call for help, as the wooden awning over the sidewalk hid her from passers by. So she just sat down again and waited. A long time she had to wait, too! Her husband attended to some business, then went home. He and his wife were to go to Mrs. Hardison's brother's for dinner that night. When she didn't come home, he concluded she had gone over to her brother's without him.

He didn't find her there, though. When time passed and she still didn't turn up, everyone became most concerned. It wasn't until half-past seven that it dawned on her husband where she must be! He rushed down to the office and released her. She didn't say much to him. She didn't need to! He was self-branded, indelibly so, with his father's stigma.

Cora Hardison had an affectionate nature. She had many friends, lifelong friends. She was also very fond of her brothers and their families; always had a warm spot in her heart for her nephews and nieces. In later years, when she had some time of her own, she used to go to see them and used to write to them. She always kept close tab on the doings of her own children, and her many grandchildren. She used to love to get letters, and she was a very gratifying letter writer. Always, there was a very special relationship between Cora Hardison and her husband. "Allie never promised me anything he didn't give me," she said of him once. And the one thought in his mind when he returned from each of his many journeys was to see her.

Cora Hardison spent most of her life "keeping house", but she never liked housework. What she really loved was to putter about the garden. She had a green thumb, if anyone ever had. She could always make things grow, and always had flowers to decorate the church. When she was sick she liked to go out in the sun, to lie out in the sun on the grass. "Your Grandfather Crane used to believe in being close to the earth," she said.

She was bedridden for some years before her death, and bore her illness with patience. A week before her fiftieth wedding anniversary she suffered a coronary occlusion. There were several subsequent trips to the hospital. Four years later, on February 27, 1946, she had another attack, and hospitalization again was ordered. She seemed to know in advance that she was leaving home for the last time. "Well, Nina, this time it's different," she said to the daughter-in-law who had nursed her. She passed away March 7, 1946, and was buried in the Santa Paula Cemetery, her casket being borne to its last resting place by her four sons.

The "little nameless . . . acts of kindness and of love" which made up Cora Hardison's life are not unremembered. In the hearts of the many who knew her, her memory is still green. She was a most unassuming person. She would have laughed at the idea of anyone's holding her up as an example to follow. But after all, "What wisdom can you find that is greater than kindness?"

SOCIETY OF "MAYFLOWER" DESCENDANTS

ohn Alden	m.	Priscilla Mullins
lizabeth Alden	m.	William Pabodie
lizabeth Pabodie	m.	John Rogers
Iannah Rogers	m.	Samuel Bradford
Iannah Bradford	m.	Nathaniel Gilbert
Velthea Gilbert	m.	Ebenezer Hathaway, Jr.
'ryphena Hathaway	m.	Capt. Benjamin Crane
Iannah Crane	m.	Barnabas Crane
Seorge Washington Crane	m.	Louisa Maria Briggs
efferson L. Crane	m.	Janette Tucker
ora Crane	m.	Allen Crosby Hardison

ADDITIONAL LINES

William Bradford of "Mayflower"
son William Bradford
son Samuel Bradford
Hannah Rogers m. Samuel Bradford

* * * * *

Thomas Rogers of "Mayflower"
son John
Hannah Rogers m. Samuel Bradford

* * * * *

Cora Hardison was a member of the Golden West Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She was a descendant of Abiel Briggs (b. Dec. 16, 1752) who fought in the Revolutionary War; also of Bernice Crane, a sea captain (b. Jan. 19, 1743) who served two years in the Revolutionary War as a Corporal, under Capt. Samuel Tubbs, and Colonel Jacob French of Berkeley, Massachusetts.

This ends the tale of Aroostook's hardy sons—Ivory, Jacob, and Allen Crosby—farmers all, who gave their lives to the land. It was, I believe, the King of Brodingnag who "gave it for his opinion that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together." Certainly the Hardison men seemed to concur in this opinion. They left politics strictly alone and devoted themselves to agriculture. All three men lived hard; and all three served well. Aroostook owed much to Ivory and Jacob; California's debt to "A. C." is colossal. Surely no more energetic man ever lived! One calls to mind the Hardison tradition: "It runs in the family to get things done". Few men have accomplished more within one life-span. In the service of his State he gave without stint of his time, his money, and his wisdom.

He was a born leader: a man whose rugged strength naturally inspired confidence; whose honesty was so transparent that in all his sixty-odd years of public life no breath of scandal touched his name. His was truly a pioneer spirit, enterprising in pushing experiment and research, in exploring new avenues of approach to farm and civic problems. He could be militant in defense of what he felt to be right; but he never liked to stir up unnecessary trouble, and had mastered the technique of guileful indirection. He had, moreover, the singular faculty of being right. Extensive personal experience with almost every type of farm problem, natural good judgment and insight, and wide knowledge of men made him a very hard person to fool. He had, too, that rare quality, indispensable to the executive, of being able to delegate responsibility, and to the right man. He has been called "the grand old man of California agriculture." Certainly no man better merits this title: the sum total of his achievements in this field is spectacular! He was an inspiration to those who worked with him; is now a challenge to those who will succeed him.

To this farmer extraordinary, so long her faithful servant, California now says, "Well done!"

HARDISON HOME — SANTA PAULA

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Details which relate to the early settlement of northern Maine particularly that of the Hardisons in Township Letter "H" Aroostook County, were largely obtained from a manuscript account by James Small, whose father took up land in Letter "H" in 1852; "Our Folks and Your Folks", a volume of historical and biographical sketches published in 1919 by Florence Collins Porter and Clara Wilson Gries; a brief narrative penned late in life by Jacob Hardison (perhaps not too accurate as to dates: accounts differ as to when Jacob first visited Aroostook); several biographical and narrative sketches from the pen of Lowell Hardison; clippings from various Maine newspapers; copies of legal documents concerning members of the Hardison family; "Town Register of Caribou, 1904"; "100 Years of Lumbering By the Collins Family of Caribou, Maine"; a wealth of genealogical data amassed by Mr. A. C. Hardison, the result of his own and professional research; and Mr. Hardison's personal recollections. Among supplementary historical volumes consulted were Joseph Abbott's "History of Maine", George Varney's "A Brief History of Maine", John Francis Sprague's "The North Eastern Boundary Controversy and the Aroostook War", Edward Wiggin's "History of Aroostook", The Story of New Sweden" (edited by S. J. Estes, 1895), and Ezekiel Holmes' " Report of an Exploration and Survey of the Territory on the Aroostook River During the Spring and Autumn of 1838-39".

For material relative to Mr. Hardison's years in Peru and California, I have relied on Mr. Hardison's own word-of-mouth narrative, supplemented by material in family diaries and letters; and on information supplied by certain of "A.C.'s" friends and former co-workers who have spared time out of their busy lives to expound and reminisce for my benefit that the story of "A.C's" magnificent service to California might at last be told.

To Mr. A. C. Hardison himself; to the members of his immediate family, who have been endlessly patient and helpful; to the ever-courteous Staff of the Huntington Library in San Marino, California; to Robert Gordon Sproul, President Emeritus of the University of California, Dean Knowles A. Ryerson, Mr. Harold J. Ryan, Dean Claude B. Hutchison, Mr. N. Bradford Trenham, Mr. Albert J. Thille, Miss Jessie Grant and Mr. Willard Beckley—to all of these, my most grateful thanks.

Berkeley, California
August, 1963

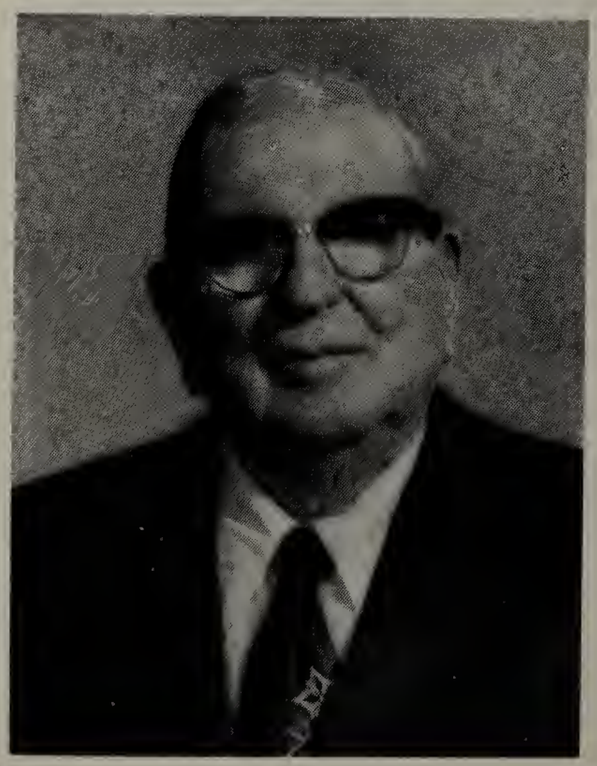
Rena V. Grant

1839
1896
1907

A. C. HARDISON

"Allie" at age 5

Allie Hardison, 1890



"A. C." at age 94

Cora Crane Hardison, 1926

Hardison Family, 1928

Hardison Children, 1917

Helen, Warren, Domingo and Ruth

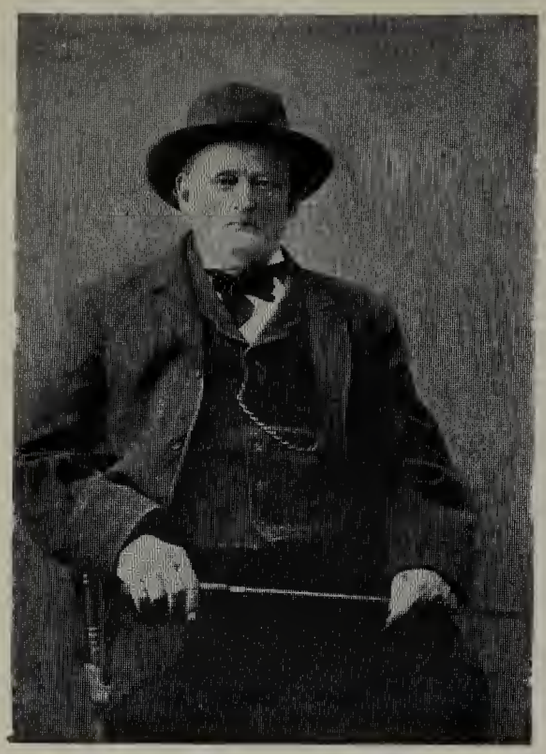
Plaid Skirt—Final Phase

Great Grandfather Joseph Hardison

Dorcas Libby Abbott Hardison

Jacob Hardison, age 25

Jacob Hardison, age 59



Samuel W. Collins

Wallace L. Hardison

Ivory Hardison House, Built 1842

Adaline Hardison, 1850

Adaline Hardison, age 55

Adaline Hardison, age 85

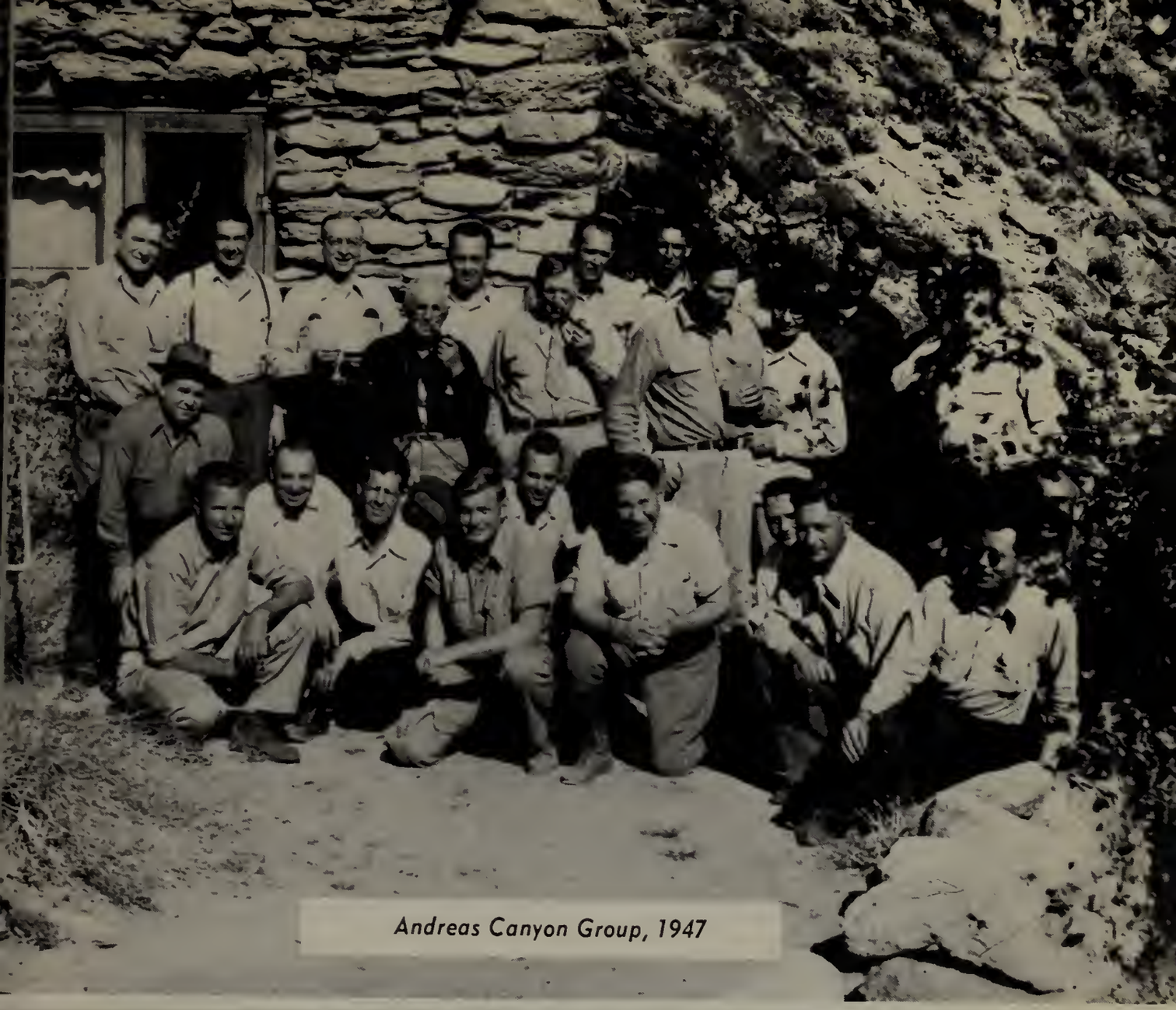
Jacob Hardison's Second House

Mrs. Jefferson Crane

Jefferson Crane

Cora Crane, age 7

Cora Crane, age 18



Andreas Canyon Group, 1947

Panoramic View of Limoneira, 1963

Limoneira Mules, 1908

Spray Rig at Work,
Santa Paula Lemon Orch
1963

Fumigating Santa
Paula Citrus Grove

Trail To Santo Domingo

Santa Domingo Camp

Pay Train F. C. del Sur, 1897

Peruvian Native

Inca Mine Tunnel Entrance

"La Fiesta" February 26, 1897

Palmetto Tree

ECUADOR
GUAYAQUIL
PAITA
PACASMAYO
PERU
PACIFIC OCEAN
CALLAO
LIMA
CUZCO
MACUSANI
LIMBANI
TIRAPATA
JULIACA
PUNO
AREQUIPA
MOLLENDO
St DOMINGO
LA QROYA
SACHAPATA

6/28/2010
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HF GROUP - IN